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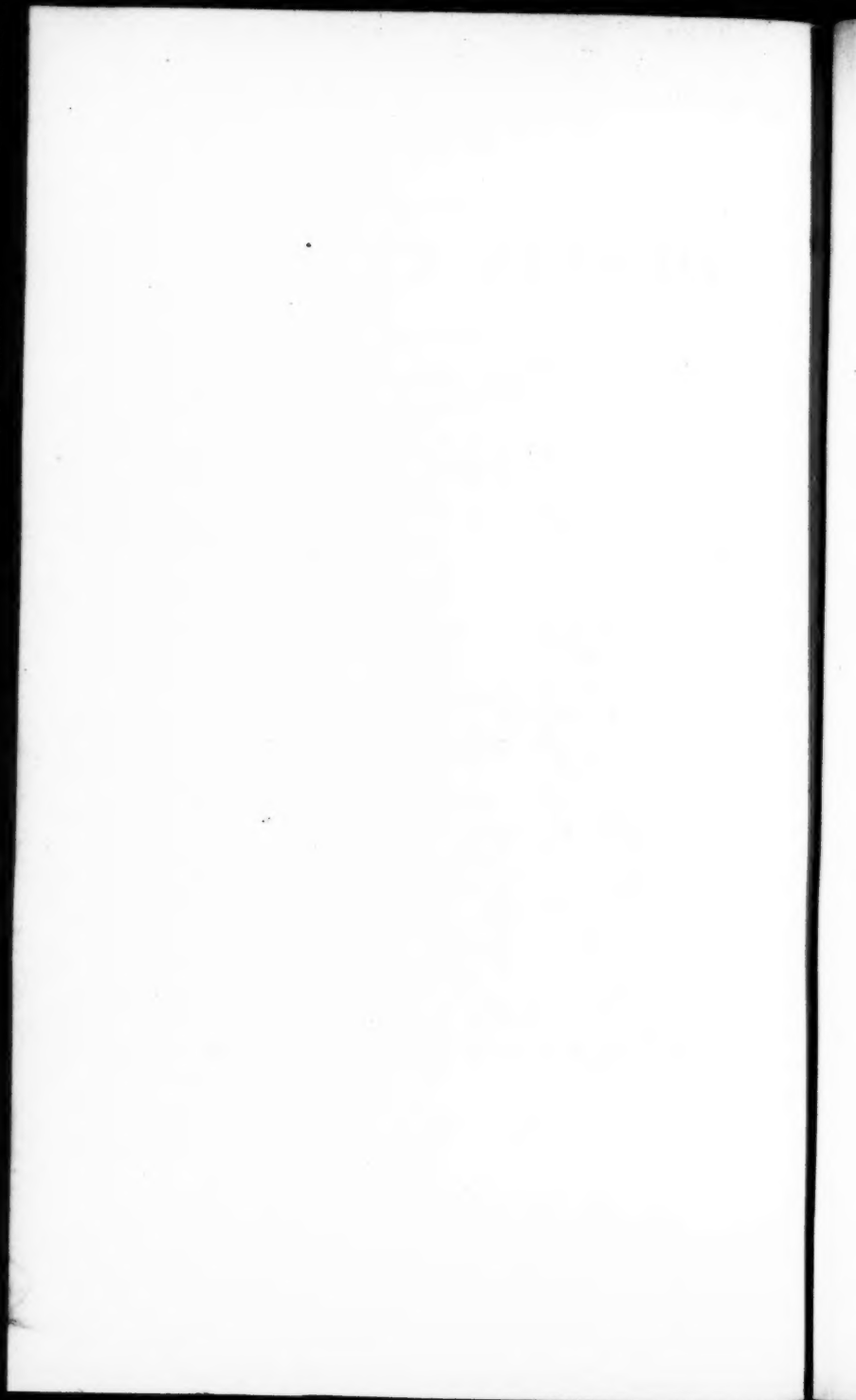
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# CONTENTS OF No. CI.

ART.	PAGE
I.—The Geraldines, Earls of Desmond, and the Persecution of the Irish Catholics. Translated from the Original Latin by the Rev. C. P. Meehan. Dublin: Duffy. 1849, ... ..	1
II.—Egyptian Chronicles. By William Palmer, M.A. In two volumes 8vo. London, 1861, Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts, ... ..	26
III.—1. An Inquiry into the Person and Age of the long-lived Countess of Desmond. By the Hon. Horace Walpole. 1758.	
2. Who was the Old Countess of Desmond? By Richard Sainthill Esq. (Olla Podrida, 1844.)	
3. The Old Countess of Desmond. Quarterly Review, March 1853.	
4. A Second Series of Vicissitudes of Families. By Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King at Arms. 1860. 8vo. (Pp. 402—418. The Old Countess of Desmond.)	
5. The Olde Countesse of Desmonde: her Identitie; her Portraiture; her Descente. By the Ven. A. B. Rowan, D.D., M.R.I.A. 1860.	
6. The Old Countess of Desmond: An Inquiry, Did she ever seek redress at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, as recorded in the Journal of Robert Sydney, Earl of Leycester? and, Did she ever sit for her Portrait? By Richard Sainthill, of Topsham, Devon. (Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, vol. vii.) 1861 ... ..	51
IV.—The Holy Communion, its Philosophy, Theology, and Practice. By John Bernard Dalgairns, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Dublin and London: James Duffy, 1861, ... ..	92
V.—1. Catalogue Raisonné de MSS. Ethiopiens appartenant a Antoine d'Abbadie. 4to. Paris, a l'imprimerie Imperiale. 1859.	
2. Hermæ Pastor. Æthiopice primum edidit, et Æthiopica Latine vertit Antonius d'Abbadie. (In the "Abhandlungen für die Kunde des Morgenlandes,	

# CONTENTS.

ART.	PAGE
herausgegeben von der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft.) Leipzig. Brockhaus, 1860.	
3. Dr. J. A. Möhler's Patrologie; oder Christliche Literär-geschichte, Herausgegeben von Dr. F. X. Reithmayr. Regensburg, 1840.	
4. Göttingische gelehrte Anzeigen unter den Aussicht der Königl. Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften. Nos. 190-191, 192, Dec. 1-3. 1859.	
5. Patrum Apostolicorum Opera. Edidit Carolus, J. Hefele. Tübingæ. 1852.	
6. Göttingische gelehrte Anzeigen Nos. 141-2, Sept. 3-6. 1860, ... ..	133
VI.—1. The Life of Richard Porson, M.A., Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, from 1792 to 1808. By the Rev. John Selby Watson, M.A. London, Longman and Co. 1861.	
2. Cambridge Essays. 1857, ... ..	153
VII.—1. Sanctissimi Domini Nostri Pii Divina Providentia Papæ IX. Litteræ Apostolicæ quibus majoris Excommunicationis Poena infligitur invasoribus et usurpatoribus aliquot Provinciarum Pontificiæ Ditionis. Romæ MDCCCLX.	
2. Allocution of our Holy Father Pope Pius the Ninth, delivered in Secret Consistory, March 18th, 1861.	
3. Encyclical Letter of Gregory XVI., addressed to the Bishops of the whole Christian World, 1832.	
4. Analecta juris Pontifici. Romæ.	
5. L'Eglise Romaine en face de la Révolution. Par J. Crétineau-Joly, Troisième édition. Paris: Henri Plon. 1861, ... ..	186
VIII.—1. Christian Missions: their Agents; their Methods; and Results. By T. W. M. Marshall, M.A. 8vo. 3 vols. London; Burns and Lambert, 1862, ... ..	
	219
IX.—1. Recollections of A. N. Welby Pugin and his Father, Augustus Pugin; with notices of their works. By Benjamin Ferrey, architect, F.R.I.B.A. With an Appendix, by Edmund Sheridan Purcell. London: Edward Stanford, 6, Charing Cross. 1861.	
2. The Life of J. M. W. Turner, B.A. By Walter Thornbury. 2 vols. London; Hurst and Blackett. 1862, ... ..	257

## CONTENTS OF No. CII.

---

ART.	PAGE
I.—1. All the Year Round. vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, &c. London : 1859-60-61, &c.	
2. The Cornhill Magazine. London : vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, &c.	
3. Macmillan's Magazine. Cambridge : vols. 1, 2, &c.	
4. St. James' Magazine. London ; vols. 1, 2, &c.	
5. Temple Bar and Sixpenny Magazines, &c. &c. ...	275
II.—1. Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.	
2. The State in its relations with the Church, by W. E. Gladstone, Esq. London, Murray, ...	308
III.—Annals of Ireland. Three Fragments, copied from ancient sources by Dubhaltach Mac Fírbisigh; and edited with a translation and notes from a manuscript preserved in the Burgundian Library at Brussels, by John O'Donovan, LL.D., M.R.I.A. Dublin: Printed for the Irish Archæological and Celtic Society, 1860, ...	359
IV.—Collections on Irish Church History, from the Manuscripts of the late Laurence F. Renehan, D.D. President of Maynooth College, edited by the Rev. Daniel McCarthy. Warren : Dublin, 1861. ...	379
V.—History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. In IV. vols. Vol. III. London : Chapman and Hall, 1862, ...	404
VI.—1. Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa; with accounts of the Manners and Customs of the People, and of the chase of the Gorilla, Croco-	

# CONTENTS.

ART.	PAGE
dile, Elephant, Hippopotamus, and other Animals. By Paul B. du Chaillu. With map and illustrations. London : John Murray. 1861.	
2. Egypt, the Soudan, and Central Africa, with Explorations from Khartoum, on the White Nile, to the Regions of the Equator, being Sketches from Sixteen Years Travel. By John Petherick, F.R.G.S., her Britannic Majesty's Consul for the Soudan. Edinburgh and London : William Blackwood and Sons. 1861.	
3. Mrs. Petherick's African Journal, in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, No. DLX., June, 1862, ...	428
VII.—Histoire de la Revolution de 1860 en Sicile ; de ses causes et de ses effets dans la Révolution Générale de l'Italie par l'Abbé Paul Bottalla. Edition originale Française par M. J. Garand. Bruxelles : H. Goemaere, 1861, ... ..	481
Notices of Books, ... ..	510

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ART. I.—*The Geraldines, Earls of Desmond, and the Persecution of the Irish Catholics.* Translated from the Original Latin by the Rev. C. P. Meehan, Dublin: Duffy. 1849.

THE letters hitherto laid before the reader have related solely to the preliminaries of Carewe's experiment. They have exhibited the opposition of the Queen, and the dislike of Cecyll, to the adventurer; but, to use the language of the English minister, "Now was the hour come when Carewe was to receive the person of this new made Earl of Desmond." In the company of Captain Price, who is described by the author of the *Pacata Hibernia* as a sober discreet gentleman, and an ancient commander in the wars, and by Elizabeth herself as a trusty and discreet person, of Mr. Crosbie, and the Lord Archbishop of Cashel, Miler M'Grath, not unknown to fame, James Fitzgerald sailed from Bristol for Cork. Violent sea sickness compelled him to land at Youghall: the reception that he there met with will be related in his own words: what the young Earl might think of his welcome, Cecyll would probably care little; but what opinion Carewe might form of it; what augury might fairly be deduced from it for the success of the adventure, must have been of deep interest both to him and to the Queen. Two pages is the space allotted by the *Pacata Hibernia* to the account of the landing, the welcome, the famous procession to Church on the first Sunday spent in his native land, to the hooting, the railing, the spitting at him which accompanied him from the Church to his lodgings, and to the utter abandon-

ment of him from that hour for ever, by all the followers of his father, the great lords of Munster, and the whole people, "who had received him as one whom God had sent to be the comfort and delight of their souls." There is probably no passage in the famous narrative of the Presidency of Sir George Carewe so well known as this description of Desmond's entry into Kilmallock. We shall therefore not venture to insert it amongst these State papers, although it would be read with advantage by the side of the experience of the earl himself. The youth seems scarcely to have been aware of the full extent of the interest excited by his presence; but what he failed to notice was eagerly chronicled by the men placed about him by both Cecyll and Carewe. In fact, the journey to Kilmallock had been purposely arranged by the President "to make trial of the disposition of the earl's followers and kindred," and the result of this trial was watched by more observant eyes, and detailed by more searching pens than that of the earl. Master Boyle, Clerk of the Council, a "person with whom the Lord President advised about his most secret and serious affairs of that government," made his report to his employer, whilst the Archbishop of Cashell, and Patrick Crosbie supplied for Cecyll all that might have escaped the pen of his principal correspondent. The result of this trial upon Carewe seems to have been that from that moment he ceased to write or trouble himself or others any more about him. Upon Cecyll it wrought otherwise; for it increased greatly both his fears and his desires for Carewe's adoption of the "curious cautions" prescribed before.

*"Earl of Desmond to Cecyll.*

"My pen not daring to presume to approach the piercing and resplendent Maty of my souneraynes eyes, I have imboldned my self to commend my humblest service and affection by you, under her royall person my best frend, to whome Right Honorable I am not to fill paper wth those blandishments of ceremonies that I know is continually sounded in the eares of such, as yr Honor is, but onely beseech you to moone her Maty to looke into her selfe and foorthie of that to behold me, and then I doubt not, as she shall finde that she hath doon much, so gathering all circumstances, and examining all objections, I am tied not to performe a little; and howsoever my performance of seruices maye be great in common opinion, yet for myne owne parte I shall hold them far short of that infinite obligation wch I owe, and therefore wth the still layinge of the earnest of

my vowes and thankfulnesses, let me advertise you of my progress since my departure from you. Uppon Mondaye the 13th of October wee sett sayle from Shirehampton for Corke, where wee having so fair a passage as the honest gentleman this bearer can tell you, the master and saylers saied they neuer for this tyme of the yeare knew the lyke; We held our course for the place appointed by your honors instructions, but I, that was so sea-sicke as whilst I liue shall neuer loue that eliment, being two dayes and a night at sea, besought them to lande me any where; so being not able to reach Corke a Tuesdaye at night beeing the 14th of this month wee fell in at Yoghall, where, that yr honor may know the trueth of my proceedings, I had like, comming new of the sea, and therefore somewhat weake to be overthrowen with the kisses of old Calleaks, and was receiued with that ioy of the poore people as dyd well shewe they ioyed in the exceeding mercy hir Sacred Maty shewed towards me. From thence wee went to Mr. John FitzEdmonds house at Clone where wee had a great deale of cheere after the contrey fashion, and show of wellcome, from thence to Corke (where I humbly beseech your Honor to take notice of this I write for that Towne as Capen Price can wittnes.) Coming thether three or fouer houers before night, we could not gett lodging in a long tyme, neither place to send my cooke to provide supper for us, untill I was fayne (except I would go supperless to bedd) to bidd my selfe to the mayors house, a lawer, one Meagh, who if he haue no better insight in Littleton then in other observations of this place for his Maties seruice, maye be well called Lackelaw, for it was much a doe that we gott any thing for money, but that most of my people lay without lodging, and Capen Price had the hoggs for his neighbours. From that towne, wch hath so great a charter, and I fear me so littele honesty, I cam to my Lord President to Moyallo, where by some of my well willers I am put in very good hope that with My Lord President's fauour, and the help of her Maties forces I shall gett Castellmayne, wch if it so happen shal be the ioy of my next advertisement. The people came many unto me uppon my landing, as the Lord of the Decis, and many else of the best quality, whome I tooke hand ouer head, and preached to them hir Highnes' clemencie towards me, of wch there could be no truer exemple then my selfe—and besought them if they bare me any affection, to ioyne with me in shewing their thankfullnes wth myne to do her Highness service, wch they haue promised faythfully wth their mouths, and I pray God to be truly settled in their hearts; and my selfe harteles when I think the contrarie. Thus yr Honor hath heard the discourse of this my hitherto travayles, crauing, according to my deserving, the continuance of yr fauour wch hath brought me to the height of that wch now I am. My best frend, next Yr Honor and my Lord President, the Lord Archbishop of Cashell putteth me in very great hope, that we shall shortly performe our greatest taske, I meane the killing or taking of James M'Thomas,

wch once accomplished, and therein the warrs in this province ended, I shal be very glad to attend upon your Honor, untill wch time I shall not be my self; And for Mr. Crosby I do find such good in his counsaile and readynes to advance her Highnes employments, that I hold my selfe, amongst a number of bonds, so tied to yr Honor for sending him with me, as I do assure my selfe all our busynesses will succede the better for his company. And so beeing all in very good health, I take my leaue.

"Yor Honor's in unfayned

"Serviceable Affection

"Desmond.

"Moyallo ye 21th of October, 1600."

"P. Crosby to Cecyll.

"It may please yr Hor, on Mondaye the xiiij. of this instant th Earle of Desmond wth his retynue, and attendants were embarked at Bristoll, and arrived at Youghall the next day aboute vij. of the clock at night. At whose entrey into the town there was so great and wonderfull allaceryty, and reioicyng of the people both men women and children, and so mightie crying and pressing about him, as there was not onlie much a doe to followe him, but also a great nomber ourthrowne, and ourrun in the streates on striving who should com first unto him; the like wherof I neur hearde or sawe before, nor woulde think it coude eur be, except it were aboute a Prince. Indeed I haue often read that upon th elleccoon of a Kinge the people genralle woulde crie Kinge H, King H, or otherwise according to his name, so likewise (though unmeete to be don to a subiect) the harts of the people, yea the very infants, hearing but this Desmond named, could not contayne them selves from showing th affeccion they beare to his house. I assure yr Honor it was not like the crie made to Rich the Third at Baynardes Castle.

"The next daie there came flocking unto him from all pts of the contrey LLs Gent and comons both to congratulat his comyng, and to offer their service, and attended him that night to Clone, Mr. Fitz Edmondes house. The next daie to Cork, and so on Thursday to Mallow to My Lo President, where he was entertayned, and a certen course taken for his estate, and whether all intelligences doe com, and the people doe resorte from all places.

"The twoe plots both for Castlemange and th usurping Eale are now in hand, and within these twoe daies a journey wilbe undertaken to see what good may be don both in them and in other things; I hope and I doubte not but all will doe well and that very shortlie untill the profe wrought may be had. My Lo President will not suffer me to depte but must attend the successe of his journey.

"I knowe yor Ho will look to here of the yonge Earles carriagd since his deptime thence (my self being still wth him) wherein I



must say (as I love to tell yr Ho truth) that of his owne nature and disposicion he is both honest faithfull and dutifull, and very willing to do her Mate service; but I see so much alreadie touching th expences and other things as I doe not think fitt that either him self or any of his owne people shoulde holde the raynes of his bridle; but the same to be comytted to others, of whom there hath bene had good triall, both of their fidelitie to the State, their knowledg of the countrey, and sufficiencie to pforme the acte, whose vigilant care and circumspeccion on him wilbe suche, as they will not onlie not suffer him to run any other then an even course (whereunto I must sweare him self is very well inclyned) nor pmitt any bad resort unto him, that may any way corrupt him either in his religion or otherwise; but also by their counsell and advice wilbe good assistants unto him for the managing of his causes, wthoute whose helpes he cannot but erre, for neither his yers, his experience of the worlde, or knowledg of the countrey can warrant the sufficient discharging of so weightie matters. Yet I am psuaded (in respect he is so tractable and towardlie) that it wilbe easy to carry him to all good courses. This, I assure yr Hor wilbe the way to make him to doe that which is expected, for wch, as you are alreadie growen famous in this province and in most pte of the kingdom, and have purchased the prayers of a number of people, so I doubt not but her Maty shall have great cause to gev you thanks for the same, as for one of the greatest services (considering th iniquity of the tyme) that eur was don her in this kingdom.

"Touching this beaur Capn Price I say that although he be noe great doctor, nor any of these curious stately followers, yet I assure yor honor he is an honest plaine gent, and as discrete and carefull of his chardge as eur I sawe any; I would he had the lik still about him to hold the helme so he could speak the languadg. The Archbushop is very good if he could still contynue wth th Erle, but he cannot be alwayes wth him. Thus mucche for this tyme, hoping to be the next my self, or at least to send you better newes, and in the mean while and for eur wilbe,

readie to live and die in Your Service.

"P. Crosbie.

"From Mallow, the xxith of October, 1600."

*Miler Magrath, Archbishop of Cashel, to Cecyll.*

"But howsoever the successe shall proue, there is agret aparance of gladnes and good will shewed in every place wher the yonge Erle of Desmond came, Corke only excepted, whosse majistrates seemet not to be glad of any tinge that might induce mor streight or possibiliti in the Englis Gourment then to be as it is, nor so mucche it shelve; but what shewe the comon sort ther, and eury sort, frome the cheffest, to the loest, in other places, doe make uppon his cominge, I doe referr it to the honest berer his report,

and the fruits thereof shall veri shortly (God willinge) make the same manifest. The yonge Erle was not 48 howres in the land when sure promisse was mad to hym of Castellmayn to be deliured to hym, for wch purpose his Lo and myselfe were suters to my Lo President, to give us a Companei of horsmen to goo thether to make present triall of that promiss; but his Lo weisly consideringe how warfully traytor's promisses shulde be trusted, toght fittest to send a trusti man from Desmond to make proffe of the promiss, then to go in pson; wherupon John Pouer is sent, be whome we expte good newes this night or the next. The next day after John is departure others came to Desmond makinge sure promisses of 124 (James McThomas) to be delivered (or at the least) discourd to hym wthin few dayes, accordinge to the first plott.

"Oct. 22, 1600."

*"Cecyll to Carewe.*

"I have mooved the LLs to wryte untoe the cittye of Corke about the lewde usage of the yonge Erle of Desmond, to whom I have sente this cotype that he maie be comforted: for indeed Captin Price aware untoe me that all this was trewe wch is wrytten, he being byc.

"Nov. 1600."

*"Cecyll to Carewe.*

"I praie you Sir privatlie fynde meanes toe discover weare yt possible, yf yong Desmond can be so vayne as toe have anie purpose to marry the widdowe Norreys; yf he have, and yt he will confesse yt, tell him freelie yt hir Matie will in no sorte allowe of yt; not in respect of anie unwoorthines in her, butt because hir Matie looketh att his hands to fetch all light for his accons from her, and not to presume for other respects wherof she is not ignoraunt, nor anie waye allowethe him toe bynde himselfe. I praie you Sir, use this wth secreseye and discrecon.

"Dec. 1600."

*"Cecyll to Carewe.*

"Ther is daiely prophecies yt yong Desmond's sendinge over was merelie idel, yt good yt can do none, butt harme yt may doe very muche. I doe professe untoe you (although I hope yt will proove otherwies) yt I doe never shutt myne eyes butt with feare att my wakeinge to heare som ill newes of him, soe as I beseeche you, when ons you shall perceave yt he hath don all he can doe, nurrishe his desier to retorn, and toe com to sue for som lands and livinge, by which means hir Matie maye yett be satisfied yt his cominge over hath don hir noe harme, and then yt maye be in hir Matie chois whether she will sende hym abroad agayne wth contentemente, or yf she doubt him, she maie lett him live here in her

courte, bye wch she shall have a tie uppon all his followrs and dependers; and soe cold I wishe for mye pte yt Florence (McCarthy) mighte be persuaided likewies toe com over betler and sue to the Queen for somthinge, for in my opinyon he is like stille to be a Robin Hood in Mounster.

"Dec. 15, 1600."

*"Cecyll to Carewe.*

"I thinke Castlemang wold be a veray acceptable pleasure to the Queen, and an argument that myght be used to the world that the Queen gets somthinge by him good for herselfe, as well as for him. As for his expenses lett him knowe he must lyve frugallye, and within £500 yerlye, till he bee seated, and lands given him. He maie alsoe be tolde that he shall com over when he hathe don anie good, and marrye in England, whither yt seems he longs to retorne; and I assuer you in my opynion he will never mucho lyke an Irish lyfe, for he is tender and sicklye; but tyme will shewe.

"I praie you Sr remember good pleadges uppon the white knight whylst thinges are prosperynge well; for yt is saide you wilbe cosened bye him at laste. You cannot please the Queen better then that som of the principal knaves of name be hanged. It is said that Cahir can delyver Dr. Craghe when he list. It wear well tryed to impress it uppon him, not as the doer, but under hand; for he can doe yt with a wett finger, and it will make him irreconsylable. Lett Dermot's wyfe have som maintenance, and contente the Archbishop with good wordes; for he doeth speake veray well of you, whatsoever he thinke, and in this matter of Desmond maie be suerly trusted—God send yt well! And som act to ppose to followe, that maie visiblye stopp the mouths of thoes that here laughe att yt as our plott. I shall never ende but that my sleep surpriseth me, and therefor beare with this raphsodye.

"Yours al Solito,

"Robt. Cecyll.

"At Courte, Oct. 1, 1600."

*"Desmond to Cecyll*

"Right honorable, the dutye that I owe unto that Sacred Matie that hath raysed me from nought to be her creature (in which tytle I doe onely hold my selfe happie) maketh that the least defect, which might be a hindrance unto the aduancement of Hir Highness' service, soe greuous unto me, that I come soe farr short, of intymatinge myne humble thanckefullnes, for soe exceedinge a mercy, as the greatest service which I might doe, euen to the sacreefysinge of my lyfe, weare but tooe litle for her gratiuous fauour towards me. Not withstandinge lest Your Ho. should hold your expectatou of my indeuours as altogether frustrated, may it

please youe to be advertised, sithence my last letter wer to your ho., Thomas Oge who was constable to James Fitz Thomas in Castlemayn yelded the same unto me, whereof I tooke possession by my seruant John Power the xiiij of November and kept it for som few dayes, untill it pleased my uerie good Lord, the Lord President to haue it yelded unto his owne hands, to whome I comaunded it should be deliuered, and his Lordship is now possessed of it. When it was perfectly knowen in Ireland that I landed, James FitzThomas' his compauy that remayned, dispersed themselves, and him selfe beinge sicke, kept him close in solitarie places, for which cause I sent my spialls to trackt him out, who brought intelligence yt he was kept in Arlough, untill the uerie first night that I came to Kilmallocke, at wch tyme he was conueyed from Arlough by a few horsemen to one Morris Powers house, as they informed; but I hope by my spialls shortly to finde his trackt, if he be within Mounster, and the sooner to bringe him to an end, I wth the aduice of the Lord President sent his Lo's protection together with my letters, for Dermot O'Connor, hoping that he, with the assistance of my truest frends myght finde out the Sougan in his most secret den; and for Dermot's most safety in his trauell to come with a few company to this prouince the Lord President sent his letters in yt behalfe, both to the Gouvernor of Connagh, unto the Earlls of Clanrickard and Thomond, safely to conduct Dermot with some fyftie men through their gouernment to this prouince; who after receaueing his protection, jorneyd hitherward as farr as Gortnishy-gory xxiiij. myles from Lymbrick, and was there murdered by Theobold Bourke alias Tybot ne Longe, accompanied with 300 men. Some saith this murther was comitted for that he tooke prisoner James Fitz Thomas (and I hold it the chefest cause, how-soeuer it may be disguised) whereby the Irishry were weakened, and feringe that he wold doe more seruises against them, as I doubt not, your Ho. shall understand by my Lord President's letters, who is as much greued with this indignitie offered to the State, as I am, yet I finde my selfe the more grieved for that his cominge hither was procured by my Lord President's protection and my letters, the reuenge whereof I referr to your honnorable consideration. At my being at Lymbrick with the Lord President, Mary She, a woman of longe continuance with my mother, came thither to speke with my sister Jone, immediately thereupon (as allwayes) I gave knowledge to my Lord President of all such intelligenc as came to me, I made him acquainted with the intent of the cominge of this woman, and deliuered him, and acquainted him, with a letter that was written from O'Donnell to O'Connor Slygo, the copie, or originall whereof I doubt not but he will send your Ho. These as hitherto have bene my aprowments, which I clayme not meritt by, for they are the frutes of my duty. Now I humbly beseech you to consider my estate which is so dessperat in this kingedome that my person is not heere secured by these inhabitants great or litle, nor able to doe any

service by reason I want meanes to execute it. I doe desyre noe perpetuite of hir Highnes charges towards me (but of hir fauor) neither doe I desyre to be here (God is my wittness) for any respect except to doe hir Matie true service. If I had knowledg of James Fitz Thomas where he were, I haue no comaund of force to take him, except I shold send to the garrisons to joyn wth me, and what oportunitie is lost in that tyme, I referr to Yo. Ho's. discession. Let any man imagin himself in this state that I writte to youe I am in, and I will demand noe more then he wolde in the lyke condition. I find my Honorable good Lord kinde unto me, but I am contemptible unto the contrey, in regard that they see my meanes under my Lorde, not see much as a priuatt captein's to follow the rebbles, if there were present occagion of service, nor in their good carriage to geue soe much countenance as a farre mearer man then a Earle; so I do not at all, at least uerie litle participate of the Italian prouerb *Amor fa Molto, Argento fa tutto*. I hope Your Ho. holds yor resolution for James FitzThomas, Pyerce Lacy, and the Knight of the ualleis landes, that I shold haue it, for Mc'Morris his land my honorable good Lord hath an assured tittle to it, and he that wth Your Honor's fauor gott me to be intytl'd as I ame, I shall neuer be soe ungratefull as to possess any thinge of his, for it cannot be but his gifte, and the world can binde me no more then I am. I humbly beseech youe that these obstackles that hinder the abilitie of my euer willinge serviceable testimonies may not make youe expect those performances of my dutifull prosecutions that their suply might giue youe iust cause to expect, except youe sende directions to inhable me, otherwise lett me haue leaue to come into England, which howsoever youe procure hir Highnes to make me great here, I protest, if it be put to my choyce I shall allways hold to be there best, and soe will I imbrace it. The latter end of your letter maketh me to desyre the knowledg of that honorable personage whome her Highnes hath thought of my unworthynis for, which with expectation of resolution of Your Ho., in all these my expressions by this bearer, my seruant, yelding many thanks for yor infinett fauors, and hauing noe offeringe of my loue to sende youe but the Sугan's Auncient,\* which this bearer shall present youe, I rest

"Your Ho. in all humble and faithfull affection,  
Desmond,

"Moyallo the xviij. of December, 1600."

"Desmond to Cecyll.

"Rt. Hon. Sithence the writting of my lres, Thomas Oge hath brought unto me Piers. Lacyes tow sonnes. I do fynd him the

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\* Standard.

trueste follower I have, since my coming ouer. Whereof I beseeche Yor Honor to consider in behalf of his dylygence to do hir Matie seruice, and his affection to me. And thus I humbly take leaue, and rest Your Honor's as I will and euer protest,

Desmond.

"Kyllmallock, the xxj. of December, 1600."

The intense simplicity of the Earl of Desmond reflects infinite credit on the character of the schoolmaster employed by Sir Owen Hopton to train his mind through the important years of his youth. He was able to believe that the fortress of Castlemayne had been ceded to him by the attachment of its Constable! that Thomas Oge Fitz Gerald was a model of feudal fidelity! He believed that it was his coming into Munster that had so scattered the forces of the Sougan Earl that his espials failed even to ascertain what had become of him; but the climax of his credulity was his belief that his simple narrative of these events would find credence with the English minister! Cecyll knew that Thomas Oge was a traitor, and had sold the fortress, for he had himself repaid to Carewe the price of its surrender: and it may have occurred to him that the good fortune and gallantry of Captain Richard Greene, who came upon the straggling forces of the Sougan Earl when on a disorderly march, charged and scattered them, may have contributed, at least, as much as his coming into Ireland, to the undoing of the rival Earl. One painful truth his ingenuous correspondent was indeed able to relate to Cecyll, which Carewe had not imparted to him, and which he would have been better pleased not to hear so plainly spoken—"He was become contemptible unto the country." Four hundred years of pride, of power, of magnificence, had come to this! But older blood, loftier rank, greater worth, have been since strewed about the soil of Ireland in sadder ruin.

To this James FitzGerald would have been more appropriate the designation of "the Sougan or straw Earl," than it was to the man who bore it; James FitzThomas, if he failed in his loyalty, possessed at least the lofty spirit and the gallantry of his race; of him no man could assert that he ever became contemptible to his country; he fell as Castlemayne fell, by treachery; the President of Munster bought him of the White Knight, as he had bought the fortress from Thomas Oge. For four months longer trailed on this pitiful correspondence with Cecyll.



The silence of Carewe concerning Desmond was sufficient acknowledgment that nothing could any longer be hoped from his presence in Ireland; that his famous scheme had been a failure. The queen must have been long since convinced that she had no cause for apprehension about him; the courtiers had had their laugh and forgotten him, and Cecyll perceived that "the hour was then come," when it would be wise to take him back from Ireland as quietly as he had a few months earlier taken him from the Tower.

*"Earl of Desmond to Cecyll.*

"Right honorable, I cannot let scape the leaste conuenientie of a messenger (and spetially this bearer Patrick Crosby) but that I must allwaies continue that course of my thankfullnes wch yor fauours hath tied me unto. The meanes of my entertaynement wch groweth by the castinge of a coompanie I do finde so mangled, what wth disbursements that groweth foorth of it to My Lord Archbyshop, my sisters and others, and the detaynement of the clothes belonging to a companie, that the profit wch I should make of it is much shortned by these issues and wthholding, wherefore I must humbly beseech you, as you have been the only meane to repayre in me the wracks of my house, so you would not let the foundation of this yor greate worke sinke, to the dishonour of the builder, and in yor participation of my fortunes (because you were the erecter of them) the littell glory of yor owne proceedinges. Pardon me that I write so playnely unto you, for that I will neuer alter yor good thoughts of me, nor euer be marked wth the brand of shame and ignomy. I haue writ unto yor Honor former letters by my servant, wherein I shewed the disposition of the people heere, wch I protest I am verry glad of, for that my dependencie must be only uppon hir Sacred Matie, where I alwaies seeke to depend, and in there better nature they might attribute soomething to themselves wch nowe they cannot. What seruices I haue doon I hope my former letters haue acquainted you wthal, and what they should omitt, this bearer can aduertise, to whose relation both of my willingnes to seruehir Matie and the lettes that hinder me, I refer my selfe, and flye to no other refuge then yor Honor. who I will alwaies make the umpire of my carriages. And so I take my leaue, and remayne,

"Your Honor's in my much  
"assuraunce and service,  
"Desmond.

"Killmallock, this 4h of Janrie 1600."

"I beseech yor Honor for my sake to receaue into yor good opinion Captayne William Power whose hurts and loss in Hir Highnes service deserueth extraordinary fauour.

"Desmond."

The reader will remember that the Earl of Desmond had complained to Cecyll of the slight which he conceived had been put upon him by the mayor of Cork on his arrival in that city. Captain Price, who had returned to England as soon as he had delivered over his charge to Carewe, had declared that Desmond had not complained without cause; and Cecyll had written to the President to make enquiry into the matter. The following letter was Mr. John Meade's vindication of his character from the charge of so great an unpoliteness. What the effect of this long apology was we shall shortly see.

*"John Meade Mayor of Cork to the Privy Council.*

"I received another lre from Yr Ho, directed to me and the Aldermen, wch lre did contayne that Yr Ho were informed that the Young Earle of Desmond whou lately came hither, was, wth his company, very hardly intertayned here, and not well accomodated wth lodgings or other necessities: the truth is Rt Hon that upon his repaierie hither yt did not appeare unto me by sight of his Pattent or in any other manner, what aucthority he received from her most Excellent Matie (albeit I hold the favours bestowed by her Matie uppon him a most rare psident of her Highnes wonted gracious clemency) and where he hath landed at Youghill, he did not repaier to the Lord President, being then at Mallo, but came hither first, and therefore yt may please Yr good Ho to be advertized that I did feare it might be offensive to intertaigne him or any other not putt in aucthority by her Matie, with any publique wellcome, at the gates of the Cytty, or otherwise, wch is onely used to the L Deputy, L President, or such as are aucthorized by her Highnes. And yf I had knowen it were her Maties pleasure, my good will should never want to countenance anie wth that measure her Highnes would expect, were it signified unto me by lyne, lre, or otherwise from my Lord President or any in aucthority. But Rt Hon although I hope well of the dispotion of the Young Earle, yet I did feare thuse of some of his aucestors whou have challendged courtesies for dueties, and soe might intangle this corporacon wth newe customs, wch onely depends of God and her most excellent Matie, and of no other peere or pson whatsoever. Yet for private kindnes there wanted none; for I assure your good Ho that the Young Earle's officers did send to bespeake one Mr. Skiddy's house, for some private affection betwixt them, wherby I expected the same should haue bene reddie for his Lp; but by meane of certayne provaunt and provision of the Garrizons wch was kept in the said house, the same was not so soon reddie as his Lp came hither, whereuppon I entertaigned him at my poore house, while his lodging were a making reddie, and when he had remainyed an houer or two in my house



his officers would not accept of the former lodging, and thereupon I was fayne to lodge him at one Phillipp Martell's house (being an Alderman of this citty) being th usuall lodging of th Earle of Ormond, and where Sir Warham St Leger, here lately in comission, did lye, and the L cheefe Justice of England at his being here; and being of the principallest houses in this place; and notwithstanding that the self night of his Lops repaiere hither, there came alsoe 400 of the Walshe soldiers sent hither for supplies, wth the lodging of wch th officers were much troubled, yet all his company wch came to the Bayllies of this cittie to demaund lodging were harboured sufficiently, and lodged wthout making of any paymt for the same, neither would anie of them repaiere unto th usual Innes, and yf any were unlodged it was for waunt of demanding the same of th officers appointed here for those causes. And concerning his supp the truth is I expected his steward and others had pvided for him the first night of his repaiere hither, and ment to have entertained him to deinner the next daie; but that his Lop came of himself wth his trayne whou had the best provision I could affourd. And his Lp being at supp complayned of the waunt of horssees, and he would not beleewe but that the cittie could affourd sufficient horssees for him and his troupe wch I truely answered that all the horssees of the towne, except a few garruns for wood, were stolen awaie this last rebellion, and out of use; for that the cittizens durst not traivale abroad, and wthal I gaue him the best advyse I could, to send to the Ls and Gentle adioining for horssees, and his Lop called for pen and inke to write unto my Lord Presidt; and I thinking that he ment to wriet by way of complainte for not furnishing him wth horssees, praied his Lop of God's will to acquainte me wth his meaning, and that I would endevo to see him provided to my power; and he said his lres were for her Maties service, and required haste; wherupon I pntely dispatched them awaie at midnight by a messenger of the cittys, and collected the keis being devided among the Aldermen, by custome used here since King John's tyme, and I receaved the next morrow an answer the contents of wch I have dilligently endeavoured to observe (at wch conference Capten Price was not present) and that was all that past betwixt the Earle and me touching anie lres; protesting before God that he never writt lres to Yor Ho in my house, but wee did passe the tyme in merymt, and in no such mattres of waight, wch were to be used with gravity and secrecie—onlie he writt those few lynes to the L Presidt, sitting at the table accompanied wth me and diverse others after supp. And I marvaile greatlie that of such small and publike conference these matters were informed against me, as rather became mere indiscretion and childishnes in me if I were faulty, then anie witt or sense, beseemyng the place I now carrie on my pfeession of lawyer, and albeit I cannot make ostentacon of discretion or other sufficiencies fitt for the place I now beare, wch was involuntarily cast uppon me, being a burden of greate care and

charge. Yet there is no waunt of my love and zeale to serve her Matie, according my most bounden duty; and to extend my poore power to entertaing such as are in her Princely favor, whom God Almighty longe may blesse and prospr against all her enemies whatsoever! And so not doubting but the L President hath, and shall have occasion to make like repte of my willingnes in her Maties service as occasion shalbe here ministred, I most humbly take leave

"From Corck the xiiijth of January 1600.

"Yo ho: Lps most humbly a comaund Jo Meade

"Maior of Corck."

Although we meet with no further mention of any anxiety on the part of Elizabeth concerning the youth who had so little while back caused her so much uneasiness; and although Sir George Carewe appears to have discontinued even the mention of his name, Cecyll could not divest himself of the alarm with which he had viewed this venture from the beginning. The English courtiers openly laughed at the whole business; and however reluctant the President might be to confess the failure of his "plot" Cecyll plainly saw that his own better judgment had been overruled, and that the whole blame of a great blunder was falling upon himself. So great became his uneasiness, so excessive his apprehensions of some fatal issue to this ill advised adventure that his mind fluctuated, as the reader will have perceived, from one dark scheme to another, how it might be safest and best to deal with him! The feeble character of the man who caused him all this uneasiness, at last turned the mind of the minister to less tragical devices than those which had at first occurred to him. Cecyll was a man of great genius, and of many resources! fortunately for the Earl of Desmond a plan presented itself to his mind which promised certain success, and required the co-operation of no John Anias, nor indeed of any living mortal. In one of the many sleepless nights which Desmond had occasioned him, a scheme, in every respect the counterpart of the famous project of Carewe, burst upon his imagination. That Puer male cinctus defiled with the mud and spittle of the rabble of Kilmallock, an object of "contempt to all the followers of his father, and the great Lords of Munster," and of derision to the English courtiers, languished in the country of his ancestors, unnoticed, without a purpose, heart-weary of his pitiful position, yet not daring so much as to express

a wish to be rescued from it. To leave him or to withdraw him seemed equally to court a duration of the ridicule under which he had long smarted. The reader has seen that the Widow Norreys had been the cause, doubtless the unconscious cause, of certain day-dreams in the mind of Desmond which, in the opinion of the Queen, were not very far removed from rebellion. When this matrimonial fancy was made known to him, Cecyll at once perceived that his troubles were at an end. He wrote and explained to the dreamer that it was for her Majesty to select a wife for him, and not for him to choose for himself! He wrote much more, which probably Desmond found as enigmatical as the reader will find it. "A maid of noble family, between 18 and 19 years of age, and no courtier," sprung at once from the head of this English Jupiter. "Her name might not be breathed until there were likelihood of an affection on his part," but the matter might stand over till he should find occasion to repair to England.

*"Cecyll to the Earl of Desmond.*

"Wherin becaus I have fallen in to ye subiect of marriage, and yt I see you take hold of som words of myne concerning a disposicion of matchinge you in England, in wch poynt you desier to be satysfied who shalbe ye pson I have; I have thought good to make you this answer Fyrst that yt proceeded from a disposicion wch I did noate in yorselffe when you were in England to bestowe yrselff to hir Maties likinge wth som English psone wch was the reason that I have both gon about to ppare hir Maties mynde to suche a course for you, as alsoe to consyder wth myselff in pticuler wher to fynde suche a match for you as shold in all circumstances answer the publique respects of hir Mats service, and above all things the satisfaccion of your owne mynde and your desieres. But my Lo I must entreate you to consider that in a matter of mariadje shee is of smale valyewe whos frends wilbe contented to haue hir name used before ther bee likelyhood of an affeccion of your pte, although in this generall sorte above mentioned I have ben contented (as an argument of my care and affeccion towards you) to forthinke where wilbe most necessarie for you, soe as I can only for your satisfaccion make this—(remark) that she is a maid of a noble familie, between 18 or 19 yeers of age, no courtier, nor yett ever sawe you, nor you her. Wherwith I praie you remayne satisfied till you shall fynd occasion hereafter for further consideracons to repayre into England, at wch tyme (with tyme enough) this matter maye bee thought of.

"Robt Cecyll."

This letter was written towards the end of January. In March Desmond was already in England eager on the quest of the British Minerva! No more letters from Ireland! A veil has fallen over many scenes which we could wish to have witnessed. His farewell with the Lord President of Munster; his sudden emancipation from the society of the Archbishop of Cashel, and Patrick Crosbie; his progress to Cork or Youghal; and above all his first interview with Cecyll! An official pen, busied with reports for the Treasurer's department, alone of all the pens in Ireland, alludes, and that but incidentally, to the departure of this last recognised Earl of Desmond from the Palatinate which his ancestors had ruled for four centuries.

*"Mr. Harold Kynnesman to Treasurer Carye.*

From Cork.

"Righte Wor. At this present th Erle of Desmond hath made his repaire out of Ireland, to the Courte of England; and for that his Lo cannot lyve without his interteynment from tyme to tyme, I haue sent yor Wor the coppie of the Lo President warrint for the deuision of the lendings, or paie of the ets fotemen allowed to the saide Earle of Desmond without chequie and without captns and officers, viz., what his Lo is to recaue himself at the rate of xxxijs iiij<sup>d</sup> pr diem. The Lo Archbushop of Casshell for his stipend at vjs viij<sup>d</sup> pr diem. The Ladye Elis FitzGerald at the rate of xxj<sup>d</sup> pr diem, and John Power Gent for his stipend at 2s pr diem, all wch stipends are taken out of the lendings of the said fote companie as appeth by the pticulers here inclosed I send Yor. Wop. Also I send Yor Worp a certifycat of what paiements haue bene made to the said Earle of Desmond by my self, and what I haue paiad to his Lo uppon his enterteynment by warrint from the Lo President and counsell, to carrie his Lo into England, and lastelye what ymprest bills his Lo hau given uppon his enterteynmt to others he stand indebted unto, weh bills I am to paie here as soone as the same is deu uppon his said enterteynmt, all weh paieth his Lo to end the xxth of Maye 1601; therefore I humbly praye Yor Worp that there maie be no more ymprested to his Lo untill the said paiements be defalkes, and the said xxth of Maye expires—for all the other seurall stipends I paie them here from tyme to tyme, till I here from yr worp to the contrary (for the state of this province, thankes be to God the hole is quiet, but theire is expected some forces to come out of Ulster thorough Connought into Mounster, therefore the Lo President by order from the Lo Deputye this present haue sent one thowsand foote to front the enymie in those ptes, and theire dyrecons are, not to pass Galway without great occasion of service. Capen Geo. Flower haue the

comaund of them. The companies that goe are under written in this yor wops lre. The state of our treasure here by estymacon will serve th army to the xiiij of Aprill next after this date hereof, wch will be the furthest; even so not hauing anie occurances more as yet to certyfy Yor Wop of, I most humblye take leaue. From Corke this xxiiij of Marche 1600.

Yor verie dutyfull servt. H. Kynnesman.

The lyst of the Companies to be drawn into Connaught under the comaund of

Captn Flower as enseweth.

Sir John Barkley	ceth
Sir Jerratt Haruie	clty
Captn Flower	cth
Sir John Dowaltile	cth
Sir Ed. Fitz Gerald	cth
Captn Blunt	cth
Captn Power	cth
Captn Kingsmill	cth

Total ix clty, so there wants only Lty of one thousand.

"March 23, 1601."

"And now was the day come when the Lord President of Munster was to give back to the Queen the person of her Earl of Desmond!" When my Lord Buttevant sent to the same minister the present of "three Hawck and a coupell of hobbies" he made more case of his gift than did Carewe when he surrendered the treasure for which he had pleaded so long and so earnestly, and which had been entrusted to his care with so much reluctance! The Earl of Desmond left Ireland on what precise day, from what port, with what attendance, are matters of conjecture. He was gone, and all men forgot him!—except Mr. John Meade the Mayor of Cork! whose memory was refreshed as often as the books of his household charges were presented to him. The reader will recollect that this worthy magistrate had been taken by some surprise when the Earl of Desmond, sea-sick, wearied and hungry, had presented himself uninvited, at his door. Had the Earl found means of procuring himself supper and lodgings for that night elsewhere, the Mayor had intended to entertain him with becoming splendour on the morrow. Had this been explained at the time it is unlikely that the humble spirit of the Earl would have been so far provoked as to cause him to complain to Cecyll. Mr. John Meade had been called upon for his account of the transaction. He had given it, and the reader has seen it. It was well

considered by Cecyll, and probably by the Privy Council and the Queen! The excuses were unavailing, and for two reasons; the first, that at such a moment he, like a loyal subject and the Mayor of a chartered city, should have been but too happy to furnish the supper, as well as to intend the dinner! And the second, because it chanced that there were two poor sisters of the Earl who possessed neither the money to buy a dinner, nor a roof under which to eat one. Her Majesty could not be troubled to cass any more companies of soldiers for their maintenance, and there was an evident propriety in billeting these ladies upon the man whose blundering had brought discredit upon the hospitality of his high office. "The ladies Joan and Ellin Fitz Gerald were by direction of the Lord President harboured and dieted in his house." For two months Mr. Meade contented himself with remonstrating with the Lord President. At the end of that time he carried his complaints before her Majesty's principal secretary. With these complaints of the Mayor of Cork we can have no sympathy, for it is difficult to believe that his treatment of these poor ladies was as courteous as the President must have intended. Not only does he petition to be eased of them, but the ladies, on the self same day, petition to be eased of him.

*"Cecyll to Carewe.*

"I am veray gladd yt th Earle of Desmond is heer; he is well used, and shall have the same some wch growes by the lendynges, but not by the apparell; att the least he shall not knowe soe muche because he is every daie lookynge for more then his allowaunce. Other newes heare are none but yt the Queene is well, and goinge to Greenwich.

*"Robt. Cecyll.*

*"April 30, 1601."*

*"John Meade Mayor of Cork to Cecyll.*

"Right Honorable. I haue thought fitt to adurtize Yor Honr that sithence the last of January I have bene chardged by directon of the L President wth the Lady June, sister to the Earle of Desmond, whou together wth her sister Ellin and others of her retynue have bene harbored and dieted in my house. I have bene a suitor to my Lo President to be eased of her, whouse Lop doth answere me that he hath written to the Ls, and expects theire answers, and in the meanetye must rest contented. I haue no allowaunce for her and her dependants, wth wch I rest willinglie contented if it be



their Lops pleasure. I am a suitor to yr Honr that yt will please you to resolute uppon some course for the said Lady, &c.

"J. Meade.

"March 23, 1601."

*"To the Right honorable Sir Robert Cecill, Knight, Principall Secretary to her Majesty.*

The Petition of the ladies Joan and Ellen Fitz Gerald.

"May yt please Yr Honnor, wth compassion to regard and looke into the tenor of this our Peticon. That wheras we yor humble supplyants, Joane and Ellin Fitz Gerrald, daughters unto the late Earle of Desmond, in the behalf of ourselves and the rest of our systers Margaret Katherin and Ellis, haue before this tyme purposed by way of peticon to make our humble sute unto her Maiesty to bee by her Highnes reliued, either in porcon, or yearely annuities accordinge as to her princely clemency shall seeme meet and convenient, the causes vehemently forceng us therunto being our mother's dishabilitie (not sufficient to supply her owne necessary wants) and our kindred and frends, forsaking us, uppon the dead hope of all other meanes, but of her Maties, goodnes, wee now intend (Yor honourable father's sicknes, and yor honnor's absence, the causes that till this tyme wee have stayd) forthwith to exhibitt the same; most humbly beseeching yr Honnor in the due consideracon of our weake condicions (the rather for that we haue no other meanes of releif but from her Matie, and otherwise like to perrish) to graunt us yor honorablen furtheraunce therein, on wch (next unto yor honorable father's) wee greatlie depend; and doubt not but that yor Honnor will therein further us, as our mother in the like heretofore youe haue done. Soe shall wee (as she hath done and doth) acknowledge ourselues therefore much bound unto Yor Honnor, and dailie praye unto the Almighty for the increase of yor happiness.

In this ingenuous and remarkable fashion of providing for the subsistence of those two noble ladies it is pleasing to recognise the playful and at the same time the thrifty inspiration of her most gracious Majesty. The bountiful provision for the brother, and the touching promise of good usage for him we may attribute to the heart of Cecyll himself, who, we are assured, had been a second father to him! There can be no doubt but that the teeth of this Irish Earl were watering for some portion of the lands which had belonged to his father, but he had evidently learned during his stay in Munster to discriminate between lands which it was safe, and which it was exceedingly dangerous, to covet. He wisely turned away his eyes from all the estates conferred upon the undertakers, and

ventured only to petition for the lands of his cousin James Fitz Thomas the Sugane Earl. Once arrived in London, the vision of the maid of noble family, which had allured him thither, utterly vanished ! Probably the sinking health of the unhappy man may have reconciled him to this disappointment, for he makes no complaint on the matter ; but that that other illusion of the lands of his cousin should seem to be flitting away as imperceptibly, he felt keenly ; and it was with his usual simple faith in the friendliness of Cecyll that his *last* letter was written. From the date of that letter we hear no more about the writer till the feeble flickering light of his existence was extinguished ; and then the calm tones of the official voice were heard directing that " the company allowed for him be discharged."

*" Desmond to Cecyll.*

"My most Honored Sr. It is no smale greefe unto me that I cannot attend hir Matie, nor so often accompanye Yor Honor as in all affection I would ; for in both those courses only, under God, my hopes doth rest ; but before I begin these few lines of my demongstrating necessities I knowe not whither to turn me : if into tyme past, I behold a long misery ; if into the present, such a happines in the comparison of that hell, as maye be a stopp to anie farther in-crochement. Yett pardon I beeseech you this my humble sute, who wayhinge wth my self hir Maties liberallyty unto me, and yor honorable fauours towards me, that I maye not be distastinge to either in ouerpressinge receaued bounties, I haue heere inclosed sent yor honor a note of a sute whereof no disbursement shall growe foorth of hir Highnes purs, but an increase of £20 yearly to her cofers, wch by the aire of yor breathe unto hir sacred Matie, and the blessednes of hir graunt maye supplye these my wants, wch neuer hereafter shall importune you. If it be my misfortune not to haue it, soome other shall, and where can hir Highnes charity more perfectly shine then uppon hir humble creature who hath receaued life from hir, and grace by you ; wherein as you have begun wth me, so I may not herein find you wanting to me that submitts all his ends to your likeing, and in all humblenes doth rest much assuredly bound to you.

" Desmond.

" Greenwich this last of August 1601.

" I do heere that yor honor shalbe earnestly solicited for certaine lands in Ireland, especially James Fitz Thomas Lands. I beseech Yor Honor not to procure anie graunt to anie boddy untill the land wch shall stand at Hir Highnes fauour to bestowe uppon me be passed."



These were the last lines with which the writer troubled Sir Robert Cecyll. Four months and a half later he ceased to suffer from either scorn or penury ; we may conjecture that it was to the house of Dr. Noel that the dying man betook himself on his return to London, and that Mr. Roberts, unless his days or his trade had been cut suddenly short, had been allowed to supply, as he had previously done for seventeen years, the drugs with which his physician strove to assuage his sufferings. In the first week of January, 1602, this pale shadow of a Desmond imperceptibly faded away out of the world, and of the memory of his generation.

*"The Lord Deputy and Council to the Privy Council.*

"As your Lls haue directed, upon notice of the decease of the Erle of Desmond, the company allowed for him is discharged ; saue what yt hath pleased you to continue to the Archbishop of Casshell, the Erle's sisters, and John Power.

"1602, Jany. 14."

Between nine and ten months had elapsed since the patience of the mayor of Cork had broken down under the charge of the sisters of the deceased Earl, and since those ladies had prayed for some pittance from the queen to enable them to quit that inhospitable roof. Time, (as was written by a learned Spaniard, D. Francisco de Moncada, at the very period when these ladies were petitioning), Time, which is the mother of oblivion, and through which have perished many bright deeds and illustrious memories, amongst other things which it has left in doubt to posterity is also this—whether during those long nine months the Meade family were kept smarting under their penance for the neglect of a night's hospitality ! If the mayor were indeed liberated from his burthen, it would appear that the ladies had not greatly benefited by their change of condition, for as soon as their brother was dead, and before whatever pity might be felt for him could grow cold, an appeal was made to "the immortal fame" of Sir Robert Cecyll in their behalf.

*"William Power to Sir Robert Cecyll.*

"And least my lres. haue not come to yor Honr's. hands, and that the best friend I had, the young Earl of Desmond, (whom yor Honr. had raised) is lately dead, (as it is credebly reported) so as nowe I am altogether destitute of any freind there to countenance my honest desart, &c.

"The late unfortunat young Earle of Desmond hath left here fouer poore sisters; the Lady Roche best able of them, but of meane estate, to live; and the rest, albeit having some annuity of Her Magesty, yet for the smalenes thereof are much distressed without any other freind or meanes to help them. You have been a father unto him (as himself often told me) and I think yor Honr. should add much to your immortall fame, to be so unto them in peuring Her Mati's most gracious goodnes towards them for their reasonable matching there, or here.

"Yor Honor humble dependant,

"Wm. Power.

"Cork 17 Ja. 1601."

When the intelligence reached Ireland of the death of the Earl of Desmond, there arose a rumour that he had been poisoned! Current with it circulated another rumour, "that Cecyll had found a man to poison Florence MacCarthy." In the serene consciousness of his innocence the English minister paid no heed to the first of these rumours; he left it uncontradicted, and it became a tradition which has survived to our own day, and which no man believes. The second of these rumours he stigmatized as a base and foul slander, and he entreated Carewe, whom the rumour implicated with himself in the calumny, to be sure and hang the slanderer if he could in any wise catch him. He repelled it with so much abhorrence, that, had we no means of forming our opinion upon the matter on other grounds, we should be compelled to believe that the charge was true. Fortunately for the fame of Cecyll, though the man, said to have been found for the purpose, himself declared that the English minister *had* engaged him to do it, this man, "John Anias the Irishman," who has been so fortunate as to have large portions of his biography preserved in the state papers of England, and who, though recommended, as we have seen, by Cecyll to Carewe for the gallows for calumny, lived to lay his head upon the block for high treason, this John Anias was utterly incapable of any real design upon the life of Florence MacCarthy; but he was exceedingly capable of undertaking to do it, and accepting the minister's money as an earnest of his design. We may even venture to say, judging from his antecedents, that it would have cost him little remorse to spread such a rumour, without having been honoured by Cecyll with such a commission at all. Florence MacCarthy was living at the time when this

rumour was first heard; he was more dreaded than any man in Ireland, save O'Neill; he was out of the reach of Carewe; and it is certain that his poisoning would have been a great consolation to Cecyll. To the grave consideration of the reader it must be left to decide which of these two men is worthiest of belief? Whether the aversion of Anias to an untruth was greater or less than that of Cecyll to remove an "Irish rebel" by murdering him? But where, since Astræa left us, can we hope to find an earthly balance so exquisitely sensitive as to weigh things so ethereal as the conscience of this great English statesman, and the imaginative faculty of John Anias the Irishman?

But the matter was wholly different in the rumour touching the Earl of Desmond. There was no John Anias in this case to accuse him, nor was there any sufficient motive for such "a curious caution." Whether Desmond lived or died, could signify only to the extent of the £500 a year allowed "for the support of his dignity," and that saved out of the disbanding of a few soldiers. The Earl, besides, had been dying from his childhood; nothing but the skill of Dr. Noel, and the resources of Messrs. Fethergill and Roberts had kept him alive till the time destined for the trial of Carewe's project. He had been got safely away out of Ireland, why should he have been poisoned?

In the few preceding pages is comprised the brief biography of James the 17th, the last and the feeblest of the Earls of Desmond. The tenor of his letters will have shown, better than anything that can be added to them, how effectually a little tower-training could tame the turbulent blood of the most turbulent race which had conquered Ireland for the English crown in 1172; and for four centuries, fighting incessantly with their sovereigns, or their Norman brethren, or with the native chiefs, had held no inconsiderable portion of it for themselves. That his education had not been wholly neglected is manifest from his letters. The reader will admit that the first of the series is not wanting in pathos or dignity. His style scarcely improved by association with the Archbishop; but no sooner did he set his foot upon Irish soil than the influence of that magic stone in the castle of the lords of Muskery came over his spirit; and not Carewe, scarcely Essex himself, could have addressed the splendours of

majesty more rapturously than he has done in his letter of the twenty-first of October, from Moyallo. When it is considered that by the forfeiture of his father, "lands extending 110 miles, and containing 574,628 acres," fell to the crown, there is something unspeakably shabby, and,—be it said with abashed countenance before those "royal eyes which added fulness of joy with admiration to the beholders," and in presence of such "majesty as was envied, but not equalled by any earthly prince"—peculiarly Elizabethan in the pittance so grudgingly given for the support of such an earldom, restored with so great parade. To this parsimony may certainly, in some degree, though less than to his English religion, be attributed the utter failure of the hopes based upon the appearance of James FitzGerald, the Tower Earl of Desmond, in Ireland. But the reader will not need to be informed that no success of this Earl of Desmond would have effected the pacification of Ireland. Had he been able to allure or to bribe to his service every follower of his house, he might have saved to the queen a thousand pounds, the precise sum paid to the White Knight for his treachery to the Sugane Earl; but unless, simultaneously, John Anias could have dealt with Florence MacCarthy, and Walker, or Combis or Atkinson with O'Neill and O'Donnell, there would have remained those powerful chieftains with the whole force of the three most numerous and warlike septs in Ireland to welcome the Spaniards to Kinsale. It was the unaccountable action under the walls of that old town that decided the fate of Ireland, when five thousand Spaniards remained within their intrenchments, but dimly conscious of the battle that was fought and lost within their hearing!

The same Irish chieftains, who had annihilated an English army at the Blackwater, were utterly routed by the Lord Deputy Mountjoy and his force. He and they were brave men, but they could not be braver men than were led out by Marshal Bagnal, from Armagh.—Four thousand foot, and three hundred and fifty horse! and who were scattered like chaff before the legions of O'Neill. The inactivity of the Irish chieftain after his victory at the Blackwater remains a puzzle to the historian to this day; scarcely less so his conduct at Kinsale. Is it credible that O'Neill could have been so infatuated as to fight that battle without previous concert with the Spaniards? If he did so he grievously tempted fortune, and paid a heavy penalty for

his rashness. If the Spaniards failed him after promising a simultaneous attack upon the rear of the English force, it was his misfortune, and their disgrace; but why even then that feeble resistance, that speedy overthrow, that disastrous flight, that scandalous spectacle of the two most noted chieftains of the Irish race, "with all the principal gentlemen of Ulster and Connaght," and those veteran warriors who had defeated Harrington in the Glyns, defied Ormond, chased Essex through Munster, and wholly annihilated Bagnal, flying headlong homewards, and abandoning within a besieged town the allies whom they had invited to their aid? Don Juan de Aquila added little to his renown by his Irish expedition; but the least blameworthy of his proceedings was to capitulate as he did when he beheld the only native army there was, utterly routed, and its chiefs flying panic-stricken back to their fastnesses. O'Neill's victory at Armagh led to nothing, his defeat at Kinsale insured, we are told, "the honour and safety of Queen Elizabeth, the reputation of the English nation, the cause of religion, and of the crown of Ireland."

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ART. II.—*Egyptian Chronicles*. By William Palmer, M.A. In two volumes 8vo. London, 1861, Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts.

A STRANGE world it is in which we live. With our lot cast in what appears to be the end of time, we seem to be continually coming upon fresh sources of information respecting occurrences in the beginning of time. Monuments have been discovered that had lain buried for ages: inscriptions have been deciphered that had proved unintelligible to both Greeks and Romans: ancient writers of all nations have been compared, and corrected, or elucidated one from the other. From a comparison of languages we have obtained true notions respecting the history of each, and affinities of all: out of a hundred conflicting eras and epochs we have moulded at length a definite system of chronology: we know both the shape and extent of our earth. Unless we are vastly out in our geological reckon-

ings, we are not less certain of the high antiquity of our planet, than we are of its comparatively recent adaptation as the "local habitation" of the race which descended from Adam. We are no longer content to call earth, air, fire, and water, elements: but can resolve them into their constituents at pleasure, and reproduce them sufficiently to show that we have unlocked the secret of their composition. Earth's compound substances have been resolved into their elementary gases—the nearest approach to immateriality that is cognizable by the senses. Earth's crust has been discovered to consist of stratified and non-stratified rocks—a consequence of the immemorial agencies of water and fire—earth's denizens, before it was in a condition to support man, are attested by fossiliferous remains of colossal magnitude and remote antiquity. Finally, the records of the earliest peopling of the earth by man, have been exhumed, and interpreted systematically, perhaps for the first time, since their language had ceased to be a living one. Though Herodotus and Berosus flourished upwards of two thousand years nearer to the events of which they treat, it is undeniable that Egyptian and Assyrian history may be much more accurately gleaned from the recent discoveries of Champollion, Sir H. Rawlinson, and others, than from those comparatively contemporary writers. Thus it is that in the present old age of the world, our thoughts are forcibly thrown back upon the transactions of its childhood; and just when we seem standing on the tiptoe of expectation of what we shall be, we are drinking in echoes of the first lisplings of our race, and of time antecedent to its very commencement.

Why, or wherefore, revelations so momentous, and so long concealed, have been reserved for the nineteenth century, it may be premature to conjecture. So far as we can see, there is no reason why the same discoveries should not have been made ages ago, and some of them a good deal before others. It is in the simultaneous bringing to light of so much truth that the designs of Providence may be traced without presumption; though, in each case, some apparent trifle may have been suggestive of serious investigation, and ultimate success.

To apply these remarks to the study of Egyptian antiquities. It has been brought about, and carried to the perfection already attained to, by a tissue of accidents;



and yet, of such sequence and combination, as to savour strongly of serving as means to an end.

It was in the train of a French army, fitted out for a widely different purpose—that of obtaining possession of the high road to India—that modern science may be said to have invaded Egypt. Those who had fought over its material territory, sat down together amicably to examine the wonders of antiquity that each had discovered: and peaceful travellers, like Belzoni, were free to penetrate to the interior of a country which the late campaign had opened so signally to all comers from Europe. His adventures form a remarkable section in the chapter of accidents, as we may learn from Mr. Palmer.

“Most persons who have at all attended to Egyptian antiquities will remember with interest how slight an accident it was, which led Belzoni to his grand discovery of the tomb of Seti I. the father of Rameses the Great. In the wild desert valley of Biban el Malouk, the bareness of which contrasts so strangely with the green plain on the other side of the Assassif, when, in crossing by the mountain path, one sees from the top both sides at once, at the foot of one of those lateral ridges in which are many of the Kings' tombs, he noticed a slight depression of the sand, as if the rains which, even in the Thebaid, fall in some years, had there soaked through to some cavity. So he dug, and came first upon a descending gallery, and then, after trying the rock at which it seemed to end, and which sounded hollow, he broke his way through it, and found himself in the most perfect and the most magnificent of all the royal tombs—one unentered by Greek visitors under the Ptolemies, and connected with reigns of the highest historical interest (for Seti I. and his son Rameses II. are the chief elements of the Sesostris of Herodotus and Diodorus) the gorgeous paintings of which, partly historical, and partly relating to the dead, preserved intact in all the freshness of their colours, have been the source of the most striking of those fac-similes of Egyptian sepulchral paintings, which are now to be seen in the museums of Europe.”\*

But had these “gorgeous paintings” a true historical meaning of their own, unlike mere works of the imagination? Chance, or something infinitely beyond chance, had appositely made the *westernmost* mouth of the Nile the repository of that uncouth block of black basalt—the celebrated Rosetta stone—with its threefold, i.e. sacred, civil, and Greek versions of the same inscription in honour

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\* Palmer's Egyptian Antiq. Introduct. p. 1.

of Ptolemy Epiphanes, as appears from the Greek text. Its discovery and arrival in England in 1802 proved a powerful incentive throughout Western Europe, to the study of hieroglyphics. This was still further advanced by a second discovery.

"In the island of Philæ, situated high up the Nile, (we quote from a well-known work) an obelisk was found, and thence brought to England, on which were two cartouches or frames, containing hieroglyphics, joined together. One of these presented invariably the group already explained in the Rosetta stone by the name of Ptolemy. The other evidently contained a name composed in part of the same letters, and followed by the sign of the feminine gender. This obelisk had been originally placed on a base, bearing a Greek inscription, which contained a petition of the priests of Isis to Ptolemy and Cleopatra, and spoke of a monument to be raised to both. There was consequently every reason to suppose that the obelisk bore these two names conjointly: and observation proved that the three letters common to both, P.T.L. were represented in the female name by the same signs as occurred for them in the kings. Thus there could be no reasonable doubt as to the second name, which put the learned investigators in possession of the other letters, which enter into its composition. All this Champollion claimed exclusively as his own. Mr. Bankes, however, maintains that he had previously deciphered the name of Cleopatra, and endeavours to show that M. Champollion must have been aware of the discovery..... When these first and more laborious measures had been taken, the work was comparatively easy: and Champollion, who at first had imagined that his system could apply only to the reading of Latin and Greek names, hieroglyphically expressed, soon found that the older names yielded to the key, and that successive dynasties of Pharaohs, and of Persian monarchs who had ruled in Egypt, had recorded their names also, with their titles and exploits, in the same character..... Suffice it to say that new discoveries have gradually enlarged, and perhaps almost completed the Egyptian alphabet, till we are in possession of a key to read all proper names and even—though not with equal certainty—other hieroglyphical texts. To proper names the application is so simple that you may be said to possess a means of verifying the system perfectly within reach. For you have only to walk to the Capitol or the Vatican, with Champollion's alphabet, and try your skill upon the proper names in any of the Egyptian inscriptions."\*

If such was the state of knowledge thirty years back,

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\* Cardinal Wiseman's Lectures on the Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion. Lect. viii.



it may readily be conceived what steam-boats, railways, and electric telegraphs, have done for Egyptology since their commencement, especially since photography has been brought to bear upon the obelisks and temples of Ra. We can study their architecture, and compare the characters of their mural decorations at home—with our stereoscopes and books about us—and by our own fireside—with greater facility, and no less accuracy than travellers on the spot; or we can visit our museums, and be in ancient Egypt as completely as it is possible to be in any one of the tombs of kings or queens in the actual neighbourhood of Thebes or Luxor. Then, confining ourselves to works in our own language, we may learn from the late Chevalier Bunsen, in his great work, entitled “Egypt’s place in Universal History,” or from Sir G. Wilkinson and Mr. Birch in their much more portable “Introduction to the Study of Hieroglyphics,” or from the new translation of Herodotus by the Rev. G. Rawlinson and his eminent coadjutors, not merely what kings ruled, or what gods were worshipped, in ancient Egypt, but how the Egyptians themselves, nearly four thousand years ago, passed their time, what were their occupations, agricultural, scientific, or domestic, with what arts they were acquainted, and how they amused themselves; what origin their physiognomy betokens; what ornaments, what dress they wore; with what weapons they fought; what conquests they made; how, finally, they were buried, and with what expectations of a life beyond the grave. Perhaps there is no other nation of antiquity whose every day life we may know so intimately, if we will, thanks to the freshness of those pictorial records, “appropriately coloured with simple colour, to imitate the objects which they represent.” Of Roman and Greek life, by comparison, as portrayed in the classics, we may be said to know no more than the bare skeleton. Here bright gesticulating figures appeal to the senses, not words to the imagination. The plough, for instance, is drawn, sometimes by men, sometimes by oxen: the sower follows scattering the seed broadcast. Oxen tread out the corn, which has been cut with a toothed sickle, just below the ear, and carried in baskets, suspended from poles, on the shoulders of men to the thrashing floor. Women are gleaning in the rear of the reapers. A weary reaper is lifting the jug to his mouth. Some are treading out grapes with their feet; others

squeezing them in a bag by means of two poles twisted contrariwise: others are filling earthenware jars with the must after fermentation. Cattle are led to pasture or tethered, hounds held in slips, fish speared or netted, birds clubbed, wild beasts caught with the lasso, or transfixed with darts or arrows—sometimes from the chariot. manifold are the processes which Egyptian cookery exhibits. Among manufactures, the arts of the potter, of the glass-blower, of the engraver and polisher of metals, of the carver in wood or ivory, of the canvas and rope maker, are represented with their appropriate tools and manipulations, many of them still in use. They danced, they played on the harp, or lyre, or tambourine, they wrestled, threw and caught balls, played draughts, fought with sticks and poles for amusement. Observe too, how largely religion entered into their daily life. Each offers of his first fruits to the gods—the peasant no less than the monarch at the head of his victorious troops, and out of his countless spoils—while the Greek letter T their symbol of life—in the hands of their divinities, shows that blessings were asked for and expected, that were not of earth—a wonderful commentary this, upon their oblations for the dead, and upon their scenes of the judgment day, which may well compare with those of the Campo Santo of Pisa, or the Florentine Church of St. Maria Novella. There is Osiris on his throne, with his forty-two assessors seated above, right and left, in two rows: and Harpocrates seated on his crook. Four genii stand before him on a lotus blossom. Thoth, the god of letters, bears a tablet on which the actions of the deceased are inscribed. Horus and Aroeris weigh his good deeds against the ostrich feather, the symbol of justice and truth. Finally, the deceased walks in, bearing the ostrich feather in token of his acquittal, to whom the judge extends the symbol of life. Such is the bright side of the picture of Hades or Amenti in its full development,\* truthful, fresh, and eloquent as ever, upon those undying monuments, illustrated by contemporary papyri.†

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\* That is, as seen in the tomb at How; and in the W. chamber of the temple of Deyr el Medeenah—both constructed under the Ptolemies. It would be difficult to assign a date to the coming in of the idea.

† See *Egypt's Place*, &c. vol. iv. p. 643, where the beautiful

All these speak in a language intelligible to mankind in all ages; and we, when we have once mastered the hieroglyphical alphabet—can tell pretty well what important personage it is that they are talking about, and what events they attest. One difficulty remains unfortunately of the most prosaical kind, as it is of the utmost importance—namely their chronological series. It is on this point that we are compelled to go from pictures to books, and to books ineffably dry. And such from its very nature is the work, that we should much wish to extract the pith from, if we can. Mr. Palmer must excuse us for saying that he has made our task indescribably more laborious, by the hastily-formed mould in which he has cast his materials. If he, with his immense varied acquirements, was profoundly ignorant of Egyptian antiquities till a chance journey up the Nile, with nothing else to do, forced them upon his notice, how can he fondly expect that the general class of readers to whom he offers his book, should know all about Phœnix and Sothic cycles, intricate lists of Egyptian dynasties, and the explanations which, up to the very time of his writing, had been given of them, so as to dispense with his first putting them “*au courant*” with his subject, and explaining definitively what it was that he was going to improve upon? The fact is, he has published a book too large by half. A moderately short text, in flowing intelligible language, would have sufficed to have put the world in possession of the cream of his discoveries; and all stiff, minute, criticisms of ancient chronologies, all complicated addition and subtraction sums, should have appeared in small print, as footnotes or appendices. Had Mr. Palmer followed this course, his discoveries might, as he suggests, have ranked with those of Belzoni by this time, instead of being guessed at doubtfully (for they are by no means self-apparent, from the mass of details enveloping them) by a few. We therefore, before we so much as allude to them, must endeavour to do the very thing which he has omitted to do, namely, to clear the way for their right appreciation.

1. Egyptian chronology has hitherto been little more

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“Book of the Dead,” translated in its entirety by Mr. Birch, is quoted. Champollion has exquisitely styled it “the negative confession of sins” from its subject matter.

than a system of guesswork in the hands of the learned. Beyond a certain point the monuments themselves are dumb, and the papyri that have been found as yet, defective.

"The oldest monuments of Egypt," says Sir G. Wilkinson, "are the pyramids to the north of Memphis, but the absence of hieroglyphics, and of every trace of sculpture, precludes the possibility of ascertaining the exact period of their erection, or names of their founders." And again—"Previous to the accession of the first Osirtasen, who probably lived about 1750 B.C., we have little to guide us upon the monuments of Egypt."\*

Singular indeed that they should begin to be communicative, from that epoch downwards, as though fellowship with Israel had breathed life into them. The celebrated papyrus in the Museum of Turin claims no higher antiquity.† Be that as it may, "we see from this papyrus," says M. Bunsen, "that it was the Egyptian custom on one hand to proceed by dynasties; on the other, at certain epochs, to state at the close of a dynasty the sum total of the kings, and years reigned, in a given period.‡ So far so good. As yet, however, the number both of the dynasties, and of the kings who reigned in them, is so uncertain, that we are no nearer our mark. From the papyrus itself nothing decisive can be made out respecting the earlier dynasties, owing to its tattered state, and of dynasties xviii. and xix.," says Mr. Palmer, "the fragments exhibit no trace." For the rest we prefer quoting from Sir G. Wilkinson, to hazarding any statement of our own:—

"The kings of Egypt are arranged by Manetho in 26 dynasties, from the time of Menes to the invasion of Cambyes, which happened in 525 B.C., but whether any dependence can be placed on the names and number of the kings before the accession of the 18th dynasty" (the "new" dynasty, or "the king that knew not Joseph" in all probability) "is a matter of great doubt; and some of the authors to whom we are indebted for the fragments of his

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\* *Ancient Egypt*, vol. i. p. 19.

† "Near 1,000 years," says Mr. Palmer "older than Herodotus." Vol. ii. p. 468. Surely Mr. P. should have discussed this, the oldest extant document, before the *Old Chronicle*, and in a chapter by itself.

‡ *Egypt's Place*, &c. Vol. ii. p. 429.

work, disagree in their arrangement.....One great difficulty arises from the long duration assigned to the Egyptian monarchy, the sum of years from Menes to the Persian invasion, being, according to Manetho, about 4750 years, without reckoning the 14th dynasty; and Herodotus' account, who was assured by the priests, that 330 kings succeeded that prince, requires, on an average of fifteen years to a reign, about 4950 years for the same period.....If we may believe Josephus, Manetho speaks of the kings of the Thebaid, and the rest of Egypt, uniting in a common cause, and thereby shows the existence of contemporary dynasties.”\*

Five more dynasties, including the Persian, intervene between BC. 525 and the conquest of Egypt by Alexander the Great, making in all 31, which is the received number.

Such, therefore, is, at present, the only hypothesis on which Egyptian chronology has been attempted to be reconciled with that of the Bible.† It starts from Menes, who is therefore supposed to be a true historical character—though “the frequent occurrence of a similar name, *e.g.*, Manes the first king of Lydia, the Phrygian Manis, the Minos of Crete, the India Menu, the Tibetan Mani, the Siamese Manu, the German Mannus, the Welch Menu, and others, may seem to assign him a place among mythical beings”—and then by dint of asserting some dynasties to have been contemporary, gets them all in within the usual date for the flood and BC. 332, when Egypt passed into the hands of Alexander the Great. Of the time that elapsed before Menes it says nothing; the dynasties and kings that followed him it makes in some cases consecutive, to fill up, in other cases contemporary, to fall in with, a certain received system of dates, which, upon other grounds, is held to be trustworthy, at all events, till something can be put forward upon superior evidence to supplant it. Why imagine more ages to have elapsed than there are personages or occurrences to fill? If Egyptian history claims to go back many thousand years beyond the deluge, let it be shown from authentic records in detail what events happened in those antediluvian periods. Or again, as geology controverts the universality of the de-

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\* Ancient Egypt. Vol. i. p. 18 and seq.

† It may be called Sir G. Wilkinson's, *par excellence*.

‡ Rawlinson's Herodotus. Vol. ii. p. 338.

luge, cannot geology likewise prove that it did not extend over "rainless" Egypt, and consequently did not occasion any disruption in the work of civilization that was going on there? Englishmen are prone to accept any theory that can appeal to facts, and will leave the Bible intact. Continentals are rather in the habit of putting the Bible on one side for the sake of some favourite theory. They ask, will geology be content to let the colonization of Egypt date from the period usually assigned to it; will ethnology grant that a nationality may be formed, and become so highly civilized in so short a time; how long does philology say is required for the origin and development of a language? No system of chronology that runs counter to the conclusions of these kindred sciences can be maintained, and the Egyptian priests who talked of elapsed periods of ten and eleven, fifteen, and seventeen thousand years, may have been right in the main after all.\* Accordingly M. Bunsen has proposed a revised scheme of chronology, in which he boldly dates the commencement of mankind at B.C. 20,000; the flood at B.C. 11,000; the beginning of Egyptian nationality at 10,000; and the accession of Menes—a shade less arbitrarily—at 3623 B.C. Similar views have been put forward by Dr. Lipsius, on whom the mantle of Champollion seems to have fallen—and others—all equally opposed to the chronology of the Bible, and having Egyptian antiquities for their excuse.† It is the riddle of the Sphinx over again, and should Mr. Palmer,

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\* Palmer. Vol. ii. c. v. "Statements of Greek authors."

† In a private letter Mr. Palmer says, "Even the Belgian Professor Laurentia, who is, nominally at least, a Catholic, and certainly an able writer, expresses himself (I am writing from memory) as if the *historical* authority of the Scriptures was set aside by modern discoveries; and the Germans, such as Dr. Lipsius and Bunsen, have made free use of their opportunity, though both of these have been *moderate*, if compared with others. In France, different publications on the same subject of Egyptian Antiquities, as those of Lesueur and M. Brunet de Presle, proceed equally on the assumption that the historical and other sacred books of the Hebrews are to be quite set aside, so far as chronology is concerned, while more sober and Catholic writers, such as De Rouge, are doubtful what expansion, precisely, is necessary and admissible; so that they speak hesitatingly, and dare not absolutely, contravene the assertions of the Rationalistic Protestant."



under the influence of "gout" and "list shoes," have hit upon its true key, he might fairly lay claim to distinction as the modern *Œdipus*.\*

II. What his key is we shall endeavour to explain concisely, before quoting from him for its application. It is much to be regretted that he should have deferred all elucidation of this, the pivot upon which his whole theory turns, to a discursive section of a remote chapter (c. v. § 9.) of his second volume. A chapter upon cycles generally, and the use that has been made of them, might, in short, have well been substituted for the last half of his Introduction. Here, we must confine ourselves to our immediate subject.

The Egyptian year, † like that, apparently of Genesis viii. 3 and 4, originally consisted of twelve months, each containing thirty days, or 360 days in all. This was their unintercalated year, and having been used in their records and upon their monumental stelæ from time immemorial, was never wholly abandoned. Gradually, observations showed them that their year was defective by five days, and to remedy this, it became customary to add five days at the end of each year, which was therefore said to be intercalated. Still there were about six hours at the end of every year that remained over; and as these, every four years, made one day, and every 1460 years, one whole year, their months and seasons were speedily seen to be retrograding, till summer would become winter and winter summer. The true astronomical year, therefore, they found to consist of  $365\frac{1}{4}$  days, so that a day intercalated every fourth year would make their reckonings correct. On the other hand, their fondness for numbers led them to

\* From οἰδεῖν (to "swell") and ποὺς (a "foot"), should any have forgotten their Greek mythology.

† See Rawlinson's Herod. Vol ii. p. 283. Comp. Hoffman's Lexicon Universale s. v. Chronology of Hist. by Sir H. Nicholas p. 12. Outlines of Astronomy, by Sir J. Herschel § 912. Sir G. Wilkinson's Ancient Egyptians. Vol. iv. p. 375. The last authority shows how the Julian year was founded on the principle of the Sothic year of the Egyptians, while Sir John Herschel points out how the precession of the equinoxes—a phenomenon overlooked both in the Julian and the Sothic scheme, led to that further change, which is embodied in the Gregorian calendar, as now in use. Mr. Palmer's incidental discussion, vol. ii. p. 691—695, is learned enough but comes sadly too late.



notice further, that every 365 years, this quarter day would become one quarter year, and every 1460 years (or  $365 \times 4$ ) these intercalated days would make one year. So they had what grammarians would call a "positive" period of four years, or their great year; a "comparative" period of 365 years, or their greater year; and a "superlative" period of 1460 years, or their greatest year. And it was in the last of these periods, that their celebrated ἀποκατάστασις, or return of all planets to the same point in the heavens from whence they had set out, had its accomplishment. The question for them was, from what point should they begin? Was there any one of the heavenly bodies on whose rising and setting they were more than ordinarily interested? Sothis, or Sirius, or the Dog-star, as it was the brightest of all fixed stars, so it was to them the most welcome, for just as it rose heliacally (*i.e.* immediately before the sun) it was, that they were most anxiously expecting the overflow of the Nile—their most festive season; and on which the hopes of the whole year were concentrated. Could there be a more apposite coincidence? Should they not take Sothis for their "guiding star,"\* and his heliacal rising as the starting point in their true chronological system? Accordingly they arranged for its commencement when the first day of their first month Thoth should coincide with his heliacal rising; and then, afterwards, they knew that, every 1461 years, the same coincidence would ensue regularly, without their intervention. The smaller periods, so that they commenced with the rising of the dog-star, might date from any month, or day of the month, but the greatest of all should be computed exclusively, when the first day of Thoth coincided with the heliacal rising of the dog-star, or every 1461 years. Thus it was, that this period of 1461 years came to be the basis of all subsequent Egyptian reckonings, and the year of  $365\frac{1}{4}$  days, or the Sothic, canicular, or square (quadratus) year, as it was called, their *natural* year, and hence that observation of Herodotus "that they were indebted to the stars,"† for their mode of adjusting the year and its seasons. "The period when they first

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\* Egypt's Place, &c. Vol. iii. p. 44, in a c. devoted to the Sothic cycle.

† Lib. ii. 4.

began their observations, as well as that still more remote one, when the intercalated year of 365 days came into use," is shown by Sir G. Wilkinson to have been long before 1322 B.C., so that it must have been earlier still that the heliacal rising of Sothis was ascertained. Nevertheless, in a true spirit of conservatism, they would not permit either the unintercalated year of 360 days, nor the intercalated, but vague, year of 365 days, to fall into complete desuetude, thereby preventing the confusion that must otherwise have arisen from the older and later chronological memoirs having been kept in years of a different reckoning. "For it was always easy," continues Sir G. Wilkinson, "to turn these last into Sothic years, when accurate calculations were required, and this Sothic or sidereal year was reserved for particular occasions, as the old Coptic year is used by the modern Egyptians, when they wish to fix any particular period, or to ascertain the proper season for agricultural purposes."<sup>\*</sup> They retained the first, therefore, to be in harmony with all previous reckonings; and used the last to be in harmony with the motions of the heavenly bodies.

It is plain, then, that the Sothic cycle was no random or arbitrary period of 1461 years, but one that had been accurately marked out by astronomical observations, and made to date from the coincidence of the heliacal rising of the dog-star with the first day of their first month Thoth. It only remains to fix this coincidence, for which purpose we may avail ourselves of the following clear statement from Mr. Palmer.

"It has been shown by modern calculations, *independently of any historical testimony*, that this coincidence, at or about the latitude of Memphis, where Sirius for several thousands of years has risen heliacally on our July 20, occurred during quadriennia containing the years A.D. 139, B.C. 1322, B.C. 2782, and so on upwards. And there is direct historical testimony that these were, in fact, the Sothic epochs of the Egyptians."<sup>†</sup> The authorities

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<sup>\*</sup> Rawlinson's Herod. Vol. ii., note by Sir G. W., p. 283.

<sup>†</sup> Vol. ii. p. 680. "M. M. Ideler and Biot," says a writer in the Penny Magazine (art. Zodiac) "have determined the longitudes of the sun at the terminations of three Sothic, or canicular, periods of 1460 years, within which the heliacal risings of Sirius return to the

whom he cites are Censorinus, who is certainly very explicit—Pliny, Clement of Alexandria, to whom he had already referred—Josephus, Aratus, and Porphyry. July 20, AD. 139, July 20, BC. 1322, and July 20, BC. 2782, therefore, for the Egyptians were so many charmed periods, and we must carry them carefully in our heads, besides remembering the various sums total of one, two, three, or more periods of 1461 years added together.

Such is the form and description of the key applied to Egyptian chronology by Mr. Palmer, and it is not that others have never suspected, or tried the same key before—as Mr. Bunsen has said of Boeckh—but that others have hitherto failed in using it: nor would the lock have yielded to pressure so readily, even in his case, had he omitted to take into full account the luminous hint dropped by Ptolemy of Mendes. “Ptolemy of Mendes,” he says, a writer, probably, of the last century BC., “or whoever was the editor of the Manetho of Africanus, undertook to explain the origin of those myriads of years which seemed so incredible, reducing them as *months*, to 1-12th of their apparent bulk.\* Read through these diminishing glasses, it is astonishing into what rational and moderate compass, epochs of two or three myriads of years may be thrown, till Egyptian kings and dynasties begin to assume their ordinary dimensions, and to bear comparison with contemporary history. The theory of month-years, indeed, of itself, may not explain all anachronisms that present themselves, and yet concurrently with the application of some kindred principle, it may prove of invaluable service. Month-years then, and the Sothic cycle conjointly, may be said to make up the clue which Mr. Palmer has proposed for threading the labyrinth of Egyptian chronology, as it has come down to us, in systems more inconsistent and intricate than hieroglyphics themselves. It is impossible not to admire the courage with which he has plunged, almost head-foremost, into the abyss of details; and the untiring patience and ingenuity bestowed by him upon the six schemes which he endeavours to reconcile one with

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time of the Summer solstice, and have found that between 2782 BC. and 139 AD., the sun was in the constellation of Leo and in the sign Cancer at all the three epochs.

\* Vol. i. p. 11.

another, and make say the same thing. Incidentally, too, he has unravelled the origin of those schemes in no small degree. He has shown very convincingly that the Old Chronicle of B.C. 305 has been disparaged by moderns, especially M. Bunsen,\* upon insufficient grounds; that the genuine Manetho differed widely from the abridgment or re-edition of it by which it was superseded, about the commencement of the Christian era; that, finally, by comparing these carefully with the schemes which followed them, it is still possible to extricate Egyptian chronology from the confusion in which certain commentators or improvers upon Manetho had involved it, and restore it to its earliest and most pristine dimensions, from its own earliest and most authentic records.

"For it is one thing to infer (as in c. i. p. 32) that there probably existed an earlier scheme, from which the old Chronicle was derived and altered; and that its construction was probably of such and such a kind: and another, to have before us the scheme itself, with its general features, still plainly discernible, though much mutilated in detail. And now we have before us the scheme itself (pp. 508, 12) fixed by its idea and nature to the date of July 20 B.C. 1322; and in a copy, the actual writing of which cannot be supposed to be later than the end of the 13th century before Christ, that is 800 years before a similar papyrus was shown by the priests of Phthah, at Memphis, to Herodotus. This being by far the most ancient and authentic of all writings concerning Egyptian history, sheds, even in its present mutilated state, a flood of light not only upon the mythological dynasties of the original Manetho, and upon those of his Manes and other kings, as well as upon the additions of Ptolemy, but also upon some of the phenomena presented by the monuments, especially on the Thothmes Chamber of Kings."†

Thus hopefully does Mr. Palmer speak of the earliest, or hieratic, scheme, as recovered beyond all doubt from the Turin papyrus, the restoration of which is elaborately discussed in his 4th chapter. Of the five Egyptian schemes that remain, the 1st, preserved by Diogenes Laertius,

\* *Egypt's Place, &c.* Vol. i. p. 211 and seq.

† What if Manetho should turn out as mythic a personage as Menes? as it is evidently a name compounded of Manes and Thoth. (Bunsen. Vol. i. p. 58. Comp. Voss *De Hist. Gr.* i. 14. Fabricii *Bibl. Gr.* Vol. iv. p. 128.)

‡ *Introd.* p. xxxv. *Comp.* Vol. i. p. 292 and seq.

ends in BC. 332; the 2nd is that of the old Chronicle of BC. 305; the 3rd is that of Manetho BC. 268; the 4th that of Eratosthenes, made out for him by the priests of Thebes, about BC. 226; the 5th and last that of Ptolemy of Mendes, or the Manetho of Africanus, about BC. 100. To those of Manetho, and Eratosthenes, Mr. Palmer has allotted independent chapters respectively; but why he should have chosen to mix up Ptolemy, the latest, with the Turin papyrus, or the earliest scheme, at the beginning of his 2nd volume; and Diogenes Laertius and the Old Chronicle, schemes so nearly contemporary, at the beginning of his first, is more than we can explain. It is to these two last—early but contemporary—schemes, by way of specimen, that we must confine our extracts, with the exception of the short prefatory notice which we now quote:—

“Three of the six schemes (above-mentioned) viz., the Hieratic, the Old Chronicle, and that of Ptolemy, are *cyclical*, pretending to exhibit a series of complete Sothic cycles. And of the three, one, the earliest of all, the Hieratic, ends at a true cyclical epoch; the other two do not. The two latter consequently *throw up* those years of the cycle, current when they were made, which were yet future. But all the three alike insert a sum of 341 fictitious years, in order to make time seem to have begun from a cyclical epoch, which in truth, it had not done. Two other schemes—those of Manetho and Eratosthenes—are *uncyclical*; and lastly, one, that preserved by Diogenes Laertius, is a *compound* sum of years, partly cyclical and partly unycyclical. And, as none of these three last-mentioned schemes pretend to exhibit a single series of complete cycles, they all three omit those 341 fictitious years which are indispensable to such schemes as are cyclical.”\*

Consequently, we shall hear more about these 341 years, as we proceed with the old chronicle, which is one of the cyclical schemes.

“Those elements of Egyptian reckoning in terms of the moveable year which are common to all the six schemes, cyclical and unycyclical alike, are 3139 years (divisible into 2,922 and 217) from the beginning of human time to Menes, and 903 years of kings from Menes to the Sothic epoch of July 20, in BC. 1,322. To these common elements the three cyclical schemes (the Hieratic of BC. 1322, a copy of which was contained in the Turin papyrus—that of the Old Chronicle, and that of Ptolemy of Mendes or the Manetho

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\* Introd. p. xxvi.

of Africanus, add the 341 fictitious years mentioned above, not prefixing them, however, at the head of all: but interposing them between the first 2922 years, and the 217 really following. Five out of the six schemes add a continuation of 978 years of kings from the Sothic epoch of BC. 1322 to the conquest of Ochus in BC. 345, and two of the five go on thirteen years further to BC. 332. The two later of the three cyclical schemes throw up, besides, all those years of the cycle current in BC. 345 or 332 which were still future, at the one or other of these dates. The two schemes which are not cyclical (those of Manetho and Eratosthenes) contain, nevertheless, the one a sum of 1435, the other a sum of 443 years, really unchronological, but presented as chronological to the Greeks, and borrowed or imitated from the years thrown up in the cyclical schemes, though without seeking or admitting any cyclical result. Lastly, the mixed scheme preserved by Diogenes Laertius, while it prefixes a round *month* of xxx. fictitious cycles, or spaces equal in length to cycles, subjoins to these, without any mixture of fictitious or concurrent years, the true chronological and uncyclical reckoning of the Egyptians from the beginning to Alexander, viz.  $(3139 + 903 + 978 + 13 =) 5033$  moveable years.”\*

We pass, from these general remarks, to the Old Chronicle, the 2nd in order, of the cyclical schemes. It has been preserved by George Syncellus, a writer of the 9th century, who speaks of it thus:—

“There is extant, among the Egyptians, a certain Old Chronicle, the source, as I suppose, which led Manetho astray, exhibiting xxx. dynasties, and again, cxiii. generations, with an infinite space of time (not the same either as that of Manetho) viz., three myriads, six thousand, five hundred, and twenty-five years, first of the Aeritæ; secondly, of the Mestæans; and thirdly, of the Egyptians.”

Then the first four items of the Chronicle—slightly dovetailed.

	Years.
“First Dyn. i. Ra—the sun—God, ... ..	30,000
Then Dyn. ii. to xiv. inclusive—Seb. i.e. <i>Xpónos</i> and all the other xii. Gods (the Aeritæ?)	3,984
Then Dyn. xv—viii. Demigod-Kings (the Mestæans?) ... ..	217
After them xv. generations of the <i>Cynic Cycle</i> were registered in years, ... ..	443.”

So far all is mythical—the historical portion, which fol-

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\* Introd. p. xxvi. and vii.



lows, will be better understood from Mr. Palmer's summary, than from the text itself.

"It gives, *without names*, a series (not to be supposed to correspond uniformly to actual reigns) of lxxvi. royal *generations*, averaging 24½ years each, divided into xv. *dynasties*, the whole in a space of 1881 moveable years, from the commencement of the native monarchy, Feb. 22, BC. 2224, to its extinction, Nov. 16, BC. 345."\*

It is, of course, Mr. Palmer, not the Chronicle, who supplies these precise dates. Now let us hear what Syncellus has to say of the entire period, embraced by the Chronicle:—

"These 36,525 years, being divided by 1461, give the quotient xxv. and exhibit the ἀποκατάστασις of the zodiac fabled by the Egyptians and the Greeks; that is, its circuit from starting round to the same point, which point is the first minute (λεπτόν) of the first degree (μοίρας) of the zodiacal sign, containing the vernal eq. inox, called by them Aries; as is said in the Γενικά of Hermes, and in the Κυραννίδες" (spurious and late writings mentioned here only by Syncellus.) "And hence one may see how irreconcilable such accounts are both with our Divine Scriptures, and with one another, when this, *which is accounted the oldest Egyptian document*" (of all that have been written in Greek) "introduces first a time absolutely infinite, and then".....the 36,525 years before mentioned.

What explanation has Mr. Palmer to give of them, or of Syncellus upon them?

"We cannot, perhaps, set about this better than by putting ourselves, in thought, in the place of the Egyptian constructor of the Chronicle, at that point of time at which it seems to end, viz., at the end of the last native dynasty, or the conquest by Ochus, and ask ourselves what we have to do in order to exhibit an imaginary ἀποκατάστασις in xxv Sothic cycles† ending at this point? Now, as the Sothic cycle, which is by no means any or every period of 1461 vague years, did not end at, or near, this date (BC. 345) but was still current, and had many years, let us say 483 years, still to run, to July AD. 139, its true epoch; the first thing to be done, plainly, is to cut off and throw back to some period above well-known history,

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\* Introd. p. xxix.

† Why, this should be "defined as taking place after xxv. rather than any other number of cycles" he shows at great length. p. 30—35, observing that "two cycles of solar years,"=twenty-four (2×12) "cycles of Egyptian month-years."



these 483 years of the real cycle. Next, it will be natural to survey the chronological materials at our disposal, running back from Nectanebo to the head of the monarchy, before we think of placing the 483 years cast up from below; and going down, in like manner, from the beginning of all known time, as many perfect cycles, or rather as many times 1461 years, as our reckoning will allow, till we come to a fractional number, which will be sure *not* to coalesce with the years reckoned upwards from Nectanebo, and the years of the cycle thrown up, into a sum divisible by 1461. For it would be absurd to suppose that either the sum of our own chronological reckoning should of itself fall exactly into a number of spaces of 1461 years each, or, that the world, in point of fact, should have begun from an epoch of the Sothic cycle. So when we come to this fraction, we shall have to cut off or to add, according as it presents too many years or too few. And lastly, if after this operation, our whole number of cycles, or spaces like cycles, falls short of xxv., we must add as many more whole cycles, purely fictitious as are wanted.”\*

In this manner it is to be supposed that the author of the Chronicle, reckoning 1881 years between Nectanebo, the last, and Menes, the first Egyptian king, decided to place before them the years of the true cycle, which in B.C. 345 were still to run. But here, while he was about it, he was induced to go a step further, and transpose “the interval of 40 years between the conquest by Ochus, and the assumption of the crown by Ptolemy Lagus,” his reason being, “that the latter epoch of the two, viz., B.C. 305, might be marked, in the structure of the Chronicle, by the specification of 443 years of the cycle,” as thrown up; whereas, if the 40 between B.C. 345 and 305, equally thrown up, had been included in one and the same sum, the specification of “483 years of the cycle,” would have pointed only to the end of the last native dynasty B.C. 345, and the commencement of a new world would have been given to the Persians, instead of these conquerors and successors of the Persians, (i.e. Ptolemy), for whom the compliment enigmatically contained in the Chronicle was intended.

As there were, therefore, 443 years to be thrown up immediately before the 1881 years of kings, so there were 40 to be thrown up a stage beyond. His next step was to set down

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\* p. 16.

"Two complete cycles, or spaces of 1461 years each,\* which he gave to Chronos, the first deified ancestor, and first measurer of human time, and to xii. other gods, in xiii generations, seemingly answering to the xiii. patriarchs of the antediluvians, or of the old world. After these 2922 years, there came a fraction of 217 before the foundation of the monarchy by Menes, and this he gave to viii. demigods, representing no doubt viii. generations of postdiluvian patriarchs of the line of Mizraim. But this fraction of 217, with the 1881 years of the monarchy from Menes to Nectanebo, and the  $(443+40)$ , or 483 of the cycle thrown up, as aforesaid, making altogether a sum of 2581, short of two complete cycles by 341, he threw in 341 fictitious years, adding them to the 2922 of the xiii. gods, where they could cause no confusion; whereas, if they had been added to the 217, of the demi-gods, no one could have any longer distinguished the original fraction, nor so much as guessed what addition or curtailment had been needed in order to make time from the beginning seem to run in the form of Sothic cycles. Having thus obtained four complete cycles of human time, but wanting xxi more, the author prefixed and added xxi more whole cycles of time purely fictitious, (i.e.  $1461 \times 21 = 30,681$  years) or, as it seem, cosmical: not reckoned by men, nor by deified ancestors of men, but by the Sun-God alone: though, in order to give him the round sum of 30,000 rather than 30,681 years, the fraction 681 was detached, and added to the two cycles of the xiii (human) gods, again without danger of any confusion. So their numbers were swelled by the double addition both of 681 from above, and of 341 from below: and yet further, by 40 detached from the 483 of the cycle: so as to amount in all to the sum of  $(681 + 2922 + 341 + 40) = 3984$  instead of 2922 years."†

Thus every item of years in the chronicle has been elucidated and unravelled: and its 36,525 are found to be made up as follows:

xxi fictitious cycles, in round numbers ... ..	30,000
Remaining odd years of the same ... ..	681
Two more complete cycles ... ..	2922
Forty years detached as explained ... ..	40
Fictitious years thrown in ... ..	341
Fractional years before Menes ... ..	217
Years of the current cycle thrown up ... ..	443
Historical years of kings ... ..	1881
	<hr/>
	36,525

\* Which, multiplied by twelve, would give 24 cycles of Egyptian month-years, as observed in a preceding note.

† P. 17.

And therefore, triumphantly proceeds Mr. Palmer,

"Cutting off the xxi cycles of 30,681 entirely fictitious prefixed; ejecting the 341 inserted, for cyclical purposes, between the xiii gods and the viii demigods: and restoring the 40 and 443 years of the cycle current under the Ptolemies to their proper place, between B.C. 345 and A.D. 139; we obtain the Egyptian chronology of the world, at a date at least as early as that of the chronicle, i.e. before the settlement of multitudes of Jews at Alexandria, or the translation of the Hebrew Scriptures into Greek, as follows—2922 years of the xiii ante-diluvian patriarchs + 217 of viii post-diluvian patriarchs of the line of Ham and Mizraim + (1881 or) 903 years from Menes to the epoch of the Sothic cycle, (B.C. 1322) + 978, or thence to the last Persian conquest by Ochus, (B.C. 345) + 40 to the assumption of a crown by Ptolemy Lagus, (B.C. 305) + 443 to the cyclical epoch A.D. 139; making, in all, from Chronus, who should be Adam, to the expiration of the Sothic cycle (in A.D. 139) 5493: or to our era (i.e. to B.C. 1, Aug. 24, within four months and seven days of it) 5364 vague or civil years of 365 days each."\*

The scheme of Diogenes Laertius differs from that of the chronicle, both in the idea that underlies it, and in the number of years apparent on its surface—48,863 from Phtha to Alexander the Great, whose conquests opened Egypt to Greek eyes and ears. Nothing daunted by the additional myriad, Mr. Palmer grapples with them unhesitatingly, thus:

"The sum of 48,863 contains, first, for its fictitious part, thirty times 1461, or a full Egyptian month of thirty 'great days' or cycles: instead of the 21 fictitious cycles of the chronicle, or its 30,000 of years assigned to the Sun-God: the number 30 having a plain relation both to the sun and to the moon, while neither the number 21, in connection with 'cycles' or 'great days'; nor that of 1000 in connection with 30 as its multiple, had any peculiar sense or propriety. And after the aforesaid month of cosmical cycles, being (1461 x 30 =) 43,830 years, the remainder of the 48,863, being 5033, resolves itself into a simple and honest addition of the true periods of true or human time, reckoned by the Egyptians from the beginning of the world to Alexander—without any insertion of 341 fictitious years to make the world seem to have begun from a cyclical epoch—without any allusion to the idea of the ἀποκατάστασις—still less without any throwing up of years still future, in order to exhibit a feigned ἀποκατάστασις, ending at a point not really the epoch of a Sothic cycle. For 5033 years are equal to those 2922 + 217 +

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\* Pp. 18-19.

1881 years, which alone in the chronicle belong—properly and originally—to the xiii. gods, the viii. demigods, and the last xv. dynasties of the kings from Menes to Nectanebo: with 13 more years only, from the conquest of Darius Ochus to Alexander: i.e. seemingly to the autumn of B.C. 332 when he entered Egypt. And those years of the chronicle which we distinguished in its internal structure as true human time, chronologically reckoned, if added to 30 cycles of cosmical time, together with 13, instead of 15, years on from Nectanebo to the cosmocracy of Alexander, make exactly the sum total of Diogenes Laertius, ( $43,830 + 5033 =$ ) 48,863 years; and the comparison of the two schemes will be as follows:

xxi cycles or  $30,681 + 2922 + 40 + 341 + 217 + 443 + 1881$   
 $+ 15 = 36,525.$

xxx cycles or  $43,830 + 2922 + 217 + 1881$   
 $+ 13 = 48,863.$

"In both cases alike, the sum of real Egyptian years, reckoned chronologically, will be 5364 to Aug. 24, B.C. 1, four months and seven days before the vulgar era."\*

We are bound to acknowledge the skill, patience, and delicacy with which these arithmetical intricacies have been handled; and some plausible harmonies elicited from what might have been hitherto well described as a jargon of figures. If it should turn out that some of the details are capable of amendment, or should exception be taken to some of the arguments adduced in their favour, at all events we think it undeniable that Mr. Palmer has not only fastened upon the true clue, but pursued it steadily through successive entanglements, till he has penetrated to the core of each puzzle, and laid bare their homogeneity.

"But for a scheme of sacred chronology with which to compare the Egyptian, what method is to be followed? The simplest rule will be this. Let it be supposed open to us, and to every man, to take for a basis whatever text or system we prefer; only, when this is done, let us consent to sacrifice in this our basis every *peculiarity*, by making first its excesses and deficiencies compensate one another, so far as possible, and only afterwards, in case of need, cutting off or filling up any residual excess or deficiency: preferring also, *ceteris paribus*, the elder to the later writer or text, and the original text to the translation. With these principles, we shall select the historian Josephus, as being at once the most ancient and best qualified writer of all who have left anything like a continuous reckoning, connecting sacred with profane history. And, as he is often inconsistent with himself, citing sometimes the

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\* P. 21.

shorter numbers of the Hebrew text, which already differed from the Greek, but generally following a longer chronology, which gave to many of the patriarchs 100 years more before the birth of their son—we shall take for our basis the longer or Greek, not the shorter or Hebrew reckoning of Josephus.\*

Accordingly, the results of his scheme, recapitulated a few pages on, are stated to be

"A sum of 2256 years *full* to the end of the year including the Flood, reckoning from September to September, or 2257 years *current* to the birth of Arphaxad, and from a little before the birth of Arphaxad, reckoning now from the spring instead of the autumn, from Nisan to Nisan, 940 years to the birth of Abram, + 550 to the division of lands, + 30 of the survival of Joshua and the elders, + 450 of Judges and servitudes, or other intervals, to Samuel the Prophet, + 32 of Samuel alone, + 20 of Saul with Samuel, + 490 to the end of the 11th of Zedekiah, in the spring of B.C. 587—a little before the burning of the Temple—+ 52 to Nisan 1 in B.C. 535, or 70 to Nisan 1 in B.C. 517—between two and three months after the end of the 4th of Darius Hystaspes: for his 4th (Nabonassar) year ended Dec. 31, B.C. 518. Thence, in Nabonassar or Egyptian years—from Dec. 31, B.C. 518—the remainder of the Persians, being 188 years, + 300 of Macedonians, + 29 of Augustus, in all 517 to August 24, B.C. 1; but from Nisan 1 in B.C. 517, where our Hebrew reckoning ended, only 516 years, 5 months, and some days to the same date, Aug. 24, B.C. 1; or 517 years to Nisan 1 A.D. 1 of the vulgar era.

"The sum total is 5355 Hebrew, or solar years, beginning from September, B.C. 5356, and ending in September, B.C. 1, or 5356 years from September B.C. 5356 to September A.D. 1, of the vulgar era. But these 5355 Hebrew or Julian years being equal, in terms of the vague Egyptian year, to 5358 years, and 243½ days, i.e. about eight Egyptian months, ending perhaps ten or eleven days later than August 24, (the end of the vague Egyptian year in B.C. 1.) we have the sum of our sacred chronology, collected from the Scriptures and Josephus, to compare with that Egyptian reckoning of 5364 vague years ending August 24 B.C. 1, which we obtained both from the chronicle, and also from the sum of 48,863 given by Diogenes Laertius.

"But if we deduct 5358 Egyptian years and 243 days, or nearly 8 months, from 5364, we have, for the remainder, five years, four months, and some days; which is, in fact, the same thing as to find that the two reckonings absolutely coincide, except that the Egyptian agrees with the Alexandrine LXX, in having six years (before the Flood) more than the Hebrew text and Josephus, (2262

instead of 2256) though this excess of six years is reduced to five years and about four months, by the Egyptians putting down their *natale mundi* from the Hebrew epoch in Sept. B.C. 5362, to the next following commencement of their own moveable year. For Thoth, the first day of the vague year, being in B.C. 5362 and 5361 not in autumn, but at April 26, it was clearly necessary for the Egyptians either to cut off eight months, (supposing them to have had originally the same reckoning with the Hebrews,) or to add and antedate by four months, if they chose to make the world begin from the first day of their own year; and this we may be sure they would choose to do, even apart from any scheme which should superadd the idea, that all time, both cosmical and human, had run from the beginning in the mould of a Sothic cycle; in which case, of course, a commencement from any other point than that of the new year could have no place."\*

This, therefore, is the issue to which Mr. Palmer has brought his investigation of the two preceding schemes, namely, that Egyptian chronology exceeds by only five or six years such a scheme of sacred chronology, as would result from a comparison and combination of the Greek reckoning of Josephus with that of the Hebrew and Samaritan Scriptures; and it agrees exactly with the same sacred scheme, if only the reckoning of 2262 years before the Flood be adopted from the Alexandrian LXX version, in lieu of the 2256 of Josephus.

The remainder of his work is only the same position further established, though the learning and labour that have been expended upon it all baffles description. Upon Manetho and Eratosthenes, Ptolemy of Mendes, and the Turin Papyrus, we have fine-spun and exhaustive disquisitions. Then Herodotus and Plato, Eudoxus and Aristotle, Dicæarchus, and Diodorus Siculus, are cited and cross-examined: and even a letter from Alexander the Great, adduced in evidence. Then Christian writers, as Africanus and Eusebius, Amianus, Panodorus, and George Syncellus, are called upon for their respective schemes or commentaries. The general result follows in a laboriously digested harmony of Sacred and Egyptian chronology; and finally, by way of appendix, Chaldean chronology, similarly unravelled, is shown to be all but identical with

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\* p. 27-29.



Egyptian ; the scheme of Berosus with that of Manetho.\*

It is impossible to find space for even a summary of these arduous chapters ; and we recommend any one desirous of embarking in them on his own account, to make himself thoroughly master of their headings, at the beginning of each volume, in the first instance. Would that, in their elaborate composition, the '*limæ labor*' had been more prominent. It is a calamity to society, when 'one of a thousand,' like Mr. Palmer, if indeed, for depth of learning and original thought, he has his equal amongst contemporaries—brings out a book—upon one of the most interesting of all subjects—that, from its unchastened prolixity, sadly confused arrangement, interminable digressions, long-drawn parentheses, slipshod phraseology, uncouth quaintness in the mode of telling its story, is far more likely to repel than to attract the great mass of even inquisitive readers. Already that most masterly, and by no means cumbersome, volume of his, '*Dissertations on the Orthodox Communion*,' is comparatively but little known, owing to its defects of style ; and how differently would his present work have been received, did only every hundredth of its 1050 pages contain a sketch like the following—a plain proof of the style which Mr. Palmer *can* command when he thinks fit :

"Confining ourselves to the voyage on the Nile, let us recal if we have seen, or paint to ourselves from description, some of the most striking features of that scenery ; the broad surface of the river—the black steep bank—the creaking wheels for raising water to irrigate the banks—the narrow, flat strip, covered with growing crops above the bank, sometimes of a dark blue green, sometimes of a yellow green—the bare stems of palms rising from this strip, some upright like slender shafts, others slanting in different ways, and all with the green tufts at their heads, showing as against a back ground, against the sky ; or the yellow sand of the desert, or the rock rising behind ; then the frequent mounds, like small hills, marking the sites of ancient towns, and often still occupied by modern villages—each village on its mound—which during the inundation becomes an island—amid a clump of palm-trees, full of pigeons," (he might have added—with innumerable scavenger-birds,

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\* A chapter upon Chinese chronology, we venture to suggest, would have testified to some still more striking agreements. See, for instance, a paper by J. Williams, Esq., in vol. ii. of *Transactions of the Chronological Institute*.



or kites, balanced in air round them, and screaming shrilly,) "the houses and walls all of sun-burnt bricks of black earth, such as were used by the ancient Egyptians—the doorways, too, slightly converging towards the top, as in all the old Egyptian buildings—their roofs not flat, as in Syria, but rising into a multitude of picturesque turrets, which are dovecotes, and which give to the villages a castellated appearance—the contrast in places, where both are seen together, of the broad expanse of the river and treeless flats of the most vivid green in islands, or on the shores, with some portion of the yellow sand of the desert. From the hill and old rock-tombs above Osiout, formerly Lycopolis—and *wolf-mummies* are still visible in the tombs—this contrast is heightened by a double city, that of Osiout itself at one's feet—one of the chief places of modern Egypt, with its port full of life, connected with cultivated tracts on the shore, and in an island beyond, and with the river, with the picturesque sails of the vessels, pointed like hare's ears, crossing one another, upon it—and a little to the left, the medieval and modern necropolis, a perfect town of Saracenic tombs and small mosques and cupolas, standing apart without any sign of life or vegetation near it in the midst of the desert. Then, in places, the Libyan and Arabian mountains—sometimes both, but oftener only the Arabian—approach close to the bank, and narrow the course of the river; at others the river widens and bends so as to resemble a huge lake; in some places again it is divided into several channels, and half lost between extensive islands. When the Arabian hill comes near, the entrances to ancient tombs are often visible to passing boats in the rocks above. For those who have the use of their feet, a walk along the steep bank—by no means to be mounted and descended at every point—is an agreeable preparation for breakfast in the early morning, while the Arab crew tow the boat up the stream, crying out to keep time, and singing as they haul—on the deck too, and in rowing, they are not sparing in their songs. Sometimes, perhaps, a funeral from some village may be crossing the river, with the wailing of hired mourners, and a car drawn by oxen to convey the dead from the landing-place to the cemetery on the opposite bank; so that the modern funeral bears close resemblance to the ancient—the greater conveniences offered for burials by the more desert side, and the hill-bank, having perpetuated the custom of ferrying the dead across the water. The form and colours also of the cattle in the pastures, the innumerable flocks of wild geese on the river, and the barley, wheat, and dhourra of different heights in the cultivated tracts, remind one constantly of the cattle and crops sculptured and painted in the tombs, and of the geese, living and dead, which make so great a show in the same sculptures and paintings, that they quite take precedence of the kine and the beef. Buffaloes in the fields, and negro slaves, occur on the monuments: mixed, as now with the handsome cattle of the Apis form and breed, and

with the native Egyptians : but now one sees also lines of camels with their packs, on the banks of the river, and in the city: and in the cultivated lands crops of maize, which are absent from the monuments."—p. xiii.-xv.

*O si sic omnia!* Could not Mr. Palmer have borrowed a pen from his friend, Professor Stanley, a little oftener? In the name of the holy cause in which he has embarked, in justice to his own vast acquirements, let him study to write so that he may be read!

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ART. III.—1. *An Inquiry into the Person and Age of the long-lived Countess of Desmond.* By the Hon. Horace Walpole. 1758.

2. *Who was the old Countess of Desmond?* By Richard Sainthill. Esq. (Olla Podrida, 1844.)

3. *The old Countess of Desmond.* Quarterly Review, March 1853.

4. *A Second Series of Vicissitudes of Families.* By Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King at Arms. 1860. 8vo. (Pp. 402—418. *The Old Countess of Desmond.*)

5. *The old Countesse of Desmonde: her Identitie; her Portraiture; her Descente.* By the Ven. A. B. Rowan, D.D., M.R.I.A. 1860.

6. *The old Countess of Desmond: An Inquiry, Did she ever seek redress at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, as recorded in the Journal of Robert Sydney, Earl of Leycester? and, Did she ever sit for her Portrait?* By Richard Sainthill, of Topsham, Devon. (Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, vol. vii.) 1861.

THE Old Countess of Desmond is the "Aunt Sally" of the historical arena. No sooner is the name of this venerable lady set up than adventurous champions are ever ready to take their aim, and to endeavour to knock her off her perch, to their own immortal honour and glory. It has been an exciting sport. But, after all, there is not so much in the actual performance, as in the imaginary difficulties and mystery affected by those who have set up the image. They have not been satisfied with one puppet,

but have kept a box-full to exhibit in succession. There has not been merely a single Countess, but many, offered to view: and the gamesters have had to exclaim, like the desperate monarch with whom the old lady's history is associated,

"I think there be six Desmonds in the field,  
Five have I slain to-day instead of her."

The great question has been the old lady's "identification;" she has been identified once and again, and yet the identification has been obscured and superseded by fresh disputes. Her assumed portraits are numerous, and some of them have, from time to time, been engraved as her "veritable portraiture," and yet Mr. Sainthill condemns them all.

The extent of her longevity, which was the original source of her celebrity, has been stretched to various limits, and is still undetermined.

We propose, in the present article, to take a sober and systematic review of the whole controversy, and rather to give a history of the discussion, than to take part in it ourselves—to be the heralds of these literary jousts, rather than tilers or combatants.

The subject, at its outset, has the recommendation of having attracted the notice of some of the greatest among English authors. Having been originally started by Sir Walter Raleigh, it has interested Lord Bacon, Archbishop Usher, Sir William Temple, and many others of less celebrity. About a century ago, Horace Walpole imported his "Historic Doubts" into the discussion; and those doubts have been the prolific seed of other doubts, down to the present year of our Lord, One thousand eight hundred and sixty-two.

The earliest printed book in which the Countess of Desmond is mentioned is Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*, published in 1614. He there states (at p. 66)—

"I my self knew the old Countess of Desmond, of Inchiquin in Munster, who lived in the year 1589, and many years since; who was married in Edward the Fourth's time, and held her joynture from all the Earles of Desmond since then; and that this is true all the Noblemen and Gentlemen of Munster can witness."

The *Itinerary* of Fynes Moryson is the next testimony in order of date (1617).—

"In our time the Irish Countesse of Desmond lived to the age of about 140 yeeres, being able to goe on foote foure or five miles to the market towne, and using weekly so to doe in her last yeeres; and not many yeeres before she died she had all her teeth renewed."

These two passages are the sources from which all subsequent notices of the old Countess of Desmond are generally derived, with more or less of apocryphal embellishment. Nor is even the original account of Sir Walter Raleigh free from important error, as we shall find hereafter.

We now proceed to lay before the reader all the additional anecdotes that are offered of this remarkable lady; with this warning, that, as we descend further from her own day, they become more and more suspicious. And first, let us see what Lord Bacon has said of her. Our great natural philosopher has mentioned the Countess of Desmond twice. First, in that part of his *Instauratio Magna* which is called the *Historia Vitæ et Mortis*, and which was printed in 1623.

"Hiberni, presertim sylvestres, etiam adhuc sunt valde vivaces; certe aiunt, paucis abhinc annis Comitissam Desmondiaë vixisse ad annum centessimum quadagesimum. Et tres per vices dentiisse."

Thus translated in the early version—

"The Irish, especially the wild Irish, even at this day live very long; certainly they report that within these few years the Countess of Desmond lived to a hundred and forty years of age, and bred teeth three times."

Again, in his *Sylva Sylvarum* or *Natural History*, first published by Dr. W. Rawley in 1627 (after the author's death) Lord Bacon writes, when discussing the subject of teeth—

"They tell a tale of the old Countess of Desmond, who lived till she was seven score years old, that she did dentire twice or thrice: casting her old teeth, and others coming in their place."

Upon these two passages all that we need observe at present is, that they contain nothing in addition to the statements of Fynes Moryson; whom Bacon evidently followed, as he had done just before in regard to a well-known story of the morice dance performed by a company of aged men in Herefordshire, in the reign of James the First.

Another great author, who has recorded the venerable Countess of Desmond as not only living, but lively, "in his own days," is Archbishop Usher. His testimony (which has not been quoted on recent occasions) occurs in his *Chronologia Sacra*, at p. 202:—

"In Hibernia Desmonia Comitissa, Edwardo IIII in Anglia regnante Comiti marito nupta, meo tempore et viva fuit et vivida; circa annum demum vitæ CXL defuncta. (D. Gualter. Ralegh Histor. Mundi, lib. 1, cap. 5, sect. 5. Fr. Bacon de long. vita, et L. Cork genealog. Desmon.)

In this again there is no fresh information; but, whilst Ralegh and Bacon are quoted as authorities, we may recollect that Usher was himself a native Irishman, born in Dublin in 1580, and may therefore have heard of the Countess whilst living, as well as read of her when dead.

The next writer in point of date offers several new particulars. This is Robert Sydney, Earl of Leicester, whose Table-book has not been published, but who is supposed to have written the following passages\* about the year 1640, whilst he was resident as English ambassador in Paris.

"The old Countess of Desmond was a married woman in Edw. IV.'s time, of England, and lived till towards the end of Q. Elizabeth, so as she must needs be neere 140 yeares old. She had a new sett of teeth not long afore her death, and might have lived much longer had she not mett with a kinde of violent death; for she would needs climbe a nut tree, to gather nutts; so falling down she hurt her thigh, which brought a fever, and that fever brought death. This my cousin Walter FitzWilliam told me.

"This old lady, Mr. Harriot told me, came to petition the Queen; and, landing at Bristol, she came on foot to London, being then so old that her daughter was decrepit, and not able to come with her, but was brought in a little cart, theyr poverty not allowing meanes for better provision; and, as I remember, Sir Walter Rawleigh in some part of his story speakes of her, and sayeth that he saw her in England in anno 1589.

"Her death was strange and remarkable, as her long life was, having seen the death of so many descended of her, and both her own and her husband's house ruined in the rebellions and wars."

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\* As transcribed by Dr. Birch in 1749 (MS. Addit. Brit. Mus. 4161, p. 253.)

Where the Earl of Leicester, in these passages, quotes Sir Walter Raleigh, it will be observed that he quotes him inaccurately, for Sir Walter does not relate that he saw the Countess in England in 1589, but merely that she was living in that year; and we know that Sir Walter was then resident at Youghal, at which town, or at her castle of Inchiquin in that vicinity, it doubtless was that he made her personal acquaintance. Again, in speaking of "so many descended of her," the Earl of Leicester was evidently under the false impression that she was the ancestress of the subsequent earls, which was not the case. Of Lord Leicester's further anecdotes, told him by his cousin Walter FitzWilliam and Mr. Harriot, it must be allowed that they are of doubtful credit. But of them more hereafter.

The Earl of Leicester's reminiscences were personally communicated to Sir William Temple, and are retailed in his essay "of Health and Long Life," published in his *Miscellanies* 1689, in the following terms:—

"The late Robert Earl of Leicester, who was a person of great learning and observation, as well as truth, told me several stories very extraordinary upon this subject; one, of a Countess of Desmond, married out of England in Edward IV's time, and who lived far in King James's reign, and was counted to have died some years above a hundred and forty; at which age she came from Bristol to London to beg some relief at Court, having long been very poor by the ruin of that Irish family into which she was married."

Here, the journey from Bristol—upon which, as it will be seen hereafter, there rests considerable doubt—is introduced by three statements which all exceed the bounds of the earlier accounts, namely, 1. That the Countess was married *out of England* in Edward the Fourth's time; 2. That she lived *far* in King James's reign; 3. That she died some years *above* a hundred and forty. We are evidently getting out of the regions of truth into those of fable.

But how is it that we still have heard nothing of the Countess dancing with King Richard the Third? for it was her celebrity in that particular which first recommended her to the attention of Horace Walpole.\* And

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\* "The great particular (besides that of her wonderful age)

do none of the authorities of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries say anything of that story, which is generally put foremost in modern accounts of her? Granger, in his *Biographical History of England*, states as historical facts that "she was married in the reign of Edward IV. when she danced with Richard, Duke of Gloucester:" for which he cites as his authority Walpole's *Historic Doubts*, p. 102. But what was Walpole's authority? Though a century and a half had passed from the time when the aged Countess was finally laid in her grave, and something like two centuries and three quarters from the days of her assumed gaiety in the English court, yet Walpole appears to have relied upon oral tradition alone for this portion of her history. We have searched for any printed or written record of it earlier than his own, but without success.

We are given to understand that Walpole first heard the tale from his friend Mrs. Cholmondeley, or her brother the old Lord St. John, the father of the great Lord Bolingbroke.\* The old Lord St. John died in 1742, in about the ninetieth year of his age: his father Sir Walter died in 1708 in his 87th year. Now, Sir Walter

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which interested me in this enquiry, was the tradition which says, that the long-lived Lady Desmond had danced with Richard the Third, and always affirmed that he was a very well-made man. It is supposed that this was the same lady with whom the old Lady Dacre had conversed, and from whose testimony she gave the same account." Letter of Horace Walpole to Charles O'Connor, Esq., Sept. 17, 1757.

\* For a copy of the following letter—hitherto, we believe, unpublished—we are indebted to Herbert F. Hore, Esq.

"Mr. Meyrick presents his compliments to Mr. Crane, and thinks it may be agreeable to Mr. Walpole to be acquainted with the particulars he happened to mention in regard to the old Countess of Desmond, showing by how few the account she gave of Richard III. is brought down: they are as follows: that Mr. Meyrick knew the old Lord St. John of Battersea, and his sister Mrs. Cholmondeley, of Vale Royal, (having married her grand-daughter)—that their father, Sir Walter St. John, received the description of Richard, mentioned by Mr. Walpole, from the Countess. But it is probable that Mr. Walpole may have received this information from the family of St. John, or of Cholmondeley, or Meredeth,—descendants of Mrs. Cholmondeley. The age of Lady Desmond, by their tradition, amounted to 130; of Sir Walter St. John to



might just remember his great-uncle Sir Oliver St. John, Lord Tregoe, who died in 1630. Having been President of Munster (and afterwards Lord Deputy and Lord Treasurer of Ireland) Sir Oliver might well be acquainted with the Old Countess of Desmond. But this is not what Horace Walpole tells us. He speaks of "the old Lady Dacre" who had conversed with the Countess, and thus heard her opinion of the personage of King Richard. We have therefore next to inquire who Walpole meant by the "old Lady Dacre;" and this question it is not easy to answer. To have conversed with the old Countess of Desmond she must have lived in the reign of Elizabeth, or of James I. at latest. It seems most probable that the person meant was Anne, wife of Gregory Lord Dacre, and sister to the Lord Treasurer Buckhurst; a lady whose name still survives in her noble almshouses founded in Westminster. Sir Oliver St. John already mentioned, having been created Lord Tregoe in 1626, died in 1630, and was buried at Battersea, where his family continued to reside for some generations. The old Lady Dacre lived at Chelsea, on the opposite side of the Thames, and was buried in Chelsea church, in 1595. So much for the supposed transmitters of Walpole's tradition; and whether we have truly identified them may still be questioned.

Another version was published in 1845 by the late historian Mr. Sharon Turner; in a postscript to his poem of Richard the Third:—

"Mr. Paynter, the magistrate, hearing of the announcement of the preceding poem, related to my son, the Rev. Sydney Turner, the following particulars:

"When a boy, about the year 1810, he heard the old Lord Glastonbury, then at least ninety years of age, declare that when he was a young lad he saw, and was often with the Countess of Desmond, then living, an aged woman. She told him that when she was a girl, she had known familiarly and frequently seen, an old lady who had been brought up by the former Countess of Desmond, who became noted for her remarkable longevity, as she lived to be above one hundred and twenty years of age. This lady

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something more than 80; of Lord St. John (who died in 1742-3) to 92."

As shown in the text, Sir Walter St. John could not have had personal communication with the Countess, his birth going no further back than 1621.

mentioned that this aged Countess of Desmond had declared that she had been at a court banquet when Richard was present, and that he was in no way personally deformed or crooked.\* Edward IV. was deemed, in his day, the handsomest man of his court. It is a fair inference from her impression that his personal appearance could not be such as the Tudor partizans and our Shakespeare have described it: and it is an instance how much they have misrepresented him," &c. &c. (*Richard the Third*, a Poem, by Sharon Turner, F.A.S. and R.A.S. L. 1845, p. 277.)

This is a lame story and will not bear examination, although the modern eulogists of Richard the Third, Miss Halsted and Mr. Heneage Jesse, both add the unsubstantial authority of Mr. Sharon Turner to the originally slight evidence of Mr. Horace Walpole. Lord Glastonbury, at his death in 1825, was only in his 83rd year, having been born in 1742. The last person who had borne the title of Earl of Desmond was William Fielding, previously to his becoming the third Earl of Denbigh in 1675. We do not therefore see what Countess of Desmond Lord Glastonbury could have known, and the story at once breaks down.

But we have heard of another line of tradition in which a Countess of Kildare is mentioned, who may possibly have been the lady meant by Lord Glastonbury,—from confusing the two great lines of the FitzGerald's. A clergyman of high birth, now living in the county of Rutland, has been heard to relate that he knew old Lady Stanhope, who knew old Lady Kildare, who knew the old Countess of Desmond, who knew and danced with Richard Duke of Gloucester. The old Lady Stanhope was Grizel (Hamilton), wife of Philip second Earl Stanhope; she died in 1811, in her ninety-third year. The old Lady Kildare was Elizabeth (Jones), widow of John eighteenth Earl of Kildare; she died in 1757, also in her ninety-third year. But this carries us to a period no further than the

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\* Mr. Sharon Turner, in his *History of England* had previously decidedly accepted the Countess of Desmond's testimony to King Richard's good looks, upon Walpole's authority:—

"I think that the declaration of the old countess Desmond, who had danced with Richard, that he was the handsomest man in her room (*sic*,) except his brother, (Walp. Hist. Doubts, p. 102.) sufficient evidence as to the beauty of his face." *History of England* during the Middle Ages, 3rd edit. 1830, iii. 443.

reign of Charles the Second, and another long life is required to take us to the days of the Old Countess of Desmond.

Still, these various forms of the tradition, lingering in several noble families, tend, even if imperfect, to keep alive the interest which the name of the Countess of Desmond has always excited.

We are now arrived at the close of all that are professedly original accounts of the aged Countess of Desmond, unless we admit the inscription upon Mr. Herbert's picture at Muckross, which Mr. Sainthill totally rejects. It is as follows:

CATHERINE, COUNTESSE OF DESMONDE,

AS SHE appeared at y<sup>e</sup> Court of our Soveraign Lord KING JAMES in thys present A.D. 1614, and in y<sup>e</sup> 140<sup>th</sup> yeare of her Age. She came from BRISTOL to seek Reliefe, y<sup>e</sup> HOUSE of DESMONDE having been rvined by Attainder. SHE was married in y<sup>e</sup> Reigne of KING EDWARD IV. and in y<sup>e</sup> Course of her long PILGRIMAGE renewed her Teeth TWICE.—HER PRINCIPAL RESIDENCE is at INCHIQVIN IN MUNSTER, WHITHER SHE undavntedlye proposeth (her Purpose accomplished) incontinentlie TO RETURN. \* LAVS DEO.

This inscription accords with the phraseology of the time when it was professedly written, and we cannot detect such inconsistencies as would manifestly condemn it for a forgery. The only apparent flaw that strikes our eye is the omission of the word *hath* before "renewed," which might have been expected when a person still living was intended. But Mr. Sainthill considers the whole to be fabricated from the other accounts, and consequently utterly condemns it. His reasons will appear more fully hereafter.

We proceed to relate the progress of the controversy on the question, *Who was the long-lived Countess of Desmond?*—a controversy which has been almost as vivacious as the old lady herself: but which yet need not have existed at all, had Walpole never "doubted," or, when he was informed, had been content to suppress his doubts. For before he even began to doubt, the following passage had been published, in the year 1750, in Dr. Smith's "Natural and Civil History of the County and City of Corke":—

"1534. Thomas, the 13th Earl of Desmond, brother to Maurice the 11th earl, died this year, at Rathkeale, in the County of Limerick, being of a very great age, and was buried at Youghal.... The earl's second wife was Catharine FitzGerald, daughter of the

FitzGerald's of the house of Drumana, in the county of Waterford. This Catharine was the countess that lived so long, of whom Sir Walter Raleigh makes mention in his *History of the World*, and was reported to live to 140 years of age. (Russel's MS.)"

When the name of the old Countess of Desmond first excited the curiosity of Horace Walpole, because she was said to have remembered the person of King Richard the Third, his attention was not immediately directed to the *History of Cork*. The only book he thought of consulting was the *Irish Peerage*. He there found a long series of Earls of Desmond, and among them they had many wives, which gave room to a variety of conjectures, that he entertained in succession. To follow him in these would answer no purpose: but at last he fixed upon Elinor, widow of the last great earl slain in rebellion in 1583, who survived to a year so late as 1636, having remarried the O'Connor Sligo. Thinking he had identified the Old Countess in this lady, Walpole entered into correspondence, in the year 1757, with Charles O'Connor, Esquire, (well known as the O'Connor Don) a gentleman supposed to be preeminently skilled in the antiquities of Ireland. But, strange to say, that renowned antiquary did not set the inquirer right. He sent him the epitaph of the Countess Elinor, but that only added to the Doubter's doubts; and it was to an English friend, and afterwards President of the Society of Antiquaries of London—Dr. Lyttelton, Dean of Exeter, that our dilettante historian was at last indebted for what an ordinary mortal would have found for himself—the passage in Smith's *History of Cork*. This simple but satisfactory statement might, very properly, have determined him to put his previous speculations behind the fire; but it actually had a contrary effect; it induced him to print them at his private press at Strawberry Hill.\*

We have not seen the original edition of this pamphlet, but it is reprinted, (with some corrections) among the miscellaneous essays in Lord Orford's *Works*; and in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1781, and also in the *European Magazine* for 1785. An abstract of the author's

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\* "An Inquiry into the Person and Age of the long-lived Countess of Desmond, 1758."

speculations, as submitted to his correspondent Mr. O'Connor, is given by the writer of the article on the Countess of Desmond in the *Quarterly Review* for March, 1853.

In the essay which was thus put forth, Walpole, with his characteristic heedlessness, was inclined to exaggerate the old lady's years; he says he had often heard that they were one hundred and sixty-two or three, and he finally calculates that they were one hundred and forty-five. He also misrepresents Sir William Temple, as having stated that she came from Bristol to London "*towards the end of the reign of James the First*;" and he appends a note to the extract from the *History of Cork*, contradicting the author's assertion that the Countess's husband was "Thomas the thirteenth Earl of Desmond," and affirming that "his name was James, and he was the twelfth Earl."

Altogether, Walpole did his best to obscure the question which he proposed to elucidate; but, what is more surprising, he succeeded. Even Pennant—who openly quarrelled with him about the Countess's portraits, quoted Dr. Smith's biographical notices impaired by Walpole's variation. Many other authors adopted for fact Walpole's calculation of her longevity. But the general ignorance of the Countess's parentage is still more unaccountable; for, though there was a second edition of Smith's *History of Cork* in 1774, and Pennant's *Tour in Scotland*, a popular work, and frequently reprinted, continued to set forth the truth, the rest of the world persisted in treating her "identification" as a mystery. In Granger's *Biographical History*, another popular work, of which there were several editions, she was not identified—except so far as the Christian name "Catherine" placed upon both the engravings of her helped to do so. Her parentage and her marriage were points of her biography there omitted as if unknown. Even Mr. Gough, (no special admirer of Walpole, who was too much of the *petit maitre* to suit his own zeal and earnestness,) in his edition of Camden's *Britannia*, 1789, declared that it did not seem to be well ascertained to which of the earls she was wife—relying too implicitly upon Raleigh's expression which made her a widowed countess before 1483.

This extraordinary obscuration of the light that had already broken forth, we can attribute only to the circum-

stance that Katharine Countess of Desmond had never found her proper place in the peerage. As a second wife, and one who did not transmit the succession of the family, her name had been omitted in the first edition of Lodge's Peerage of Ireland (1754), nor was it supplied in the edition by Archdall (1789). Thus it happened that the plain statement of Dr. Smith was still kept out of sight, the manuscript pedigrees were unconsulted, and even the late Ulster King, Sir William Betham, when requested by Mr. Sainthill, in the years 1832 and 1833, to assist him in identifying the Old Countess, could not return a satisfactory answer. On the contrary, he gave his vote in favour of Margaret, daughter of Thady O'Bryen, the wife of James ninth Earl of Desmond, murdered in 1467; and Mr. Sainthill, in consequence, wrote a memoir maintaining the claims of that lady, which was read before the Cuvierian Society at Cork, and printed in 1834, in the first volume of that gentleman's very interesting miscellany of numismatic and antiquarian lore (privately distributed) under the title of *Olla Podrida*.

The Countess thus selected as the heroine of the controversy was recommended by her having been born of the O'Bryens seated at Inchiquin in the county of Clare, and thus apparently suiting the designation given to the Old Countess by Sir Walter Raleigh: Sir William Betham and Mr. Sainthill attributing that designation to her origin and place of birth, rather than to her residence. But both Sir William Betham and Mr. Sainthill forgot that there was another Inchiquin in the county of Cork, only a few miles distant from the town of Youghal, and within the ancient domains of the Earls of Desmond.

In the years 1850, 1851, and 1852, the subject of the Old Countess of Desmond was again revived in *Notes and Queries*: and among those who then took part in the discussion we recognize the well-known and respected names of Mr. Wilson Croker, Mr. Markland, the late Archdeacon Rowan, Lord Braybrooke, Lord Strangford, and the Knight of Kerry. Much of what was then said related to the pictures assuming to present the Countess's portraiture. But Archdeacon Rowan\* deliberately reopened the whole controversy, and again proposed the three questions,—Was there an *old* Countess of Desmond? Is there

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\* Notes and Queries, iv. 305 (Oct. 25th, 1851)



really a portrait of her? And, Who was she? Extracts were given of what everybody had said on the subject, in every imaginable expression of conjecture and uncertainty; with the single exception of the real key to the mystery, which was still allowed to lie perdu in the old History of Cork.

Shortly after there appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, for March, 1853, an article entitled "The Old Countess of Desmond," exhibiting not only a wide acquaintance with the annals of the Irish nation, but a just appreciation of its mediæval usages and spirit, free from those partialities, prejudices, and crochets which have so often marred the industry of Hibernian antiquaries. This writer at length dissipated the mists which had been thrown over the identity of the old lady by Walpole; restored the Countess Catherine, or Kathrin, to her position in the family genealogy, as well as to her fame in the annals of longevity; and again published the passage that had enlightened Walpole—or ought to have done so—but still without recognizing its author.\*

In December 1859, Archdeacon Rowan read a paper before the Royal Irish Academy, embodying his researches; and in the following year he printed its substance under this title, "The Olde Countesse of Desmonde: her Identity; her Portraiture; her Descente."

To the same learned body another essay has since been addressed by Mr. Sainthill, avowedly with the intention of replying to the Archdeacon, from whom he differs upon certain points, which will appear as we proceed.

The subject has also formed one of those recently illustrated by Sir Bernard Burke in his book entitled, "Vicissitudes of Families." He has eked out his scanty materials by the help of imagination. Though we recognise the assistance evidently derived from the local information of the diligent historian of Youghal (the Rev. Samuel Hayman), yet we cannot historically approve of the amplification of certain parts of his story, and more particularly his account of the Countess's imaginary marriage in London; where, improving upon the unauthorised statement

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\* ——"A then recently published authority."—*Quarterly Review*, xcii. 341. We cannot imagine that the suppression of Dr. Smith's name was intentional: but it seems as if the History of Cork was by some fatality to be always kept behind the curtain.



of Sir William Temple (already mentioned) that this Geraldine was "married out of England," it is added that "the wedding was graced by the presence of the court, and the bride danced with Richard Duke of Gloucester." Such is the "romance of history," after the approved modern pattern.

We have now, we believe, recounted the whole of those who have written on the story of the Old Countess of Desmond, with any originality of research or remark; and we may briefly state the results of their investigations by reciting the few ascertained particulars of her prolonged but obscure life, before proceeding to the other branch of the controversy, which relates to her Portraiture.

The Decies line of the FitzGeraldls began with Sir Gerald FitzJames, a younger son of James seventh Earl of Desmond, who died in 1462. Sir Gerald was father of Sir John FitzGerald, who, by Ellen, daughter of the White Knight, had issue Gerald Fitz-John, (father of Maurice created Viscount Decies in 1569,\*) and Catherine or Kathrin (as Mr. Sainthill maintains is the correct Irish orthography), the Old Countess of Desmond.

Thomas the twelfth Earl of Desmond, the husband of Kathrin, was the grandson of her great-grandfather James the seventh Earl, so that they were cousins german once removed. Earl Thomas was some years older than the Countess Kathrin; but according to the story of her extreme longevity he would not be so many as might be expected from his position a generation higher in the pedigree: for if, as is said, he was eighty years of age, at his death in 1534, he would have been born about 1454; and if the Countess was one hundred and forty at her death in 1604, she would have been born about 1464.

Between her birth, if in 1464, and her death, if in 1604, so many as eight or ten of her family had borne the title of Earl of Desmond. Her great-uncle Thomas, who enjoyed the dignity in 1464, and in that year returned from

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\* Pedigree appended to Archdeacon Rowan's essay; which adds that he died s.p. in 1572. Sir Henry Sydney, in 1576, speaks of "Sir Morris FitzGarrold, brother to the Viscount Decies." (Sydney Papers, i. 91.) According to Lodge's Baronage (as printed in Lascelles's *Liber Munerum Publicorum Hiberniæ*, i. 19,) the patent for this dignity has not been found.

the court of Edward the Fourth with the authority of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was in 1467 superseded by John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, and beheaded at Drogheda: leaving issue four sons,—James, his successor, Maurice the tenth Earl, Thomas the twelfth, and Sir John of Desmond.\* James the ninth Earl was murdered in 1487, at the instigation of his youngest brother, John. Maurice his successor died in 1520, leaving issue James the 11th Earl, who died in 1529.

The dignity then reverted to Thomas FitzThomas, who had the cognomen of *Maol*, or the Bald; whose second wife was the Old Countess. He had already passed a life of more than seventy years, distinguished in the sanguinary annals of his country as one of its most warlike chieftains. He is celebrated by O'Daly the chronicler of the Geraldines,† as “far-famed in deeds of arms: in nine battles did he win the palm of victory;” and in 1534, the eightieth and last year of his life, it is said of him (in a dispatch of the Earl of Surrey) that, “albeit his years requireth quietness and rest, yet intendeth he as much trouble as ever did any of his nation.”

“*Canitiem galea premimus, semperque recentes  
Comportare juvat prædas, et vivere rapto.*”—

*Virgil. Eneid. ix. 612.*

He had previously sent as a hostage to Henry VIII. his

\* This youngest brother is also reckoned as an Earl of Desmond (the fourteenth), in each of the pedigrees attached to the essays of Archdeacon Rowan and Mr. Sainthill. Though both those authors speak in highly complimentary terms of the writer of the article in the Quarterly Review, yet they have overlooked his account of this portion of the family history. Mr. Sainthill's pedigree presents the whole descent of the Earldom of Desmond, and was compiled by the late Sir William Betham, who communicated it to Mr. Sainthill in 1833; but Sir William then acknowledged that he had never been able to complete it. It is not so appropriate to the matter in hand as that given by Archdeacon Rowan, for the latter includes the Decies branch of the family, from which the Old Countess sprang, and that branch is omitted in Sir William Betham's table.

† Dominicus de Rosario O'Daly wrote a brief memoir of the Desmond Geraldines in Latin, which was printed at Lisbon in 1635, and a translation, by the Rev. C. P. Meehan, was published in 1847 in Duffy's Library of Ireland.

grandson and heir-apparent, James FitzMaurice (whose father had died of the plague in 1529), and the boy was receiving his education at the English court. When this young Anglicised chieftain returned to Ireland upon his grandfather's death, it is said of him, "he speakes very good Inglyshe, and keepith his hair and cap after the Inglyshe fashion, and wold be, as far as can be perceived, after the Inglyshe fashion." But, before his arrival, his patrimony had been seized by his last surviving great-uncle, Sir John of Desmond,\* the same who had instigated the assassination of his own eldest brother in 1487. This old savage disputed the legitimacy of "the court page," on the score of his parents' consanguinity. He died soon after, about Christmas, 1536, in the habit of a Dominican friar, at the abbey of Tralee; but he transmitted his family feuds to his children, and the younger of them, Maurice FitzGerald, (surnamed *Antoithan* or the incendiary,) in the following year assassinated his cousin. "Your grace's Servant, James FitzMaurice, who claymed to be Earl of Desmond, was cruelly slayne the Friday before Palm Sunday, by Maurice FitzJohn, brother to James the usurper of the earldom." (The Council of Ireland to Henry VIII.)

After this act of *fiongail* or kin-murder—a crime then so frequent in Ireland as to have a name and rank of its own—the usurper regained possession of the earldom, of which he had been for a time dispossessed by the English authorities; and, as he was now the male heir, it was deemed the wisest policy that his claim should be admitted. He was afterwards received at Hampton Court as Earl of Desmond, promoted to the high place of Lord Treasurer of Ireland, and died quietly in his bed in 1558.

A renewed series of family contests immediately ensued. The earl left sons by three several wives: and Thomas Roe or Red Thomas, the son of the first wife,

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\* It is for this reason only that John can be reckoned as titular Earl, as mentioned in the last note; but, if so reckoned, his name must change places, in point of order, with that of his great-nephew, and he must be numbered before him. It may be noticed that the error of making the great-uncle survive is perpetuated from Lodge's Peerage of Ireland, where the death of Earl James is placed on the 31st August 1535 instead of 1537.

was recognised by the Government, and summoned as Earl of Desmond to the parliament of 3 Philip and Mary. But his father had previously declared him a bastard, putting away his mother on the ground of near affinity—a plea always ready when those semi-barbarous chieftains desired a change of partners; and his half-brother Gerald or Garrett, having been elected by his followers, according to their native custom, became the seventeenth (or eighteenth) Earl of Desmond. He maintained his princely eminence until the year 1583, when he was slain in rebellion, and all his vast estates, amounting to nearly 600,000 acres, were divided amongst English settlers.

James, the heir of Garrett, (who had been born in England, where Queen Elizabeth was his god-mother,) was detained a prisoner in the Tower of London, until the year 1600, when a formidable rebellion was raging in his native country. The leadership of the broken clan had been assumed by a *Sugaun Iarla*, or Earl of Straw (James the son of Thomas Roe), who had now become “the most mightie and potent Geraldine of any of his line, having 8000 well-armed men” at his command. The young lord was sent over, in the expectation that his father’s followers would rally round him—a hope which was disappointed, as we have shown in a preceding article. On his landing at Youghal, however, he had been received with acclamations, and, he writes, “had like to be overthrown with the kisses of *calleaks* (hags).” In that throng of affectionate enthusiasts the perennial Dowager of Desmond, still hearty and active, peradventure was foremost.\*

“The Queen’s Earl,” as this unfortunate youth was called, found his way back, *volens volens*, to the Tower of London, and died there in the following year. He was the last of this long line of admitted or usurping earls,†

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\* We adopt this conjectural incident of the old lady’s history from the suggestion of the Quarterly Reviewer.

† How many other *Countesses* of Desmond there may have been contemporary with our long-lived Countess it is very difficult to ascertain. Respecting the wives of her husband’s predecessors with whom Horace Walpole embarrassed himself, we meet with no dates. Lodge tells us that Mary (MacCarthy) wife of his successor James the 13th Earl, was remarried to Donald O’Sullivan More, and died in 1548. Maud (O’Bryan) was the wife of the titular Earl, Sir John

with the exception of John, (a brother of the *Sugaun Iarla*), and Gerald his son, who, after the final ruin of their family in Ireland, were known by the title of *Conde de Desmond*, whilst exiles in Spain. But we have now arrived at the extent of the protracted life of the Countess Kathrin or Cathleen, and may revert to her personal history. Had she lived in comparative peace and security at Inchiquin during these scenes of strife and violence, wherein so many of her race had fallen by kindred hands, and so many had suffered from their unavailing resistance to the English yoke? So far as we can judge, she probably had; for, horribly as the incidents of Irish story present themselves to modern eyes, in the pages of "The Four Masters" or other chroniclers, they formed the normal condition of her semi-barbarous kinsmen, who, like the pike or the shark, were always living in troubled waters, and "taking a prey" of friend or foe. The Countess Kathrin, by her high rank, was in some degree raised above the common fate, except on occasions of extraordinary calamity.

The Decies branch of the Geraldines had their principal seat at Dromana, co. Waterford, and to that place the birth of the Old Countess of Desmond has been conjecturally assigned.\* The date at which that event took place has been hitherto calculated from the age assigned to her in her latter years, and with reference to the assertion of Sir Walter Raleigh and the rest, that she was not only married in the reign of Edward the Fourth but "held her jointure" from that time. We are, however, enabled to show that Raleigh was greatly misinformed. His statement that she had been a burden on all the Earls of Desmond from the reign of Edward the Fourth, was at once ob-

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of Desmond. James the 15th Earl had four wives; Joan (Roche), whom he divorced; Maud (O'Carrol), who died in 1548; Katherine (Butler), who died in 1552; and Ellen Honora (McCarthy), who died in 1560. The great Earl Gerald married first Joan, widow of James Earl of Ormond, and daughter of his cousin James Fitz-Maurice, 11th Earl of Desmond; she died in 1561. He married secondly Elenor Butler, daughter of Edmond Lord Dunboyne, the lady elsewhere noticed in these pages as having remarried the O'Connor Sligo; she died in 1636—not 1656 as misprinted by Lodge, (edit. Archdall.) i. 75, and followed by Archdeacon Rowan, p. 9.

\* Crofton Croker's *Researches in the South of Ireland*.

viously disproved upon the identification of her husband, who did not die until the year 1534, the twenty-sixth of Henry VIII. It is now further in our power to show that in 1528, the twentieth of Henry VIII. and *forty-five years after the death of Edward the Fourth*, she was not yet married; for the following original piece\* of evidence† proves that at that date her predecessor Shela M'Carthy† was still the wife of Sir Thomas of Desmond. It occurs in the rental book of the ninth Earl of Kildare:

"Indenture from Gerald Fitz Thomas, Earl of Kildare, unto Gyles ny Cormyk, wife to Sir Thomas of Desmond, upon Corbyune, in the co. of Cork, for five years, paying 26s. 8d. yearly, and that the said Giles shall not waste the woods. Dated 9th June, xx. II. VIII." (Harl. MS. 3756, fol. 4.)

This record very materially affects our inquiry. Shela, who remained the wife of Sir Thomas of Desmond in 1528, was the mother of Maurice FitzThomas, who died a married man in the following year, leaving issue "the Court Page." It is almost certain therefore that Sir Thomas did not marry his cousin Kattelyn until after his accession to the Earldom, which happened in the next year, 1529; and as it is also a known fact that in that year he granted the country of the Decies, in perpetuity, to Sir John FitzGerald, Kattelyn's father, it is no improbable presumption that that grant was an arrangement connected with his matrimonial contract. And if Kathrin FitzJohn was a bride in 1529, and afterwards (as the genealogists tell us) gave birth to a daughter of her own name, who became the wife of Philip Barry Oge, it is physically certain that she could not have been born so early as 1464. This leads to the conclusion that her great age has been much over-rated, and probably to the extent of nearly forty years.

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\* Kindly communicated by Herbert F. Hore, Esq.

† Shela or Giles is the Irish Julia. The lady in question was the daughter of Cormac M'Carthy, lord of Muskerry, and in the present record is designated by her father's baptismal name. He was the builder of the noble Castle of Blarney, and surnamed *Laidir*, or the Strong; but his fate was to fall in battle, in 1520, by the sword of his Desmond son-in-law.



Earl Thomas the Bald died at Rathkeale in the county of Waterford, in the year 1534, and was buried in the church of the Franciscan Friars at Youghal. For seventy years did Kathrin remain his widow, and of that long period, though much might be written from conjecture and imagination, we know little more than that her usual residence was the castle of Inchiquin, in the county of Cork. This fact is recognized in three parcels of records which have been discovered, one belonging to the year 1575, and the others to the years 1588, 1589, and 1590.

The first of these was communicated to Archdeacon Rowan by the late Mr. James Fred. Ferguson, Keeper of the Exchequer records in Dublin, whose premature death was a great loss to sound antiquarian research. By a deed dated the 5th August, 1575, the "Lady Kathrin, late wief to Thomas late Earle of Desmonde," surrendered to Gerrot, then Earl of Desmond, "the castle and towne of Inchiquine, with arable land called the six free plowlandes in Inchiquine, together with mores, meadowes,\* pastures, groves, woodds, mfill places, with their watercourses, rivers, streams, with their weares and fisheryes." The only reason assigned for this surrender is expressed in the words "for good consideracions me moving," but Archdeacon Rowan has shown from the accompanying documents that it was part of the Great Rebel's scheme, when preparing himself for revolt, to place all his estates in the hands of trustees, in order to save them from forfeiture; and that, to carry out that plan, he enfeofed the Old Countess's jointure lands with the rest. But this shallow contrivance was rendered nugatory by an act of parliament which declared all deeds executed "subsequently to the Earl's intent to rebel" null and void; and the old Countess was consequently left after that storm in the same estate as before.

Before the time of the later documents, Sir Walter Raleigh had become possessed of considerable portions of the Desmond property, including the town and castle of

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\* This reads "together with MORE's meadowes," as the document has been hitherto printed by Archdeacon Rowan, the Rev. Samuel Hayman, and Sir Bernard Burke. But we prefer, without hesitation, to understand the word "mores" as meaning moors or marshes.



Inchiquin; and, in order to give his personal superintendence to his new acquisitions, he went to reside in the town of Youghal, where the college (founded by the Desmonds) had also come into his hands. Raleigh was mayor of Youghal in 1589, the very year mentioned by himself in his *History of the World* as the date of his acquaintance with the Old Countess of Desmond: and it is to the same year that the documents we now proceed to notice belong.

A state paper, dated 1589,\* enumerates among the forfeitures of Garrett, Earl of Desmond, then attainted, "the castle and manor of Inchiquin, now in the hands of dame Katherine FitzJohn, late wyfe of Thomas sometyme Earl of Desmond, for terme of lyef as for hir dower:" and at the same period Sir Walter Raleigh himself writes, after specifying the leases he had made, "There remaynes unto me but an old castle and demayne which are yet in occupation of the old Countess of Desmond for her jointure."

The main building of Inchiquin castle, a circular tower of massive structure, is yet standing, about five miles from Youghal; and it was to the market at Youghal that the aged Countess resorted weekly on foot after the fashion still in use and thus described:

"Up to our own time the country people at Youghal make this weekly journey to their market town. Those from Inchiquin and the adjoining sea coast take their route (as often as the tide permits) by the splendid strand, which, firm enough to bear carts and cattle as well as pedestrians on its smooth sands, extends itself unbroken for five miles. Each Saturday, either a long cavalcade or numerous detached groups may be seen at sunrise proceeding to the town, and in the evening returning to their homes, by the sands. Imagination may paint for us the venerable Countess wending her way after this manner."†

The house of the warden of Youghal College, which was Raleigh's residence at the same period, is still existing, and has some interesting features of his time.

Two leases, granted by Raleigh, of the plough lands of Inchiquin, have been published by the Rev. Samuel

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\* Cited in the *Quarterly Review*, March 1853, p. 342. It is not stated where this document is preserved, and Mr. Sainthill (p. 26 of his recent essay) says that he has searched the State Paper Office in London for it unsuccessfully.

† *Vicissitudes of Families*. Second Series.

Hayman, the historian of Youghal, and are quoted by Mr. Sainthill. They are dated respectively the 22nd July, 1588, and the 1st Feb. following; and both of them recognize the incumbrance of "the Ladie Cattelyn, old Countess Dowager of Desmond, widdowe." In the second of these leases, the lordship is grandly distinguished as "the Barony of Inchequyn Raleigh in the county of Corke."

By an inquisition taken at Youghal, August 31, 1590, it was found that Gerald, late Earl of Desmond, was seized of a ruinous mansion-house, waste and in decay, near the church of the Holy Trinity, in Youghal, which was parcel of the jointure of Katherine late Countess of Desmond, worth 12d. and concealed from the Queen.\*

This was perhaps a memorial of the injuries inflicted on Youghal some years before; for when Sir Henry Sydney, as Lord Deputy, made a progress in the South of Ireland in 1575-6, that town was too poor to entertain him.

"I passed (he writes) from Dungarvan to Sir John of Desmond's,† [at Moygeely] leaving Youghal, for that they were not (as they protested) hable to receyve me and my traine, by reason of their spoyles donne upon them and their people in the tyme of the rebellion of James Fitz-Morris."

We have next to consider the anecdote already related in the words of the Earl of Leicester, which describes the Countess of Desmond as having, in her extreme old age, repaired to England, and journeyed on foot from Bristol to London, to sue for some restoration of her maintenance. A main point of Mr. Sainthill's recent Essay is to show that this anecdote is altogether improbable. He ridicules the details of the story,—that the Countess should encumber herself with a helpless companion in her "decrepit" daughter; that the latter should be "brought in

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\* Hayman's Handbook for Youghal, 1858, 8vo., Annals, p. 23.

† This Sir John of Desmond was a brother of the Earl. Lower down in the same report Sir Henry Sydney adds,—“Sir Thomas, Sir John, and Sir James of Desmond, brethren to the Earl, were continuallye with me.”—(Sydney Papers, edit. Collins, i. 91.) The imperfection of Lodge's account of the Desmond family is again apparent here, for of these three brothers of the Earl he notices one only, “Sir John Fitz-Gerald of Moygeely, co. Cork, knighted in 1567, and killed in rebellion in 1581.” (Edit. Archdall, i. 73.)

a little cart," when one somewhat larger might have been found that would have accommodated both the old ladies. He argues that, if the Countess were so poor as is alleged, the expenses of so long a journey would have deterred her; that the roads were then bad, and the dangers of travelling great from thieves; and that if, at her extraordinary age, she had really made her way to the English court, such a proof of her wonderful vigour would not have been omitted in the notices left of her by Raleigh and Bacon, both then resident in London.

We see no occasion to join in Mr. Sainthill's objections to the circumstances attributed to this journey, supposing that the Countess found it necessary to undertake it. The roads, it is true, were then bad, and that was the reason why so much travelling was performed on foot. There was considerable danger from thieves, but, to provide against that disagreeable contingency, wayfarers went together in large companies. If the ladies were lightly burthened with valuables, there was the less occasion to dread robbery.

In estimating the credibility of the Earl of Leicester, we must take into consideration who his informant Mr. Harriot\* was. Thomas Harriot was one of those learned men (the two others being Robert Hues and Walter Warner,) who were frequent visitors of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, during his long imprisonment in the Tower, from 1606 to 1621, "and were usually called the Earl of Northumberland's magi. They had a table at the Earl's charge, who did constantly converse with them to divert the melancholy of his confinement, as did also Sir Walter Raleigh, who was then in the Tower."† Raleigh was in the Tower for more than twelve years, from 1603 to 1615-16. Harriot died very shortly before the release of the Earl of Northumberland, on the 2nd July, 1621. Now, Robert Lord Sydney, afterwards Earl of Leicester, was born in 1595, and became the Earl of Northumberland's son-in-law by marrying the Lady Dorothy Percy in

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\* This name has hitherto been printed incorrectly. In *Notes and Queries*, First Series, v. pp. 16 and 324, and in Archdeacon Rowan's dissertation it is given as "Harnet," in that of Mr. Sainthill as Haniot.

† Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*.

or before 1616.\* As we know that the Earl was allowed to have his children to visit him in the Tower, it is evident where Lord Sydney made the acquaintance of Harriot, and when he heard the anecdote of the old Countess of Desmond. It would be after his own marriage in 1616, and certainly before Harriot's death in 1621. This carries us to a time little later than the other testimonies of Raleigh and Moryson: and Harriot (who was born in 1560) may have spoken of the Countess of Desmond's visit to the English court as an event of which he had been a personal witness.

We must admit, however, the force of Mr. Sainthill's arguments that so remarkable a feature of the Countess of Desmond's story as her travelling from the South of Ireland to England in her extreme old age would scarcely have been unknown either to Raleigh or Bacon, nor would it have remained untold to Fynes Moryson, who was at Youghal in the year 1613. We may add that we might expect to find her coming mentioned by some of the Court news writers, of whose letters so many are preserved bearing date in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign and in that of her successor.

Mr. Sainthill suggests (p. 26) that some confusion may have been made between the old Countess and Elenor Countess of Desmond the widow of the rebel Garrett. His researches in the State Paper Office have been rewarded with some very interesting papers respecting the latter lady, with which he has enriched his appendix. It appears, by some letters of Thomas Earl of Ormonde and Ossory, then Lord Treasurer of Ireland, written on the 18th of June 1583, that the Countess of Desmond, having

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\* "The young Lady Sydney with her sister Lady Lucy Percy going some two or three days before the feast (given by Lord Hay to the French ambassador,) to visit their father in the Tower, after some few carresses he dismissed his daughter Sydney to go home to her husband, and to send her sister's maids to attend her, for that he meant not to part with her, but that she should keep him company; adding withall that he was a Percy, and could not endure that his daughter should dance any Scottish jigs. And there she continues for aught I know." (Mr. Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton, March 8th, 1616-17.) This was written some eight months before the Lady Lucy Percy was married to the Lord Hay, afterwards Earl of Carlisle.

been previously "protected" for some considerations, did on that day utterly forsake the benefit of her protection, and put herself wholly and simply to Her Majesty's mercy. In October 1584, the Lord Deputy Perrot and his council report that "the Countess of Desmond lay at Clonmel, where she was allowed a diet of viiis. per diem for herself, her daughters and weemen;" this they had thought proper to cut off, and had brought her to the castle of Dublin. They at the same time admit, "We thincke her estate to be verie bare, and muche she lamenteth, and *ernestlie desyreth to be sent over to your Majestie*." There are other papers to the like purpose; and at last a letter from the Lord Roche and Fermoy to Sir Francis Walsingham, dated "Bristol, the viii. of January, 1587[-8]," wherein mention is made of "the *privie departure* of the Countess of Desmond," for whom the writer, with others, had been bound in the sum of £100. There are, further, papers and petitions of the Countess, which show that she obtained from the Queen in March 1587, (and therefore probably when in England,) a yearly pension of two hundred pounds sterling to be paid in Ireland, with another of one hundred marks for her two daughters. All this is very curious, and is enough to incline to the conclusion that Mr. Harriot's anecdote of the Countess of Desmond who "came to petition the Queen" belongs properly to the Countess Elenor.

But there still remains the positive assertion that "Catherine Countesse of Desmonde" came to the court of King James, made in the inscription on the picture at Muckross, an inscription professing to be contemporary with the event, and which we have in part criticised already. Its date, 1614, is evidently inconsistent with Sir Walter Raleigh's account of the Countess (published in that very year) and with the date of her death in 1604, as stated in a pedigree at Lambeth. The Quarterly Review maintains that 1614 "must be a mistake for 1604," and that consequently her journey to London and her death happened in one and the same year,—the former possibly hastening the latter, as was subsequently the case with "the old, old, very old man, Thomas Parr," after he had been brought for exhibition to the court of Charles the First.

Mr. Sainthill argues that the supposed error is highly improbable, for what painter of the present day would inscribe 1872 for 1862? But, on the other hand, if the

picture has at any time been cleaned and the inscription retouched, or if both picture and inscription were copied from another original, such an alteration may have crept in by inadvertence.

Again, Mr. Sainthill objects that the Countess's christian name was at that time invariably written with a K for its initial. No doubt it was usually so, but as certainly not invariably. Indeed, in the documents he has himself printed (at pp. 28-30) the Countess's name is written "Cattelyn." And that "Catherine" was already beginning to be the spelling of the name in the reign of Elizabeth may be shown by many examples.\*

The picture and its inscription present some claim to credence in that very name of Catherine. For whence could a forger have derived it? Not from Raleigh, Moryson, Bacon, or any of the older authorities; not from the Earl of Leicester or Sir William Temple; none of whom give the Countess her Christian name. It could not have been obtained from any printed book before the publication of Smith's History of Cork in 1750. Does the inscription bear marks characteristic of that or of any more recent date? We rather think not. And it must be considered that, if this inscription be condemned, the credit of the portrait itself, and of those which resemble it, will suffer likewise. Our present belief is that the picture (of which more hereafter) supports the inscription, as much as the inscription vouches for the picture.

The Quarterly Reviewer and Archdeacon Rowan both transferred the incidents of the journey related in the Earl of Leicester's anecdotes to the reign of James the First

\* 1579, Sept. 19. "Nicholas Bretton, gent. (a well-known author both in prose and verse,) and Catherine Storye, widowe," married at St. Dunstan's in the West, London. (*Collectanea Top. et Geneal.* v. 215.)

1592, Dec. 10. Catherine, daughter of Thomas Shelley, gent. buried at the same church. (*Ibid.* iv. 118.)

1588, Sept. 29. Catharine, dau. of Henry Knevet, Gent. and 1596, Dec. 23. Catharine, dau. of Arthur Messenger, Gent. baptized at the same church. (*Ibid.* p. 123.)

1595. "Catharyn, wyfe to Gilbert Hussey," in a funeral certificate prepared by York herald of arms. (*Ibid.* p. 377.)

1587. Catherine, wife of John Hungerford, Gent. baptized at Hungerford, Wilts. (*Ibid.* vol. v. p. 361.)



instead of that of Elizabeth, and, on the authority of the Muckcross inscription placed it in the year 1604—reading that date instead of 1614. Neither of those writers had seen the documents now brought forward by Mr. Sainthill, which appear to show so clearly that the Countess Elenor was the subject of Mr. Harriot's reminiscences. But, after all, supposing some confusion to have arisen regarding the two ladies, the visit of the Countess Elenor to Queen Elizabeth does not render one of the Countess Kathrin to King James entirely impossible. They may both have had similar reasons for such a journey, and, when they came, each would almost inevitably come by way of Bristol.

Shortly before the close of Elizabeth's reign, and the commencement of his own troubles, Sir Walter Raleigh had sold his Irish estate to Richard Boyle, Esquire, afterwards the first and great Earl of Cork. The Quarterly Reviewer, accepting Mr. Harriot's anecdote (as related by the Earl of Leicester), but adapting it to the reign of James the First, according to the Muckcross picture, suggested that the Countess "may have been ousted by the rapacious Earl of Cork, after he had acquired Raleigh's Irish estates;" and the Archdeacon conjectured (p. 35) that Boyle's new patent, by which he was to hold his lands direct from the Crown, having been passed to him on the 10th May, 1604, the poor old widow may have been ignored in the process, and so compelled to present herself at Court to prove, *in propria persona*, the prodigious vitality with which annuitants are proverbially endowed.

Possibly some fresh evidence may yet be discovered that will throw light upon the old lady's latter days. The date of her death is not determined beyond dispute. Sir Walter Raleigh, publishing in 1614, and Fynes Moryson, writing probably in 1613, when he visited Youghal, for he died in 1614, both speak of her as if already deceased. The only direct statement of her death is in one of the pedigrees compiled by Sir George Carew, Earl of Totnes,\* where we find that "she died in anno 1604."

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\* (Lambeth MS. 626, f. 74. b.) In another copy of the same pedigree (Harl. MS. 1425) the words are "She lived in anno 1604" Mr. Archdeacon Rowan supposed (p. 34) that the Lambeth MS. had been corrected from "she lived" to "she died:" but this turns



This date is probably that of her death; but other evidence is desirable. Whether any record of the devolution of the castle and demesne of Inchiquin to the Earl of Cork, by her decease, may still lurk concealed in the title-deeds of that estate, which has descended to the Dukes of Devonshire, and since passed by purchase to the Earl of Bessborough, remains for future investigation. Mr. Sainthill has already made unsuccessful inquiries in the former quarter.

Respecting the Countess's place of burial the historian of Youghal (in the work of Sir Bernard Burke) has made the following remarks:—

"In the absence of evidence to the contrary, we may safely assume that her remains were laid with those of her husband in the Franciscan Friary at Youghal, but a search there for the tombs of the Geraldines is fruitless. Seven Earls of Desmond, besides numberless members of families of lesser rank, were interred within its walls, but not a vestige of their monuments remains. The religious house itself is swept away, the cemetery is partly built on and partly converted into gardens."

To the *longevity*\* of the Countess of Desmond various limits have been assigned, and all, as we have now reason to think, far surpassing the truth. In the original calculation of Fynes Moryson it was "about 140 years." The speculations of Horace Walpole have misled many authors: some having adopted his figures 145, and others his longer calculation of 162. In a book on Health and Longevity, compiled by James Easton a bookseller at Salisbury, which reached several editions, her age is

out to be a mistake: neither MS. has been altered, but the Harleian MS. is in fact a copy from that of Sir George Carew, and, in this and in many other respects, a very inaccurate one.

\* In "A Natural History of Ireland, by Dr. Gerard Boate, Thomas Molyneux, M.D., F.R.S., and others, Dublin, 1755," 4to, p. 141, we find the following parallel of Irish longevity:—

"The great age of two Persons in Ireland, by Dr. Tho. Molyneux. My Lord Bacon says that the Countess of Desmond, in Ireland, was one hundred and forty years of age.

"Mrs. Eckleston, who lived at Philipstown in the King's-county, was born in the year 1548, and died 1691; so she was 143 years old."

positively fixed at 145;\* so in Mr. Sharon Turner's *Sacred History of the World*, 1837, iii. 283, and in Mrs. Hale's large volume of female biography entitled "*Woman's Record*," published in America in 1853. On the print published in 1806 from the Knight of Kerry's picture it is "supposed" that she actually survived the reign of James the First, and died at 162. In the old catalogue of the pictures at Windsor Castle her age was placed at "one hundred and fifty within a few days:"† an assertion which, however apparently precise, may probably be attributed to the *ipsa dixit* of a garrulous housekeeper. As we have not the year of the Countess's birth, nor with absolute certainty that of her death, it is impossible to determine the accurate figures of her longevity; but after having ascertained that she was a bride and a mother late in the reign of Henry the Eighth, instead of that of Edward the Fourth, we must certainly deduct largely from her reputed years. It is more likely that they were a hundred-and-four than a hundred-and-forty.

It is now clear that she can never have danced with Richard Duke of Gloucester. But, after all, her reminiscences of him may have come from her husband: for the Bald old Earl, having been fifty years her senior, may have seen the Prince, either in England, or in Dublin, if Gloucester ever was there.

Of the story which describes the cause of her death there are several variations. Instead of falling from a nut tree, as told to the Earl of Leicester by his cousin Walter FitzWilliam,‡ Horace Walpole, as his careless humour prompts him, makes her at one time fall from a cherry tree, and at another from a walnut. He writes to the Countess of Ossory, August 22, 1776:—

"I propose to conclude my career in a manner worthy of an antiquary, and when I am satiated with years and honours, and arrived at a comfortable old age, to break my neck out of a cherry-tree in

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\* Easton also varies her dancing partner into the Duke of York instead of Gloucester.

† Pote's *History and Antiquities of Windsor*, 4to. 1749, p. 418.

‡ Walter FitzWilliam was his second cousin, being a younger brother of William first Lord FitzWilliam of Lifford (created 1620), whose grandmother was Anne daughter of Sir William Sydney.—*Lodge's Peerage of Ireland*, edit. Archdall, ii. 177.

robbing an orchard, like the Countess of Desmond at an hundred and forty."—*The Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford*, edit. Cunningham, 1857, vi. 370.

Again to the Countess of Ossory, July 19, 1777 :—

"The Duchess of Queensberry died on Thursday of a surfeit of cherries, as my old Countess of Desmond of robbing a walnut tree, for the Duchess's beauty at seventy-seven was as extraordinary as the other's at an hundred and forty years."—*Ibid.* p. 461.

Tom Moore, the bard of Erin, adopted one of these perversions—

"That she lived to much more than a hundred and ten,  
And was killed by a fall from a cherry tree then ;  
What a frisky old girl !" — *Letters of the Fudge Family*.

And this preference of the cherry tree for the story may perhaps be justified by the circumstance that the district of Ireland where the Countess resided had already become famous for a fruit which is said to have been introduced by the great successor of her race, Sir Walter Raleigh. Dromana, the countess's presumed birthplace, in the adjoining county of Waterford, stands in a parish of which the county historian says,

"Affane is famous for the best cherries in this county, or perhaps in Ireland, being first planted here by Sir Walter Rawleigh, who brought them from the Canary Islands."—*Dr. Smith's Antient and Present State of the County and City of Waterford, 1774*, 8vo. p. 55.

But the author of the *Fairy Legends*, though, with still further poetic licence, he places the incident in an orchard at Dromana, converts the cherry into an apple tree.

"Drumana, recently the seat of the Earl of Grandison, the reputed birthplace of the long-lived Countess of Desmond, the number of whose years approached so near to those of old Thomas Parr. This wonderful lady, being deprived of her jointure by the attainder of the Earl of Desmond, at the advanced age of one hundred and forty, crossed the Channel to Bristol, and, travelling to London, solicited and obtained relief from James the First. In this part of the country her death is attributed to a fall whilst in the act of picking an apple from a tree in an orchard at Drumana."—*Researches in the South of Ireland*, by T. Crofton Croker, 4to, 1824, pp. 122-3.

There remains only one more of the anecdotes respecting her unexamined. This is the marvellous statement

that she had three sets of teeth, which some writers have even exaggerated into four. Such is the interpretation put upon the story by Dr. Thomas Fuller, who, in his *Worthies of England*, (under Northumberland) after commemorating Patrick Macelwain, (a Scot by birth) who in 1657 was the incumbent of Lesbury near Alnwick, and, being then a hundred and ten years of age, had received new hair and two fresh teeth, within three years preceding,\*—introduces, in his usual amusing style, the following notice of the Countess of Desmond:—

"The nearest that treadeth on his heels is the Countess of Desmond, married in the reign of King Edward the Fourth, and yet alive anno 1589, and many years since, when she was well known to Sir Walter Raleigh and to all the nobles and gentlemen in Munster: but chiefly to the Earls (for there was a succession of them worn out by her vivacity,) of Desmond, from whose expectation she detained her jointer. The Lord Bacon casteth up her age to be an hundred and forty at the least, adding withall *Ter per vices dentisse*,—that she recovered her teeth, after her casting them three several times."

Another example of dentition in extreme old age is thus noticed by Aubrey:—

"One goodwife Mills of Yatton Keynel, a tenant of my father's, did dentire† in the 88 yeare of her age, which was about the yeare 1645. The Lord Chancellour Bacon speakes of the like of the old Countesse of Desmond, in Ireland."—*Natural History of Wiltshire*, edit. Britton, 4to. 1847, p. 70.

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\* We have corrected these particulars of Macelwain from a letter written by himself to a citizen at Antwerp, published by an author named Plempius, and inserted in Joseph Taylor's *Annals of Health and Long Life*, 1818. By Fuller he is miscalled Machell Vivan.

† This word "dentire" is also used by Dr. W. Rawley (if not by Bacon himself) in the passage quoted at the commencement of this article. It is remarkable that it is quoted in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary (citing Bacon) under the erroneous form *dentise*. The observation is added "Not in use:" which should have been "Never existed!" Dr. Richardson, in his *New Dictionary of the English Language*, 1844, 4to. p. 512, has fallen into the same error, notwithstanding that he quotes Bacon in his old orthography. Dr. Noah Webster the American, in his 4to. Dictionary, 1828, has converted it into *dentize*. It is really a French word: "† Dentir, To

The reality of any human being having three sets of teeth may be questioned: for, though some other instances of "a new set" at an extreme age\* are mentioned in the gossiping "*Annals of Longevity*," yet in all the better authenticated cases the accession is limited to a small number, and where the number is mentioned it is generally only two. Jane Lewson, who died in 1811 at the age of 116, had two new teeth at 87, having never lost one of her former set. Hannah Wilson, who died in 1807, aged 103, had two new teeth after her 85th year. Rebecca Poney, who died in 1795, aged 106, had two new teeth at 102, and all her teeth except two were perfect at her death. Peter Larocque, a butcher in Gascony, who lived to 102, and died in 1768, is said to have cut four large teeth at the age of 92; and Margaret Melvil, who died in 1783, at 117, had "several teeth" when a centenarian. These cases of senile dentition were sometimes accompanied by the return of fresh hair in its original youthful colour; and are paralleled by others in which the sense of vision was renewed. The great John Hunter, in his *Treatise on the Human Teeth*, admits that a third set has now and then appeared "complete" in very old people, but he seems to make this admission upon report only, for he also says that when such teeth come they usually do so in a very irregular manner, and that he had never seen an instance of the kind but once, "and there two

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*breed young teeth.*" Cotgrave's French and English Dictionary, edit. Howell, folio, 1673. But the mark † denoted an obsolete word.

\* The following case, which occurs in the obituary of the Gentleman's Magazine, resembles that of the Countess of Desmond in more points than one. "July 15, 1751. At Mapleton, Derbyshire, aged 112, Mary How, widow. Her death occasioned by pulling a codling off a tree, the limb of which breaking fell on her arm and broke it. About two years ago she cut a new set of teeth, and her hair turned from grey to a beautiful white, and she had a very florid countenance."—Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xxi. p. 332.

In another copy of this paragraph (in Easton's *Health and Longevity*) the words "new set of teeth" are altered into "several new teeth," as if the former statement had been in excess of the truth, and confirming the view we have taken on consideration of all the recorded cases.

fore teeth shot up in the lower jaw." He adds that such teeth, coming in one jaw and not in the other, were often more hurtful than useful, as they wounded the opposite gum, and had consequently to be extracted.\* It seems therefore most probable that the acquisitions of all these veterans were some few teeth only that had remained undeveloped, not required in their early days, but called forth by the last efforts of their vigorous nature. Had they *dentired* or bred teeth in their old age, as Lord Bacon supposed, they must also have formed, as Hunter suggests, "a new alveolar process," or series of osseous nests in which the teeth are hatched and grown; but these alveolar processes are limited to two, which are both born with us.

We now turn to the second question proposed by the late Archdeacon Rowan, *Is there really a Portrait of the Old Countess of Desmond?* There are many pictures which professedly represent her; among which it will be hard indeed if we do not find some that are true. The Quarterly Reviewer, in 1853, enumerated seven.

1. At Dromana, her assumed birthplace, the seat of Lord Stuart of Decies.

2. At Chatsworth. Formerly at Devonshire House in Piccadilly.

3. At Knole in Kent.

4. At Windsor Castle.

5. At Dupplin Castle, the mansion of the Earl of Kinlough.

6. The Knight of Kerry's, at Ballynruderry.

7. Mr. Herbert's at Muckcross.

In addition there are said to be,—8. One at Bedgebury in Kent, the seat of Viscount Beresford;† and 9. One at the Marquess of Exeter's at Burghley.‡ In the year 1744, Mr. West, (sometime President of the Royal Society,) exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries a portrait of the Countess of Desmond attributed to Levinz.§ Mr. Pennant, in 1772, besides those at Devon-

\* Works of John Hunter, F.R.S., edit. Palmer, 1835, vol. ii. p. 36.

† Notes and Queries, I. iii. 341.      ‡ Ibid. I. v. 260.

§ Camden's Britannia, edit. Gough, 1789, iii. 498. By Levinz is probably meant Jan Lievens, a Flemish painter who worked in the style of Rembrandt.

shire House (now at Chatsworth) and Windsor Castle, mentions others, at the Hon. John Yorke's seat near Cheltenham, and at Mr. Scott's, a printer. Further, Mr. Cole saw "a tolerable good old picture of her at Mr. Dicey's, prebendary of Bristol, at Walton in Bucks;"\* and Lord Braybrooke in 1852 mentioned one "very much resembling the Windsor picture and Pennant's engraved print, though evidently the work of an inferior artist." This had been for a short time in the possession of the second Lord Braybrooke, "soon after the year 1800, having been delivered to him (with other pictures) by the executor of Mrs. Elizabeth Berkeley, an eccentric old lady, well known as a correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. But it was soon claimed by a Mr. Grimston of Sculcoates, in Yorkshire." Lord Braybrooke adds that it had previously belonged to Dr. Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, the father of Mrs. Berkeley's husband.†

The first of the preceding list, that at Dromana, is described as "a remarkable head—an *εὐωλοποιά* of the Roman matron Metella, with the silver grey on her long tresses."‡ So far as we understand, this must be regarded as an imaginary portrait: though Sir Bernard Burke, who describes it as "a small picture, painted on oak," remarks§ that it is "probably genuine."

That at Knole is equally "questionable; devoid of tiring, and bristling with elf-locks, it is rather the effigy of a Dutch witch than the similitude of a lady of rank."¶

The painting at Windsor Castle is believed to be by Rembrandt (who was not born till 1606) and more properly designated as the painter's mother. It was called the Countess of Desmond in 1749 (as appears by Pote's *History of Windsor*, 4to. p. 418) and Granger had seen it so called in a catalogue of the pictures there in the handwriting of Dr. William Derham the elder (who died in 1735). But Horace Walpole, as he himself relates,

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\* Notes and Queries, I. iii. 426. Also mentioned in his letter to Pennant, June 30, 1776. The Rev. Edward Dicey, Rector of St. Bartholomew the Less, London, and of Walton, Bucks, and a Prebendary of Bristol, died at Chelsea, March 31, 1790.

† Notes and Queries, I. v. 381.

‡ Quarterly Review.

§ *Vicissitudes of Families*. Second Series. 1860. P. 417.

¶ Quarterly Review.



"Having, by permission of the Lord Chamberlain, obtained a copy of the picture at Windsor Castle called the Countess of Desmond, discovered that it is not her portrait. On the back is written, in an old hand, *the Mother of Rembrandt*."

Walpole proceeds to trace this picture as a gift from Sir Robert Car, afterwards Earl of Ancrum, to Charles the First. In Vanderdoort's Catalogue of the Royal Collection it occurs as

"An Old Woman, by Rembrandt, with a white veil on her head and ribbon hanging down. 2 ft. high, 1 ft. 6 in. wide. A present from Lord Ancrum."

And in another catalogue of the same collection (as communicated by Mr. B. B. Woodward, the present librarian at Windsor Castle, to Mr. Sainthill), it is thus mentioned :

"Done by Rembrandt. An old woman, with a great scarf on her head, with a peaked falling band. (2 ft. x 1 ft. 6 in.)"

Mr. Woodward describes the costume more minutely. "There is lace on the head-dress, and a fur tippet, a collar round the neck, and coming down in front, and *no lacing*."

We have entered thus fully into the particulars of this long reputed but imaginary portrait of the Countess of Desmond,\* because it is necessary to distinguish it as completely as possible from the picture at Dupplin Castle ; Walpole having unreasonably condemned the latter after discovering that the Windsor picture had been misnamed.

The picture belonging to the Knight of Kerry is a painting by Gerard Douw, whose name appears on the panel.† As that painter was born in 1613, he could not have drawn the Countess of Desmond from the life. It is "a painting of merit, representing extreme old age, with an extraordinary degree of still remaining vigour, but the features are dissimilar to those of the veritable portraiture."‡

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\* Long since Walpole's time, it has continued to be called the Countess of Desmond in repeated editions of the Visitant's Guide to Windsor Castle. In Jesse's Handbook this is amended.

† Like others "it was a long time thought a work of Rembrandt."

‡ Quarterly Review, quoting the description given by the present Knight of Kerry, in Notes and Queries, I. v. 323.

In 1806, Mr. Henry Pelham, who projected a History of the County of Kerry,\* not doubting the authenticity of this portrait, had an engraving made of it, which was well executed in mezzotinto by Nathaniel Grogan of Cork, in the size of the original, ten and a half inches by eight inches. It bears a long inscription, in which the Countess's age is extended to 162 years, as already noticed. A small etching by Samuel Skillin, which is inserted in the first volume of Mr. Sainthill's *Olla Podrida*, 1844, is a reversed copy of that engraving.

Of the picture at Bedgebury we have received no description.

There remain the pictures at Muckross, at Dupplin Castle, and at Chatsworth: and these, if we are rightly informed, correspond in their features and in costume. The Quarterly Reviewer declares that "the *vraisemblance* is at Muckross. She carries the historic 'prowde countenance of the Geraldines' of her day. Aristocratic, patrician, and placid, though deeply traced with sorrow; eyes hazel, features regular and handsome, a complexion yet fresh and healthy." A photographic print of this remarkable picture is prefixed to Archdeacon Rowan's dissertation. The dress of the venerable lady is peculiar. The whole of her chest is protected by a garment like a man's waistcoat, but laced in front instead of being buttoned, and from the upper part of the lacing depends a small jewel of a lozenge shape. The material of this waistcoat, observes Dr. Rowan, "is plainly seen to be a rich fur, such as became her old age and dignity." A large black hood or scarf covers the head, showing no hair whatever, and falls low upon the shoulders, so that no other article of her dress is visible but the waistcoat, and a plain falling collar opening in front.

Archdeacon Rowan remarks that "there is almost complete identity between the portraits at Muckross and

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\* Mr. Pelham was agent to the Marquess of Lansdowne, and was accidentally drowned in the river Kenmare, whilst superintending the erection of a Martello tower on Bear Island, in the very year he published this print. He is said to have been an uncle, by half-blood, to the present Lord Lyndhurst. See the fuller notice of him, by Archdeacon Rowan, in *Notes and Queries*, I. iv. 306.

Dupplin Castle, and yet with sufficient of minute differences, only perceivable on accurate examination, to prove that neither is a copy of the other." This last clause of his account is rather inconsistent with what precedes. If the pictures are almost completely identical, one must either have been copied from the other, or both from a common original. The minute differences noticed by Dr. Rowan in the Earl of Kinnoul's picture are that there is no jewel at the breast, and that in lieu of the "rich fur" of the waistcoat its material cannot be distinguished. But, as Dr. Rowan speaks of "the Dupplin print," and not the picture, we may presume that he did not see the original but only Pennant's engraving, and possibly a bad and repaired impression of the latter, which in the last edition of the *Tour in Scotland* is a very different thing to its appearance when originally published in the third edition of 1774. It is there a very good line engraving by an artist named Aliamet; and the inner side of the old lady's hood is decorated with a figured pattern of flowers, which is more than appears in the picture at Muckcross. Therefore, though Mr. Archdeacon Rowan was pleased to call the portrait at Muckcross the "veritable portraiture," there is reason to suppose that the portrait at Dupplin Castle is at least as carefully finished and has equal claims to consideration. In one respect indeed (so far as we can judge from the prints) we are inclined to give it the preference, the linen about the old lady's neck being more like the upper-part of her under-garment, and differing from the falling collar at Muckcross, which seems to belong to half a century later. If the Muckcross picture be a copy, of that period, this discrepancy of that collar, as well as the ambiguities of the inscription, may be explained.

Of the picture at Chatsworth we only know at present that Pennant, when he examined it, found it to be "exactly corresponding to his engraved print," which confirmed him in his attribution of the Dupplin picture to the Old Countess of Desmond, in spite of Walpole's persistent declaration to the contrary.

And this leads us to give the true history of this dispute between Pennant and Walpole, the merits of which have never hitherto been rightly understood. When Pennant made his first tour in Scotland, in the year 1769, he found among the pictures at Dupplin Castle, the seat of the Earl of Kinnoul, one that was described as a head "of the old

Countess of Desmond, by Rembrandt.”\* In his third edition of that *Tour* (and the first in quarto) dated in its title-page “Warrington 1774,” he introduced an engraving from this picture,† and a biographical notice of the Countess, thus prefaced:—

“But the most remarkable is a head of the celebrated Countess of Desmond, whom the apologists for the usurper Richard III. bring in as an evidence against the received opinion of his deformity.”

This passage, it seems, was not very pleasing to the principal “apologist for Richard III.” His resentment appears in a letter which, immediately after, (on the 28th May, 1774,) he addressed to the Rev. William Cole:—

“Mr. Pennant has given a new edition of his former *Tour*, with more cuts. Among others is the vulgar head called the Countess of Desmond. I told him I had discovered, and proved past contradiction, that it is Rembrandt’s mother. He owned it, and said he would correct it by a note—but he has not. This is a brave way of being an antiquary! as if there could be any merit in giving for genuine what one knows to be spurious. He is, indeed, a superficial man, and knows little of history or antiquity; but he has a violent rage for being an author.”—*The Letters of Horace Walpole*, Earl of Orford, edit. Cunningham, 1857, vi. 86.

It is impossible to let this little malicious effusion pass without giving expression to two commonplace reflections: the one, how imperfectly do people know themselves; and the other, how frequently, in blaming others, do they draw their own character! The lord of Strawberry Hill has here photographed a little miniature of himself and his collections—so many of which were “spurious,” if to be misnamed and misinterpreted was to be spurious.

In the question at issue Walpole himself was wrong, from having taken for granted that the picture at Windsor and the picture at Dupplin were alike—and his error in this respect has hitherto escaped remark, and helped to

\* Pennant’s *Tour in Scotland*, first edit. Chester 1771, 8vo.

† We may note that thousands of a small woodcut copied from this plate have been recently circulated in handbills advertising Parr’s Life Pills; but, so much does error creep in everywhere, it is said to be “engraved from a picture at Windsor Castle,” instead of Dupplin.

embarrass subsequent discussion. He had procured a copy of the Windsor picture, and condemned it from that copy.\* On Pennant's coming to Strawberry Hill, he communicated to him his "discovery" that it was Rembrandt's mother; and the picture at Dupplin Castle having also been attributed to Rembrandt, in his hasty conclusions that likewise became "Rembrandt's mother." Pennant, when Walpole's visitor, listened with due courtesy and deference, and probably was inclined to acquiesce in the judgment of the self-sufficient virtuoso of Strawberry Hill; but, having been at the expense of engraving the Dupplin portrait, he naturally sought for further satisfaction, and this he fairly obtained, according to Cole's reply to Mr. Walpole, which was in the following words (June 2, 1774):

"Mr. Lort, some two months ago, wrote to me that Mr. Pennant was come to town to print his new Tour: he informed me of your doubts relating to the Countess of Desmond, and of your dissertation in the *Fugitive Pieces* concerning her, on which account he got an introduction to you and came back very blank, as Mr. Lort expressed it, on his being convinced that your information destroyed the originality and authenticity of his print taken from a picture he met with in Scotland. But this damp lasted but a short time; for Mr. Lort, who is keeper of the Duke of Devonshire's medals, carried him in a day or two after to Devonshire House, where in a garret he showed him an old picture, exactly resembling his print and on it the Countess's name. This I suppose determined him to publish it in his book, which I have not yet seen; but I rather wonder that, after the civilities received from you, on the

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\* "Being at Strawberry Hill in April, 1773, I saw there a copy of the picture commonly attributed to the old Countess of Desmond; but Mr. Walpole told me that there is sufficient proof that it is a painter's mother, I think Rembrandt's." Memorandum by Cole in Mr. Markland's copy of the *Fugitive Pieces* (the Strawberry Hill edition presented by Walpole to Cole), and communicated by Mr. Markland to *Notes and Queries*, I. iv. 426. In the Catalogue of Strawberry Hill will be found this "Drawing of Rembrandt's mother, from the picture at Windsor, called the Countess of Desmond: by Muntz." It hung in Mr. Walpole's own bed-chamber.—*The Works of Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford*, 4to. 1798, vol. ii. p. 453.

† On the 15th April, 1774, as appears by the continuation of Cole's Memorandum quoted in the preceding note.

occasion, he did not acquaint you with the motives that induced him to alter his plan."

On the 21st October following Mr. Pennant writes to Granger:\*

"I have examined the Countess of Desmond's picture at Windsor. Not a word is there on the back of its being Rembrandt's mother, whose print I have now seen, and am convinced that you and I are right, *malgré* Mr. Walpole."

And two years later (June 30, 1776,) we find Cole thus writing to Pennant, in answer to a letter apparently not preserved:—

"From the proofs you bring of its authenticity, I make no doubt but the inscription on the back of that at Windsor is a mistake."

All parties continued to be wrong, in treating the question of the two pictures as inseparable, as Walpole heedlessly, if not wilfully, had led the way. It is now clear that the picture at Windsor Castle is by Rembrandt—whether of his mother or another old woman—but it is a different head to that at Dupplin Castle.† On the other hand, Cole's letter of the 2nd June, 1774, appears to afford satisfactory evidence of the similarity of the Chatsworth picture to those at Dupplin Castle and Muckcross. It is desirable, however, that the picture at Chatsworth should be examined, and its age, if possible, ascertained; if it has descended with the Burlington estates, we may suppose that it was painted for one of the Earls of Cork, as a memorial of their memorable predecessor at the castle of Inchiquin.

According to Mr. Sainthill a portrait was a thing almost unknown in Ireland in the time of the Countess of Desmond.

"Judging from what I have seen, and from my inquiries, addressed to the present representatives of old and estated families, I am strongly impressed with the conviction that Family Portraiture in Ireland was diffused by the Cromwellians. Settling down

\* Letters between the Rev. James Granger and eminent Literary Men: edited by J. P. Malcolm, 1805, 8vo. p. 157.

† The latest writers will not make this distinction. Sir Bernard Burke, in his book of last year, even states that Pennant engraved from the Windsor picture.

upon the lands which their swords had transferred to them, they seem to have placed a picture of their chief in their castles and mansions as the penates, or protecting power, of their acquired possessions. At the mansion of a Cromwellian family in the county of Tipperary I saw the great Lord Protector, the only portrait in the house. Another came under my ken, from a county of Cork family; and I have a third, a very fine painting, the features much softened down, but the characteristic likeness preserved. It descended to the gentleman who sold it to me from Colonel Barachia Wallis, who wrested the castle and lands of Carrigrohane, county of Cork, from the Philistine Barrett.

... ..  
 "At the expulsion of James II. the victors set up their idol, King William, in rivalry of the Protector, and family portraits seem from this period, though very slowly, to make their appearance. In private families I have seen few authenticated before the close of George the Second's reign, nor did the taste seem to have had much existence among the nobility. At Portumna Castle there was a portrait of the great Marquess of Clanricarde of the time of Charles I. and the only other was that of the late Earl. Both must have perished when the castle was burned. At Rostellan Castle the oldest portrait, and in my estimation the only family painting of merit, was that of the celebrated Morrough O'Bryen, sixth Baron of Inchiquin, created Earl by Charles II. So, at length, I come to the conclusion that at the period of our Old Countess, portrait painting was an art not practised in Ireland."

These observations of Mr. Sainthill are remarkable and worthy of attention. He has, however, omitted the further reflection that if there were no portrait-painters in Ireland in the reign of James the First, and it is improbable (as he argues) that any foreign artist should have travelled to the county of Cork in order to paint the aged Countess, then such circumstances are actually confirmatory of the statement of the inscription—that the Countess came to England, and that opportunity was taken to preserve her "veritable portraiture" whilst she was within a painter's reach.

In that case, Dr. Rowan's question, Is there a portrait of her? is answered in the affirmative. Her real portraiture is at Muckross, at Dupplin Castle, and, if we are not misinformed, also at Chatsworth. The second of these, which was published by Pennant, is, "malgré Mr. Walpole," no "vulgar head;" whilst the photograph given by Archdeacon Rowan presents the same features, "regular and handsome, the historic proud countenance of the Geraldines."



ART. IV.—*The Holy Communion, its Philosophy, Theology, and Practice.* By John Bernard Dalgairns, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Dublin and London : James Duffy, 1861.

IT is almost impossible to take up this work, to glance, however hurriedly, over its pages, or to read attentively any portion of it, however small, without thinking of the wondrous and blessed contrast, which has ever existed, and must always continue to be developed in everything between our holy faith and the "legal" Protestantism by which we are surrounded. How different is this book from another literary production that has brought so much scandal, and schism, and shame, to the Establishment! Different in the spirit which suggested its conception and presided over its execution, in the end proposed to be obtained, in the principles out of which its conclusions were developed. Different, above all, how very different! in the standard by which its orthodoxy will be tested, in the feelings with which it will be received by the public to which it is addressed, in the manner in which the author would seek to defend its positions or explain its ambiguities, in the authority and legislation by which it will be judged. Can the same name of "religion" be applied to designate systems which lead to such opposite results?

In the one case we have a work, consisting of a series of essays on themes selected, one might believe, for the points which they present favourable for an attack on the whole economy of revelation, under cover of the modern discoveries of science. It is the production of men holding high preferment in the Church "as by law established," or charged with grave educational duties embracing within their sphere even the special training for their future vocation of candidates for a professedly Christian ministry. Its authors disown, indeed, any solidarity of intention, or common responsibility, but they acknowledge a "co-operation" in execution and design, like that of several *corps d'armée* which move forward independently, yet simultaneously, to secure the one grand object of the campaign. In its publication every circumstance which could increase its notoriety, or enlarge its circulation, was eagerly pressed into service; impediments to its favour-

able reception were softened down, even obstacles were dexterously converted into means of success. When it appeared, it was at once recognized as an attack, sometimes open and undisguised, sometimes covert and insidious, not on Christianity alone, but on the whole system of revelation, and on the very notion of a supernatural Providence. This attack is conducted with all the ingenuity and ability of great and varied talents, long and successfully trained, and laboriously cultivated; it is supported by an erudition which every one must admire, were it not for the shameless uses to which it is prostituted; it is sustained by a logic which has been styled "remorseless," but is only reckless; it is carried on in a spirit of hostility, occasionally active, but sometimes simply contemptuous, calmly ignoring the existence of the Christian Faith, and laying down propositions irreconcilable with revealed truth, with a coolness which almost amounts to audacity. The inspired volume which chronicles the fortunes of the chosen people, preserves the teachings by which Providence sought to rescue them from the universal moral shipwreck of their fellow-men, and records that marvellous series of prophecies which, becoming clearer and fuller as the tide of time rolled on, like the wakening brightness of the dawn expanding into day, were designed to arouse and fortify fallen humanity in the belief that its redemption was nigh—this sacred treasure, kept of old, by God's command in the very Ark of the Covenant itself, and received from the Fathers of the Old Testament as the most precious gift which they could hand over to their successors of the New; this most venerable book of God's Written Word, guarded by the Church in her days of persecution with the most jealous care from even the bodily touch of the heathen, shielded by her most dread decrees and terrible anathemas from the vain glosses and false interpretations of the unfaithful or the presumptuous, and borne aloft in her councils, and assemblies, and solemn rites, surrounded by lights and swinging censers, and venerating ministers—this most ancient and hallowed monument of God's ineffable communications to man is compared by those writers, styling themselves *christian*, with the epic of the pagan and the discourse of the renegade, nay, is not considered by them to come victorious out of the comparison. The great miraculous facts of the Old Testament are altogether denied, or explained away,

or attributed to purely natural sources. The rites and ceremonies, enjoined by divine command, are placed in the same category with pagan superstition. The precepts and counsels of the Law are taxed with an accommodating morality of which even a heathen legislator would be ashamed. The historical narrative itself is treated on the same footing as the chronicles of pagan writers, its statements are frankly confronted with theirs and passed over as inaccurate, or rejected as untrustworthy, accordingly. In one instance, indeed, renewing a calumny, which was refuted so long ago as the days of the first Christian apologists, one of the sacred books has been pronounced an impudent forgery, concocted for a mere temporal purpose, long after the events had occurred which it pretended to predict! And so likewise, passing from the shadows of the Old Covenant to the substance of the New, these writers have distorted its meaning and denied its reality. The very mystery of the Incarnation, on which is reared the whole fabric of Christian faith, the truth of the all-sufficing Atonement which gives colour to the Christian's hope, bidding it be a vision and not a dream, are not so much combated as quietly assumed to be impossible. The whole economy of Christianity appears stripped of its divine character, and reduced to the level of a mere human institution. The apostolic writings are shown, to the satisfaction of those men, to be thoroughly impregnated with the individual leanings of their authors, and to contain, not so much a system of doctrine, as disconnected fragments of Hellenic mysticism and Rabbinical theories. The whole aggregate of the teaching which makes up our belief, and of the practice which constitutes our worship, is equally reasoned or laughed away. Our most venerable traditions and sacred institutions are pronounced to be either relics of paganism or encroachments of astute men. The very sacraments are stigmatized as magical rites perpetuating and symbolizing the weakness of the human heart or its superstitious follies.

Such is the portrait of Christianity, held up to a Christian public by men who were, at least professionally, Christian, nay, who called themselves Ministers of Religion, and had assumed the immense responsibility of bringing up the youth of the country in Christian principles. Even the great Apostle himself might have felt at a loss as to how he could fitly characterise such a phenome-

non ; for to them, indeed, the Gospel has proved a greater stumbling-block than to the Hebrew, a greater folly than to the Greek. And yet the book itself, and the circumstances of its composition and publication do not present such a contrast to the spirit of Catholicism, as its reception and subsequent treatment. It is not merely that such a work should have been eagerly sought after, and read by thousands, that eight editions should have been successively exhausted in a few months, that its positions should have been discussed, its tendency examined, its doctrinal soundness debated. Such things could not have happened about a similar production among Catholics ; but they are of small moment compared with other events connected with the work which we are considering. The clergy of the Establishment were, from the first, at fault about what course they should adopt towards it. When at length the Anglican Bishops reluctantly approached the subject, it was but to demonstrate, not merely their feebleness, but their simple inability to deal with such a case. They might pass resolutions at a meeting of their body. But such resolutions could be of no further avail, than to indicate, at the utmost, the *opinions* of the individuals ; they were not words of authority. They were of the same value (if even of so much), as the expressed opinion of a number of lawyers on a disputed point of law. They could not pretend to be a decision. They did not appear clothed with the mysterious power of Synodal Decrees, whose *anathema sit* did not merely appeal to the understandings, but bound the consciences of men. And even as opinions, to what influence could they pretend ? Some of the Bishops were charged with having formerly held similar views, with even still retaining a leaning towards them ; several protested that, while they disapproved, they did not condemn the questionable doctrine. What a humiliating spectacle for a community styling itself Christian, that views, which confessedly struck at the root of the Christian Dispensation, could not be authoritatively condemned, and that persons might maintain and propagate such views without ceasing to be numbered among its members. The matter was at last brought before a lay tribunal, only to render the humiliation deeper and more shameful still. A lay judge sate, in virtue of an Act of Parliament, to decide on the orthodoxy of certain doctrines. Lay advocates argued the case in lay

fashion; not proving the truth or heterodoxy of the opinions alleged, but quibbling about statutes and the amount of heresy and infidelity which was legally compatible with holding a rich living. The standard by which the question is to be decided is the law of the land, as settled by Parliament and previous decisions under Parliamentary authority. Yet, surely, no Protestant will for a moment doubt, much less deny, that the Religion founded by Christ and established by His Apostles is independent of Acts of Parliament; that its essence was settled by Him, fifteen centuries before either the "Prayer Book," or the "Homilies," or the "Articles of Religion," had existence; that it would still continue an irrefragable fact, were the statutes of Parliament and the decisions of courts to crumble into dust along with their authors; that it cannot depend on any human power to alter it, or to decide the belief and practice which are the condition of being included in the Divine Shepherd's fold. It is difficult to conceive how, then, any one can logically and consistently regard, as identical with the religion of Christ, a system that looks up to Parliament as its author, that bows down before Parliament as its judge, that comes to Parliament for authority and jurisdiction, that humbly receives an Act of Parliament as its rule of faith and code of morals. And if it be this mere human creature of human ingenuity, skill, and compromise; if its existence be a mere legal fiction, which, as the legislature gave, so it might by a breath take away; if its origin soar not beyond the limits of this world, nor consequently, its destiny reach beyond the tomb; what matters it to decide the greater or less degree of grotesqueness, incongruity, or absurdity, which it may contain, or to inquire the quantity of licence which may be permitted, either in doctrine or practice, where all is equally meaningless, aimless, and gratuitous? Between those writers and the professors of parliamentary Protestantism, whatever that really is, we can see no greater difference than between the man whose neglect of certain statutory precautions imperils the civil efficacy of his act, and his neighbour whose watchfulness of his own interests insures his compliance with every Parliamentary proviso. The equity of each is the same.

What a contrast when we turn to consider the work of Father Dalgairns! It seems like a passage from one world to another totally different. The feelings of the

candidate for initiation could not have experienced a greater or more agreeable transformation, when he suddenly found himself admitted from the probationary stage of terrors to that of calm enjoyment, than must happen to any unprejudiced examiner of the two systems which have produced these two books. Here, too, we have a treatise on some of the gravest and most intricate subjects which are included within the range of Christian Faith. It is composed by one who, in fact, as well as by profession, is a true Minister of the Gospel. It is written with the utmost frankness and freedom, discussing all philosophical questions with openness and sincerity, inquiring without prejudice after truth, and accepting it wherever it is to be found, whether in the teachings of God's Revealed Word, in the lessons of history, or in the investigations of human reason, not running after novelty, nor, on the other hand, rejecting an ancient truth because it comes dressed up in a modern garb. But, at the same time, every page is conceived in the fullest reverence and adoring faith; humbly recognizing the depth of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God, and the unsearchableness of those mysteries which surpass all understanding; and breathing throughout that filial spirit of confidence, arising out of mingled faith and love, which is one of the characteristic qualities by which the children of the inheritance are distinguished from strangers to the household. And so this good priest, rich in faith and divine knowledge and adorned with an unusual share of human lore, comes forward exhibiting his old and new treasures; speaking ardently, and yet familiarly, of that living mystery, the bare idea of which places an unfathomable gulf between us and any pretended system of worship, and which, in its reality, is at the same time the wondrous evidence of God's love for His Church, and her dower of infinite riches. He speaks, not halting and guessing like those poor men abandoned to their own conceits, and groping and floundering in the dark, but with authority, and the calm conviction of him who knows he is in possession of the truth. He speaks with earnestness and unction and zeal, as one who feels that he is doing his Father's work, and is keenly alive to the ineffable stake which is bound up with his ministry. He speaks with freedom and with confidence, but with most perfect submission; certain that, should anything he has said not approve itself to those whom the Holy Ghost has placed



to rule the Church of God, he must have been led astray by the feebleness of his mind, which, dazzled by the greatness of the mystery, mistook error for knowledge.

Is it possible to conceive a greater contrast than is expressed by these two books and their attendant circumstances? The usual formula, that would characterize it as "a difference not merely of degree but of kind" is inadequate here. It is something more. It is a difference of order, or one greater still. The one book is addressed to a multitude, which its scope and plan necessarily assume to be without any religious bond or common dogma, and whose knowledge, as well as errors, cannot rise above the level of mere natural things. The other belongs to a society that lives in the daily appreciation and continuous handling of supernatural truth as a domestic possession, in which each one has a personal and familiar interest. Its very title—*the Holy Communion*—is an awful witness of this dread contrast, attesting, as it does, the ineffable treasure of which we have the exclusive possession and enjoyment, and the infinite loss which, even here on earth, they are doomed to experience, who wander outside the Church's pale. It tells more eloquently and convincingly than any argument, that our faith owns no human authority, depends on no Acts of Parliament, is exclusively contained in no written symbols or monuments, but is a living active principle, the same now as on the day of Pentecost, the same in origin, the same in intensity, the same in power.

So much we could not forbear from saying on a subject that must have occupied the attention of most of our readers, leading them to reflect with gratitude on their own favoured lot, while marvelling at the inconsequence of their Protestant fellow-countrymen. We shall now proceed to give an account of the work which has suggested these remarks, expressing as it does so forcibly itself, and evidencing so vividly in all its circumstances our side of this tremendous contrast. It is one of a class of works of which the Fathers of the London Oratory have given us so many valuable specimens, and which has rendered much solid service, and supplied some gaps in our religious literature. These books treat of different subjects, according to the vocation of the writer, or the particular line in which his mission



moved ; but they all, whether by accident or design, tend to group all our religious knowledge and practice around our Blessed Lord. This is done in a variety of ways ; sometimes directly and *ex proposito*, as in *All for Jesus*, sometimes less prominently as in the *Foot of the Cross*. But they all regard our Lord under some one aspect or another, with reference to some Divine attribute or human function ; all lead up to Him as the centre of our religious system, the author of our salvation and our faith, the perfecter of our hope and happiness. In this way they possess the great merit of supplying a void in our English Catholic literature, the seriousness of which was not so much previously felt, as it has since been made apparent by the extent to which it has been filled up. How admirably the void has been supplied, the wonderful popularity and immense circulation of these publications and the unanimous approval by which they have been greeted by both clergy and laity, are, at the same time, the best and the most honourable testimony. Their aim has been to instruct without being either formal or discursive, to inspire devotion without assuming the character of a preacher, to direct without being dogmatical or engendering a spirit of presumption.

Father Dalgairns has conformed exactly to this type, if indeed we are justified in looking upon it as such. His work is a philosophical essay, but its philosophy is not disputatious or argumentative, but explanatory. It is a theological treatise ; but its theology is not polemical, but deductive and practical, not occupying itself so much in proving certain positions, as in leading our reflections to infer them for ourselves. It is a historical summary ; but its history is no dull chronicle of events, told in language equally truthful and uninteresting, but a living breathing narrative, depicting the men and the scenes in which they moved with all that vivid faithfulness, all that enchantment of reality which other historical writings of the Oratorians and their companions would lead us to expect. It is addressed to Catholics who believe in the Blessed Sacrament. There are consequently no arguments to prove the Real Presence, or the fact of transubstantiation, no liturgical disquisitions, nor ritual inquiries as to the mode of celebrating the communion. All these things he takes as facts from the teaching of the Church. He sets himself to explain how reason, not only advances no theo-

ries contradictory of the august mystery, but leans to views which are most singularly conformable to what the Church teaches concerning it. He proposes to bring home to our appreciation the life of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and to explain the nature of the visit which He makes to us under the sacramental forms, and of the special graces which it "operates" in our souls. He tells us the history and vicissitudes of Holy Communion, as a practical fact and exercise of devotion; and in doing this, he sets before us a series of pictures of the inner life of Christians in the early and in the later days of the Church, which help us to realise more accurately than a volume of description the true character of the times and circumstances which he paints. He investigates at considerable length and with the greatest candour and a total absence of bias, the question of the frequency of communion; borrowing his doctrine from the most approved theologians and experienced ascetical writers, and laying down, in conformity with their teaching, various rules on the subject, according to the different condition of penitents, with a zeal, wisdom, and discrimination which every one will admire, and which directors will find most practical and useful. To say that he has well acquitted himself of his task, that he has produced a volume which the devout will read with profit, and over whose perusal even the mere theoretical student—if any such there be where the Blessed Sacrament is concerned—will linger with deepening pleasure, and from which he must ever rise with heightened satisfaction and increased knowledge, is to express but little of the large praise which he deserves.

It would be impossible within our limits to give a full account of a work which is so varied, and which travels over so much ground. It presents itself, indeed, to us in the garb of a very unpretending volume, bringing itself within the easy reach of all, both by its size and price, and descending in the clearness and simplicity of its language to the level of the dullest comprehension and most untutored intellect. But this is not the first instance of weighty matter being enclosed in a parcel, whose dimensions and appearance bear but small proportion to the value of what they conceal. We shall be satisfied with placing before our readers an analysis of its contents, making such extracts as will illustrate the author's treatment of his subject. If we can thus succeed in conveying such a notion

of the plan of the book and of the way in which this plan has been carried out, as will arouse the piety and quicken the curiosity of those among them who have not yet had the good fortune of being acquainted with it, our object will have been attained. The judicial functions of the critic we have already discharged; or rather, there is here no place for them. We shall be amply content to be allowed in the present instance to fill the more humble position of guide.

The object of the book is twofold: first, to set out all that can be explained concerning the great miracle of the Real Presence, considered both in its physical entity, so to speak, and in its relation to us; secondly, to deduce from these explanations, and from the teaching and practice of the Church our duties in regard to compliance with the desire which induced our Divine Lord to institute this Blessed Sacrament. In this way the work may be said to divide itself into four parts. The first two chapters discuss the miracle of transubstantiation in what we may call its physical and material aspect. The next three treat of the nature of the Presence and the life of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament and of the union which is thus established between Him and us, and of the effects produced by the Holy Communion. Two chapters relate the history of the practice of the Church with regard to the frequency or infrequency of Communion; placing before us most faithfully and graphically, as well the views which have in every age obtained on the subject, modified according to the circumstances of the time, as the practice which has prevailed in each period of the life of Christendom. The remaining five chapters are devoted to an exposition of the considerations which should regulate the more or less frequent admission to the Holy Communion, according to the spiritual condition of the soul, its gifts, its needs, its dispositions. The work opens with a simple and touching narrative of the circumstances which led to its composition.

"I was sitting in an old castle on the banks of the Frith of Clyde, on a beautiful morning of September. It was the eve of our Lady's Nativity, and all nature seemed to have put on its best to prepare to celebrate Mary's birthday. The castle was built on a high terrace, separated only by a green meadow from the waters of the noble estuary. The wind was swaying to and fro the boughs of the still leafy trees in the noble woods of beech and oak around

the house; its sound was inexpressibly soothing to ears accustomed to the roar of London, and to nerves still painfully twittering with the irritating roll of cabs and omnibuses. The breeze could just break the surface of the water without lashing it into waves, and convert the burnished mirror into a glittering and sparkling sheet of fretted silver. The little wavelets seemed to leap with joy under the bright shining sun. The sky was by no means spotless; heavy, white clouds hung on the horizon, but islands of blue sky were left here and there, and high overhead the sun lorded it in a clear heaven, and beautifully lit up the fleecy masses till they were absolutely dazzling, and saturated with light. Guarding the entrance to the Gareloch from the waters of the Frith, lies the wooded promontory of Roseneath. It is said that there had been of old a nunnery there, and a fitter spot could not have been chosen. Even the restless waters lay still, deep, and black along its winding shores. The massive trees which, robed in every tint of green, grew down to the water's edge, threw motionless shadows over the mossy turf which appeared at intervals between their huge trunks. A more peaceful scene could not be conceived: even the humming of the bees around the pale flowers of the jessamine, which, mingled with myrtle, tapestried the walls of the castle with its matted shoots, and embowered my window, only contributed to make the stillness more soothing.

"Amidst all this tranquil beauty, there was one object alone which pained and excited me. On the opposite side of the Frith, in a strange proximity to rock, wood, and mountain, at the foot of a long range of highlands, purpled here and there with heather, green with pastures, and yellow with corn-fields, lay the busy, populous town of Greenock. It looked peaceful enough; the huge line-of-battle ship, with its little fleet of gunboats, lay perfectly still on the bosom of the deep estuary. The innumerable masts of the merchant ships in the harbour were too far off to be distinctly seen, especially as the smoke issuing from several tall chimnies hung like a pall over the town: and the hum of its busy streets was perfectly inaudible. Still it was impossible to look at it without thinking of what marred the peacefulness of the scene. It probably was not worse than other seaports, yet some thousands of human beings could not be collected together without bringing with them sorrow, passion, and sin in their train. There were thousands of passionate human hearts, in all their varieties—loving, hating, fiery, and icy-cold, happy and miserable, restless and weary hearts. Nor was it possible to forget one dear inmate there, one inhabitant of Greenock. In a little back street, under a most lowly roof, tended only by a few faithful ones, lay Jesus in the tabernacle, with His little lamp burning before Him. There was consolation enough to heal the most broken hearted, peace to still the wildest tempest of the soul, love, more than enough, to fill

the most craving void of the weariest heart. Yet all these treasures are unknown, unsuspected, or derided.

... ..

"I was then far away from the Blessed Sacrament; for, though the Adorable Sacrifice could be offered up there, our Lord could not be reserved. But there on my table lay an old book, my constant companion, the *Summa* of St. Thomas. It was the part which related to the Blessed Sacrament. I remembered the legend which tells how our Lord appeared to him, and said, 'Well hast thou written of Me, Thomas: what reward shall I give thee?' And the saint answered, 'No reward do I want, Lord, but Thyself alone.' It struck me that there were many things in that old book which, if translated into modern language, would throw light on the adorable mystery, and I resolved to try to express in the language of modern thought the simple and beautiful explanations of the loving old saint."—pp. 1-3.

Our author then proceeds to enumerate the conditions, compliance with which was requisite, in order that our Lord should achieve His purpose of giving Himself to us for our food in the Blessed Sacrament, and the difficulties which oppose themselves to his design. We have already said that the work is not an argumentative or polemical treatise. The doctrine of the Real Presence and Transubstantiation is assumed as a certain fact, about which there can be no room for controversy. But this does not controvert another fact, namely, that there are certain things connected with the material world which are urged as objections to the great miracle, and which must always be looked upon as difficulties suggested by our experience. Indeed, were it not for this other fact, there would be no room for the miracle at all. It is a real difficulty, before which even the omnipotence of God seems to break down. Our author states it most fully and pursues it to the utmost. In his explanations he places before us, with equal clearness and conciseness, the views which have obtained on the nature of matter, both among the mediæval scholastics, and in the modern schools of philosophy. He develops at considerable length the hypothesis which regards matter as a congeries of simple forces, tracing this opinion from its scholastic germ, through the Leibnizian monads and the atoms of Boscovich, down to our own days, when it has been propounded and explained by Ampère, Cauchy, and Faraday. It would be impossible for us to give even a sketch of the able way in which these

theories are made to serve for the complete demolition of those material difficulties against the Real Presence ; nor could we give any idea of the noble and eloquent language in which, what would otherwise be dry physical hypotheses and philosophical abstractions, are brought home to the reader, and made to interest him, so as to captivate his imagination, as well as to convince his understanding. We may, however, remark that, so far as we know, this is the first occasion on which the theory of the " simple elements," as it is called, has been made use of in a work belonging to religious literature, for the purpose of explaining those difficulties. The very diversity of views which have been and are still maintained concerning the nature of matter is pressed into service with irresistible logic and made to furnish a triumphant answer to all objections drawn from that source.

"What can be more solid than the outer world, says the common sense of mankind. I can taste, and touch, and feel it. Here, at least, is something positive, something which is not theory or idea. Yet the very instant we begin to exercise our minds on this mass, which seems so solid, it appears to melt in our grasp. What do we know of the inner constitution of that strange, restless, phantasmagoria, which we call nature, world, material universe?.....The empire which we have gained over matter is marvellous and fearful; our knowledge of its phenomena, and of the laws which guide them, is a glorious conquest, achieved by human intellect and human labour; but what do we know of matter itself? What are the things of which we know so well the laws and the appearances? So little can the senses tell us of them, that the knowledge that there is any substance at all, is not owing to touch or sight, or any of the five inlets by which the outward world forces itself in upon our soul, but to the mind alone.

... ..

"There was a time, though we cannot remember it, when the world, with all its numberless moving figures, appeared to us nothing more than a great flat surface, on which were thrown those varied hues shifting like the colours caused on a wall by the magic lantern. The child, as it lies speechless on its mother's lap, and restlessly moves its little arms in the air, is beginning its education, and is learning that there is depth and distance in the picture before it. Its mind gives a unity to each object before it, and separates off into various substances that which appeared at first one confused whole; and no less than the infant is the chemist, after all the glorious conquests of his science, indebted to his mind for the idea of substance, without which his whole theories fall to the ground.



How else does he know that, beneath the veil of these evanescent phenomena, which he manages so cleverly, after he has changed over and over again, colour, form, and every property, one after another, there is still an indestructible thing, which he calls substance or matter? What is this same mysterious thing, so real, yet so fleeting, so inert and yet so active, so dead and yet so quick? Strange, plastic element, how obediently it lends itself to every force which God has created! how it thrills to the touch of light, electricity, and heat! how readily the brute, dead elements, once imprisoned in primeval granite, obey the action of the vital force and turn themselves into leaf and flower in the living organism of the plant! How wonderfully the self-same thing becomes blood or bone, or muscle, when it enters into the composition of the human body! Yet though we may watch its changes, the Proteus itself eludes all our efforts, and slips away just when we expect to force it to disclose its secret. It is with a sort of awe-struck reverence that we learn that in all this vast world—emeralds and rubies and all resplendent gems—the dark earth beneath our feet and the glittering gold, all shapes wild, monstrous and beautiful, the living plants and human flesh, all are made out of some fifty elements; yet, if we were to reduce them still further, we should not get nearer to the mystery of the ultimate analysis of matter. No atomic theory has yet approached it. Chemistry can only declare that, as far as it can see, atoms are undivided; whether they are absolutely indivisible or not, it cannot tell. That belongs to the science of mind, and mental science is at fault. It sees that infinite divisibility is a paradox; yet if matter is essentially extended, there can be no term to its division, since, however minute its particles, they must be still extended, and therefore divisible.”—pp. 13-15.

The idea of space and the views which have, from time to time, been advanced in its explanation are subjected to a similar masterly treatment, with a similar result. It is not unusual to find our theological writers proving themselves to be also able metaphysicians. Not so frequently, however, do we find high attainments in physical science united with extensive theological and metaphysical learning. Yet rarer, still, is the gift, which has fallen to our author, of combining and adorning this double intellectual possession, these twin inheritances of truth, by the aid of most able reasoning and most eloquent exposition.

Having thus shown that reason, not negatively, only, but positively also, helps us to look upon the Blessed Sacrament as possible, we proceed “a step further and say what is comparatively easy: if it be possible, it is.” Again, we have no demonstration of great supernatural facts that are assumed to be well known by those to whom the book is



addressed. But, as, in the previous part, the author aimed at convincing us, that there was nothing in the nature of the material world, nor in the laws which regulate its phenomena, that could be regarded as contradictory to, or even as offering a difficulty to the miracle of the Real Presence, so, in the three chapters which follow, he is intent on bringing home to us the wonderful adaptation of the Blessed Sacrament to the wants of man, its harmony with the relations which unite us to God, both in its own entity, and in the effects which it operates in the communicant. In each case, he is not so solicitous about the fact itself, as about investigating and establishing its place in the scheme of Divine Providence, with reference to the many considerations which it involves, the many provinces of thought which it enters. Then it was its position as regards the vast world of matter and its co-ordination with the physical laws of the universe ; now it is its connection with our psychological needs, the full and complete satisfaction which it brings, as well to those yearnings that spring from natural impulses, and are like gropings in the dark, as to those more burning longings and deeper desires which arise out of that revealed knowledge that religion brings. He traces out this yearning after God, this desire for reconciliation and longing for union with him, from its deep source in our natural constitution, across the fables of old mythology, the rites of heathenism, and the vagaries of mysticism and fanaticism. He explains how God meets this desire in the Sacrament of Penance, forgiving the sinner, investing him with sanctifying grace, and establishing his own in-dwelling in his soul. But this would not be sufficient ; we have not yet reached the consummation. A greater inter-communion between us and the Divinity was established by the fact of the Incarnation, giving rise only to still more earnest desires of closer personal and individual union. These desires find their full satisfaction in the union which Jesus celebrates with us in the Holy Communion. In order to explain, as far as may be, the nature of this union, Father Dalgairns inquires into the condition of our Lord's life in the Blessed Sacrament, and, consequently, of the relations which subsist between us and His Human Nature across those sacramental veils ; and then investigates the effects, which the Holy Communion works in our souls. Many questions, of what would be called a scholastic character, present themselves in this inquiry ;

but their examination is conducted as briefly and simply as possible, and without any demonstration or argumentative discussion. In all, he aims at clearness and instruction, following no mere speculation, but developing every view which may increase our reverence and love for this august mystery, and our gratitude for the miraculous union which thus identifies us with God. Thus two stages, as he says, are completed of his work. He has shown that the Blessed Sacrament is possible; he has demonstrated that it is the vehicle most fitted for uniting man with God, and explained both how the union is effected, and the results which it accomplishes in the soul. We have yet to see the use which man ought to make, and which he has made of the treasure thus provided for him.

These earlier chapters, then, constitute the theoretical part of his work, as our author observes; and the remainder is practical, having in view the rules which should be observed in the administration or reception of the Holy Communion. The History of the Holy Communion must be the groundwork of any prescription in this matter. In the practice of the Church, varying according to the wants and circumstances of each age, we shall find the only reliable standard, the only principles on which we can safely depend for guidance. Here again, as before, the author is eminently practical. He does not pursue any disquisitions on the various rites which have obtained, either as to the mode of administration, or the species under which the sacrament is administered. He does not so much as allude to a subject which cannot concern Western Christians in the nineteenth century. All about it has been long ago settled. It is the greater or less frequency of Communion—a matter which from the nature of the case must always be liable to fluctuation—which can alone have any practical interest for us now; and to this accordingly he addresses himself. Nor does he delay to show us the value of interrogating the discipline of the Church, in order to discover an infallible standard by which we may shape our practice without fear of error. All this he takes for granted himself, and supposes that his readers, too, will take for granted; and he proceeds, at once, to explore the historical records of the Church, from the first century downward, satisfied that he will there meet with the golden thread running through and connecting with one uniform standard all the vicissitudes of practice. The result he thus sums up:

"I believe, after a careful consideration of the facts of the case, we shall come to the conclusion that in measuring the rate of frequency of Communion, spiritual directors in practice have not considered exclusively the amount of sanctity in the faithful, but also the amount of the dangers and temptations in which, from the circumstances of the time, they were placed."— p. 143.

How very valuable would be notices of the intimate life of the primitive Church, did we possess them in any quantity. How much would our curiosity be edified, our sympathy gratified, our lukewarmness and indifference rebuked. Father Dalgairns pictures the return of some martyr from his long sleep of faith telling us of how his companions lived and died, what were their devotions, their method of prayer, if any, their usages about Confession. Who would not, if he could, reproduce the stately Eusebius, and interrogate him concerning the actors in the great Council of Nice, their thoughts, their feelings, their culture, how they governed their dioceses, their habits and daily routine, those thousand things that gave body, and colour, and life to the great drama, of which the written history is but the cartoon? Who would not evoke Cecilia from her sarcophagus by the Tiber, to tell us how high-born Christian maidens passed their days, what were their employments and their relaxations, to make us realize their trials, their difficulties, the deep and prolonged suspense in which the crisis of their fate so often hung? Who would not win back the gentle Agnes, if but for an hour, from her crypt by the Nomentan road, to recount to us the every-day work, the tasks and the pleasures of a Christian household; to explain what unrelaxing care must have watched over, what grave diligence must have cherished, what strong faith and holy joy must have fortified that early Christian girlhood, taking complete possession of their hearts, and penetrating and transforming their whole being, so as to render them indifferent to life even before the first tints of its dawn had deepened into blushes, and make them emulously press forward to grasp the martyr's crown before their time? Who would not long to question the Nazianzene Gregory concerning the secrets of the student-life of young Christians at Athens? to hear from the fearless Leo the story of his interview with Attila? to listen to the accomplished Cyril unravelling the intrigues of his uncle Theophilus and the heresiarchs of Constan-

tinople? Who would not hang on the accents of Athanasius, as he told the marvellous tale of the life led by Antony and the Desert Solitaries? Whose heart would not thrill and blood tingle, could he but hear Cyprian's fervid eloquence, painting the consternation of the Church when the persecution of Decius burst like a lava torrent on her quiet of half a century; placing before us, as in a mirror, the confusion and the fright, the great havoc and the greater fear which almost overpowered every one in that terrible emergency; and grouping together, with the effective simplicity of nature, the wild flight, the secret hiding, the denunciation of the informer, the betrayal, the mock trial, and the martyrdom, the supernatural heroism of some, the recreant cowardice of a few, the trembling anxiety of all, the open confession, the half-measures, the skulking apostasy, the mingled shame and glory of that dread time, the most terrible ordeal through which the Church has yet passed? Even he, for whom the Christian life of the early children of the Gospel possesses no charms, who would covet rather a reproduction of the worldly life, which in common with their Pagan fellow-countrymen and relations they too often led, and who would desire a memoir rather in the style of the Duke de Saint Simon than in that of Marin,—even such a man would gladly accept an hour's converse with the old Abbot Arsenius, once a great luminary of the desert, but, years before, a great courtier of Theodosius, and governor of his sons Arcadius and Honorius. How well he could describe to us all about Thessalonica, and St. Ambrose, about Antioch and St. Flavian. Nay, he had been a leader of fashion and a great lord. What vivid pictures he could paint of the luxurious Byzantine court, what life-like sketches of the scenes which he witnessed, as he moved among the fathers and mothers of those flaunting maids of honour of Eudoxia, against whom Flavian's deacon, Chrysostom, never tired of pouring forth his indignant denunciations.

We can, indeed, descend into those wondrous catacombs, where primitive fervour sheltered and tended the lamp of the sanctuary, when its brightness was forbidden to shine upon upper earth. We may thread their mazes for miles, meeting at every step with memorials of the proscribed Church, that grew and expanded, like the mustard seed, in the isolation of its sepulchral dwelling, while men flattered themselves that they had succeeded in thrusting it

out from among them for ever. There are yet visible, sculptured on the rude walls, painted on the roofs and panels, and embodied in monuments of every kind, the speaking emblems of the faith and hope that cheered those hours of despondency and lit up that funereal gloom. We can yet touch the blood-dyed phials taken from the crypts wherein repose the martyrs' bones. We can yet handle the antique vessels which were used in those subterranean temples for the celebration of the sacred rites. Wherever we turn, we come upon more hallowed spots, nooks and recesses dedicated to the ministrations of the Bishop and his Clergy, where the blood of the worshipper, as he knelt before the altar, was often mingled with the sacrifice. The abiding stain is still there, and will attest for ever the decisive character of the struggle, the ruthless violence and un pitying determination on the one side, the invincible heroism and unflinching resolution on the other. We cannot forget that they were our brothers who there died and triumphed. Who, as he gazes with kindling eye on the place where they fell victors, will not feel his heart glow with pride and thankfulness?—pride, that they bore so well their part in our common cause—thankfulness, that, at so large a cost, they preserved the faith for us their younger brethren, that we, too, in our turn might also transmit it untainted and unimpaired. As we stand in those asylums, which sheltered so many successive generations of Christians, until they had grown in grace and strength, and then sent them out victors to the combat, we might fancy we again saw the hazy lights and the incense-cloud, again saw the anxious crowd ever on the watch for the summons of the foe, again beheld Clement, or Fabius, or Xystus, standing before the altar, holding in his hand the Lamb which was slain, and presenting it—fit type of the hourly experience in which their lives passed away—for the adoration of the multitude bowed down around him. We could easily persuade ourselves that we caught the echoes of some distant hymn, winding through those endless galleries, and swelling up from those dim ages, from which we are parted by the vicissitudes of fifteen centuries.

But we cannot do more. We may bridge over, but we cannot quite cover in this wide gulf. We cannot reproduce that early Christian Church in the details of its minute life, although the outline of its form has been preserved with all the accuracy of a photograph. Great

discoveries have, no doubt, been made, and will continue to be made, through the investigations of antiquarians. In our own day an immense light has been poured upon the subject. But the fact, that these discoveries, however numerous and extensive, have hitherto been all of the same kind, is conclusive against the hope that they will ever be different. They reveal other and more varied evidences of things with which we were already well acquainted, the faith of the first pupils of the Apostles and the character of their practice. But they tell us nought of those thousand nameless incidents, that make up all the speciality and significance of daily life, disclosing its motives, circumstances, and hidden springs, and the description of which transforms a narrative into a painting from a cartoon. We know, indeed, what those early Christians believed, and knowing this belief, we may argue from it to their practice. For they were men like ourselves; and, together with the same weaknesses and temptations, they had the same faith and hope, the same sacrifice and sacraments. We may, too, fairly presume that their fervour far outstripped our tepidity; for not only they lived while the Apostolic preaching was yet resounding in their ears, but they also lived in the midst of incessant and tremendous peril. The sword hung literally over every man's head, and the thread by which it was suspended was often quite hidden from sight. The life of every one had need be in his hands; for the morrow never rose, when one dared promise himself that before night he should not be a child of death. Doubtless, there were among the vast crowd many unworthy of the sacred name they bore; but there was a far larger number, who, mindful of the advice of St. Paul, and using the world as if they used it not, laboured incessantly to make their election sure, glorying in the humiliation of the Cross, rich in all manner of good works, and laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come. But, if we pursue the matter further, we adventure ourselves on mere conjecture. It is simply impossible to create anew that primitive Church where all the elements of thought, aim, and action, which alone make life personal and individual, are wanting to us. We can summon up before our mind the great Orator in the Agora, swaying that multitude so fickle, so positive, so headstrong, so acute in understanding the differences of things, so reckless of consequences. Or, again, we can



picture to ourselves his famous rival on a similar stage, but addressing so very different an auditory, one so haughty, so determined, so ambitious. We can imagine every man out of the crowd standing before us, as if we saw his image in a mirror, his dress, his manner, his avocations and mode of life, his feelings, the motives of his decision. But the early Christian can never be present to us with the same elaboration of circumstance and distinctness of detail. We cannot set before us, with the same singleness of appreciation, the multitude gathered round Pope Leo's pulpit at the midnight mass of the Nativity. We cannot group with the same vividness, nor, which is much more material, with the same consciousness of fidelity, those to whom Clement communicated the last injunctions of Peter, or those, into whose hearts the burning words of Ignatius were transfusing a portion of that divine fire, which he had himself caught from the Apostle of Love. Such a revival, if attempted, would be more or less verisimilar according to the larger and deeper erudition of the writer, and his greater and more imitative power of imagination. But it could never be history, or a copy of history; it would always be an invention.

Is this most remarkable condition of facts suggestive of any moral? and can the Christian publicist and philosopher draw from it any lesson of consolation? any counsel as to his conduct? We shall let our author answer such an inquiry.

"There seems to be a providential reason for this destruction of ancient records. Our Lord would seem to wish to avert the eyes of Christians from dead tradition to living authority. While enough is left to show that the early Christians were Catholics, not enough remains to base our faith solely on the history of the past. More than sufficient remains to prove the identity of the ancient and modern church; yet the attempt to make the Church of the Fathers the only standard of Christian truth, becomes simply absurd, when there are too few Fathers to enable us to construct out of them a complete account of the faith and practice of the first centuries." p. 145.

There is one cardinal doctrine, however, if nothing else, one great fact, which shines forth equally in the pages of the Apologists and across the veil of the *Arcanum*, in the prescriptions of the canons and the unremitting practice of the faithful: and this is the Blessed Eucharist. • Everywhere, and under all circumstances, it appears at



the same time the visible centre and object of all worship, the symbol of hope, and the pledge of protection in the fearful perils with which the faithful were encompassed on every side. "Many a long year passed over before the touching description of the early church, in the Acts of the Apostles, ceased to apply to Christians, that their chief characteristics were their perseverance in prayer and their breaking the Eucharistic bread." When the change did come at last to be accomplished, it brought no diminution of affection and devotion for the Holy Sacrament: the Catacombs are a monument, enduring as the pyramids of Egypt, and constituting an irrefragable proof of the estimation in which it was regarded. The Mass, banished from the upper world, took refuge under ground. Those endless galleries were hewn, with immense labour, out of the volcanic tufa, by men who were resolved to have, at any cost, the privilege of daily assisting at the Adorable Sacrifice: and in those days, the daily communion of the congregation was the universal accompaniment of the daily mass. A still stronger evidence of the frequency of communion among the early Christians is the facility with which laymen, and even women, were entrusted with the custody of the Blessed Sacrament, in order that they might communicate themselves at home, when they could not, for prudential reasons, assemble in the oratory. This was invariably done on the breaking out of a persecution. As soon as the edicts were published, or their projected publication suspected, the Bishop at once distributed the Eucharistic bread to his flock, to take to their homes, and communicate themselves as they pleased. Nothing is better attested than this custom in the *Acta Martyrum* and other monuments of those times. Nay a certain rite seems to have grown up, or been prescribed, for this lay administration of the Holy Communion; it being the practice that women should communicate themselves holding the species in a linen cloth, while men were permitted to do so with their bare hands.

Now, our author argues, doubtless the lives of those primitive Christians, in general were such as would put us to the blush now. But this superior sanctity was not the only reason of their frequent communions; for the danger to which they were exposed, living in the midst of a heathen world, had much to do with it. A close study

of their condition previously to the fourth century will explain this.

"It would be a mistake to imagine that all Christians in those primitive times were saints. We must remember that in the long intervals, when there was no persecution, thousands had flocked into the Church who had never calculated on the honours of martyrdom. Officers in the guards and fine ladies, eunuchs, chamberlains in the imperial palace had been received into the Church..... When the Decian persecution fell like a thunderbolt on the rich Christian gentlemen and ladies of vast, luxurious Alexandria, many Christians of high rank came forward and sacrificed at once to the heathen gods. Previously to that fearful period there was many a breathing time for the Church. There were often trembling hopes of victory for the faith, as various reports came out of the depths of the palace, as to the dispositions of its imperial inmate and his court. Marcia, the mistress of Commodus, was a Christian, and had the greatest influence over him. The Emperor Alexander Severus had an image of Christ in his private chapel. Philip the Arab was said to be a Christian. Many a man and woman must have joined the Christian Church, as converts come to us, expecting to lead an easy life, to enjoy the sacraments, and to go to heaven with tranquillity and honour.

"It could not be otherwise: the net of the Church gathered together fish of every sort. From dissolute Corinth and the learned schools of Athens and Marseilles, they flocked into the Church. Christianity had penetrated into the waggon of the wandering Tartar and the hut of the wild Numidian. The obstinacy of the Buddhist, the fanaticism of the Persian fire-worshipper, the superstition engrained in the hot blood of the proverbially-passionate African, and the subtlety of the Alexandrian, were all to be subdued under the yoke of Christ. We should expect that amongst all these, many would, during a time of long peace, be exposed to fearful temptations. We must remember that they were living in the world, and that a world of heathenism. Christian and pagan were thrown together in the utmost confusion. Christian matrons had heathen husbands; Christian maidens had pagan fathers and brothers. The same complicated questions which trouble Catholics, and especially converts, now, might perplex Christians in the world then. Questions would arise respecting mixed marriages, and the ordinary intercourse of social life would be fertile in cases of conscience, when a Christian at a dinner party might be offered meats sacrificed to idols, or be present at libations to heathen gods, or be called upon to wear crowns of flowers in honour of Bacchus or Venus. They might be driven into unbelieving society, they might go to the theatres and to heathen places of amusements, of the horrors of which not the worst opera in Europe can give the slightest idea. Nay we know they did so. What is more, we also

know that some Christians who frequented the Sacraments were allured into the pagan theatres."—pp. 149-151.

From all this the author concludes that the frequency of communion in the early Church was not entirely because all Christians were saints. It is important to remember that the practice of permitting the faithful to retain the Blessed Sacrament in their houses, and privately communicate themselves, long outlived the times of persecution. The daily communion, however, was becoming rare, although we find that the faithful in such large cities as Alexandria and Cæsarea, communicated three or four times a week. Meanwhile, within the Church arose most faithful exponents of her deepest feelings and highest aspirations. While separated by their manner of life and avocations from the great mass of her children, there was silently growing up a class of men, so numerous and so peculiar, that they might be called another world; and they have exercised a more enduring influence on the fortunes of our race, than any similar body. We refer to "that multitudinous host which is known under the very vague name of the Fathers of the Desert." Much exaggeration and misconception have prevailed about their mode of life, and especially on the subject of their communions. Our author gives a brief but most graphic sketch of the early commencements and subsequent developments and varieties of this monastic institute under its successive forms of anchorets, cœnobites, and hermits, having mainly in view the scope of this work. He shows that, even when living scattered over the face of the wilderness, the solitaries took care to have a Church whither all could repair to visit at the Divine Sacrifice, and that they used to assemble invariably in this Church, on the Saturdays and Sundays, to be present at Mass and receive the Holy Communion. He incidentally deals with those circumstances on which stress has been laid by those who have persuaded themselves that the ancient solitaries seldom approached the holy altar; and he shows, that either they have been subjected to extreme misrepresentation, or that they do not sustain any such hypothesis. The only instances of solitary life, in which we might really be led to infer a difficulty about the reception of the Holy Eucharist, are those of the "pillar-saints." Yet we have not, in the case of any monks, clearer evidence of their receiving

the Holy Communion. The conclusion at which our author arrives after this review of ancient monasticism is, that no fact in history is better proved than that the Fathers of the Desert did communicate, and also that they communicated in general once or at most twice a week, at a time when the faithful in the world received the Holy Communion three or four times a week, or even every day. And this conclusion notably helps out the thesis laid down at the commencement of this investigation, namely that the practice of the Church has been to regulate "the frequency of communion not exclusively by the amount of sanctity in the faithful, but also by the amount of the dangers and temptations in which, from the circumstances of the time, they are placed." Were we to give a specimen of our author's narrative, we should quote it all. It is, indeed, difficult to select where all is equally beautiful, interesting, and vivid. We cannot, however, resist the temptation to cite the following sketch of the famous "pillar-saint," St. Simeon; the subject is one, with which most of our readers are less likely to be acquainted.

"One would have expected to find marks of fanaticism about St. Simeon Stylites. Yet no one has less about him of the arrogance and obstinacy of delusion. He comes down from his pillar at a word of advice from the neighbouring monks. He casts away the chain that bound him at the suggestion of a visitor. Above all, the good which he effected marks him out as an apostle. There is something wonderful in the apparition of this man with beautiful face and bright hair raised up on high, night and day adoring God. He stands in the same relation to the saints of the solitary desert, that the Dominicans do to the cloistered Benedictines or Camaldolese. Not in the desert, but in the vicinity of vast, wicked Antioch,\* he stands on his pillar and he preaches. Once he grew weary of the streams of people who were continually flocking from all parts of the world, even from distant Britain, to hear him; he bade the monks shut up the enclosure round his column, because he wished to be alone with God. At night a troop of angels came and threatened him for quitting the post assigned to him by God. He began again at once his weary work. For thirty-seven years his sleepless eyes looked down with pity and compassion on the crowds who came to consult him. Cheerfully, and with temper unruffled by the burning heat, or the pitiless pelting of the moun-

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\* His mountain was forty-five miles from Antioch, but easily accessible.

tain storms, he listened to all and consoled them. From three o'clock in the afternoon till set of sun he preached from that strange pulpit to the most motley congregation ever assembled to hear the word of God. Wild Bedouin Arabs, mountaineers from the highlands of Armenia, and from the cedars of Lebanon, banditti from the Isaurian hills, blacks from Ethiopia, were mingled there with perfumed counts of the East, and prefects of Antioch, with Romanised Gauls and Spaniards. The Emperor Marcian was among his audience. Even the objects of St. Chrysostom's indignant eloquence, the ladies of Antioch, who never deigned to set their embroidered slippers on the pavement of the city, quitted the bazaar and their gilded palanquins to toil up the mountain, to catch a glimpse of the saint outside the enclosure, within which no woman entered. Wicked women looked from a distance on that strange figure, high in air, with hands lifted up to heaven and body bowing down with fear of God; and they burst into an agony of tears, and then and there renounced their sins for ever. Thousands of heathens were converted by his preaching; and an Arab chief, himself a pagan, ascribed it to him that under their tents there were Christian bishops and priests. The savage persecution of the Christians in Persia was stopped by respect for his name. Many a wrong did he redress, for tyrants trembled at his threats; many a sorrow did he soothe. A wonderful sight was that long painful life of suffering and supernatural prayer, in the midst of that vast, corrupt, and effeminate East. The last hour of the old world had struck. Rome was twice sacked in his day. The old saints of the Eastern Church were passing away; St. Gregory Nazianzen died the year after he was born, St. John Chrysostom fifteen years before he mounted his place of penance. He had seen Nestorius filling the chair of Constantinople, and though he witnessed the victories of the faith at Ephesus and Chalcedon, and assisted its triumph by his influence with successive Emperors, yet the violence of the Latrocinium was a prelude of the coming time when the great patriarchal throne was soon to be stained with murder and usurpation. Heresy was eating like a canker into the noble churches of Asia, and turning the monks into what they soon became, ignorant fanatics. From the height of his column St. Simeon could see the glory fading from the degenerate east, and God set him up on high in that strange guise to be its last chance of repentance."—pp. 163-4.

Having established that, so far as can be made out from the monuments and notices which remain to us, in the fourth century, and the beginning of the fifth, "good Christians in the world, who were most exposed to danger and temptation, communicated oftener than those who were more holy than they," or at least lived in a holier

state, and were far less exposed to contamination; our author proceeds to relate the further history of communion. We cannot follow the brief but graphic narrative in which the decline in the frequency of communion is described. It reached its minimum in the thirteenth century; and after a struggle between fervour and coldness that was protracted with various fortune across two stormy centuries, frequent communion again resumed the ascendant, which, with more or less fluctuation, chiefly local, it has since retained. The reasons which are sufficient to account for these vicissitudes are very clearly explained. They are shown to correspond so exactly with certain variations in the condition, the appreciation, or other circumstances of the faithful in each age, as to justify us in concluding that the ebb and flow of devotional practice in this particular were no whimsical and chance occurrences, but were in obedience to a principle. Doubtless it is not every practice of Christians which is to be regarded as stamped with the approbation of the Church, because either unwillingly tolerated, or compounded for in her inability to control the stubbornness of a period. But in this case, the weight of actual and direct authority was, in the middle age, for less frequent communion, just as clearly as in the first centuries, and in later times, it was all the other way. The motives of this variety our author finds in the varied conditions of the different periods. "They had," he says, speaking of the crusaders, "fewer impediments on the way to heaven; even the world was less poisonous and sins less malicious. There was less danger and fewer sacraments." This view is remarkably confirmed by the fact of the wonderful prosperity of the Church in all other particulars. It was the time of the institution of the mendicant orders and of several great reforms among the monastic congregations. It was the period of cathedrals, and monasteries, and colleges, and universities. They were the days when the authority of the Church was universally obeyed, the days of deep devotion and strong faith, the era of the Crusades. When then we find infrequent communion side by side with all this active display of sincere religion, it is hard to resist the conclusion that this is to be attributed—not to any decay of religious feeling, nor to an absence of practical appreciation of the Blessed Sacrament, neither of which certainly existed in the days of SS. Bernard, Thomas,



and Bonaventure, in the age which instituted the solemnity of Corpus Christi—but to a very different reason which did actually exist, and was in full vigour during all that period, and which at once reduces the infrequency of communion in the middle age into harmony with the frequency which obtained both in earlier and later times. At all events “whether this theory is right or not, such is the fact.” If the coincidence be not that of cause and effect, it is at any rate most remarkable. We shall quote our author’s summing up, for its practical aim.

“I think it has been proved that the frequency of communion is regulated, partly at least, by the class of dangers to which the faithful are exposed. If this is the case then, let us avoid, in this matter at least, imitating the middle ages. I say nothing about medieval art, which I entirely put out of the question, for I am not writing a treatise on æsthetics. But if there be one age of the Church more than another, the virtues and the vices, the wants and dangers of which are utterly unlike our own, it is the medieval time. For some time past a notion has got abroad that the middle ages are the model period of the Church of Christ. I do not think this true, and if untrue it is mischievous and unreal. The times in which we live are so utterly unlike the age of St. Bernard and St. Thomas that we can only imitate its externals: and the result can only be a sham. Our work is to deal with children of the nineteenth century; they are flocking into the Church every day, and we have got to make good Catholics of them, to mould good children of the Church out of the cool, contemptuous Englishman, with habits of rampant, independent judgment, and universal criticism. It is in vain to educate them, unless you make them devout. The problem is, how to make them good, humble Christians. Our restless intellects, however, and habits of subtle introspection, our turbid, agitated hearts and undisciplined feelings, can only be quieted by stronger spells than were sufficient for our ancestors. A revival is now taking place, full of consolation, yet full of anxiety. To guide it, I believe the method of the primitive Church more effectual than that of the middle ages. It may seem a paradox to say so, but the age in which we live is far more like the first ages of Christianity than like the Church of St. Gregory VII. Surely the tone of society in which we are resembles that of the Romans of the time of Commodus rather than that of the Crusaders. True, there is no persecution. I am far from forgetting that; but for that very reason the world is a hundredfold more dangerous. What will save us from it? Nothing but love, and where shall we find love except in frequent communion?”—pp. 184-85.

But the Church is a very mixed community. Within



her fold are many, who, unfortunately are not always conspicuous for holiness of life. Have they, can they have, anything to say to the Blessed Sacrament? Unquestionably. For the sanctification of the sinner, for the destruction of sin, was it also instituted, and "the most delicate and difficult part of its administration has to do with its application as a remedy for the many disorders of our fallen nature." There is danger of being too rigorous, and danger of being too lax; and the chief "difficulty lies in the fact that the right conduct is not an accurate mean between two extremes." The same priest has to be severe and tender with the same penitents, sometimes even, in almost the same circumstances. This relation of the Holy Eucharist to sinners gives occasion to an excellent chapter on severity and rigorism, in which the differences between the two are illustrated by a series of examples that must make them far more real and intelligible, especially to the non-professional reader, than the fullest technical description could possibly do. Moreover, the additional advantage is thus obtained of guiding present practice by the light of past experience, and of laying down precepts for immediate and daily application while apparently engaged only in describing the errors of an age long gone by. It may however appear to our non-professional readers, that the whole of this discussion is out of place. Severity or rigorism, they may argue, has to do with sinners, but sinners cannot approach the Holy Table. "Let a man prove himself; and so let him eat of that bread." The sacrament of penance intervenes between the sinner and the Eucharist. There, upon that judgment-seat, severity or rigorism may have place: but with the administration of the Bread of Life neither can have anything to say. To such reasoning we can only reply by commending the perusal of this chapter. Thence it will be plain that the administration of the Blessed Eucharist does not depend solely on the rules which determine the administration of Penance, that it must be often denied where the latter will be conceded, that it too has rules and a severity all its own.

Our author's first reflections are on the difficult position of the early Church arising out of this very fact, that men who may be sufficiently prepared to be admitted to a sacrament of forgiveness, may not, however, possess all the

dispositions that must be present before they can be admitted to the familiar reception of the Holy of Holies.

"It is a wonderful sight to see the Church struggling with the old heathen world. Christians are bad enough, but eighteen hundred years of Christianity have at least fixed firmly in the public conscience certain principles which not even sin can wash out. There is one God; there are eternal principles of right and wrong; every man has a soul to be saved or lost. You know how to deal with men who have a conscience. But when that very conscience has got to be resuscitated, is it not like creating a soul under the ribs of death? It is a spectacle worth seeing, the sacraments at work upon such materials as that, the crucifix making its way into that great heathen Rome, where Nero was Emperor, with Poppea by his side. Humanly speaking, it was not easy to make nominal Christians of them, but it was hard indeed really to Christianize the lazy loungers who daily occupied the marble seats in the baths of Diocletian or of Caracalla, who frequented the theatres where obscenity had ceased to be infamous, and haunted the Suburra, or revelled in the blood of the dying gladiator. While the little flock met in the hired house of St. Paul, there was little need of casuistry, but when long afterwards the majority of twelve hundred thousand souls crowded into the twelve miles of wall which surrounded Rome had become Christians, then, indeed the Church had need of all her wisdom in the administration of the sacraments. Was she to be as prodigal of the holy Communion to the relaxed sinner as to him who had kept his baptismal robe? Everything proves to us that tares soon began to grow among the wheat. The presence of heresy is a clear proof of this; if no miraculous interposition of Providence preserved the Church from the presence of heresy, if the rampant intellect of man was allowed to exercise itself on the dogma of Christianity, it is not likely that Christianity should have vanquished without struggle the moral part of man. Besides, of the heresies which, by the time of St. Irenæus and of Hippolytus, had sprung up in the Church, many were accompanied by foul and dreadful sins. The wild Cainites, who worshipped the principle of evil, were baptized Christians; among the fifty sects of Gnostics many disgraced the Christian name by their vices; and while on the distant shores of the Black Sea Marcion was infamous at once by his dissoluteness and his error, the civilization of France did not preserve the Gallic Church from such dealers in the black art as the licentious Mark, at once a wizard and a heretic. With all this wickedness around her, it is not wonderful that the Church was severe. All that I maintain is that even when most severe, she was never rigid."—pp. 190-91.

Now, how did the Church bear herself in presence of those difficulties? Did she endeavour to win sinners over

to perseverance in holiness by unwavering gentleness? or did she determine to coerce them into obedience by uniform severity? Here, again, we are almost as much at a loss to account for the established discipline and settled practice, as we found ourselves a little while ago. There is, as our author observes, an immense amount of vague and erroneous impression afloat, even among historical students, about the early Church, and especially about her penal discipline. The times nearest to the apostolic age are assumed to have been the purest, and therefore the most severe. Canons of local councils, phrases of Fathers, some temporary provisions enacted to meet a passing emergency, are all shaken together into a kaleidoscopic group, which we have worked ourselves into the habit of regarding as a picture of the primitive Church, the representative equally of any time or of any place. Hence we have imbibed the prejudice, which extensive reading and careful observation only can counteract, that one uniform severity characterized all relations towards sinners, deepening in intensity as the Church expanded, collapsing rather than relaxing in the final catastrophe of Imperial power. According to this popular view, if we may so term it, of the ancient penitential legislation, whole classes of men were perpetually excluded from the participation of the holy table. A still greater multitude were only admitted to it after a long and rigorous trial and most painful expiation. Frequent communion was a privilege reserved only for a chosen few, eminent for stainless sanctity and austerity. Such a theory is what generally secures the adhesion of the young student of Christian antiquity. But it is irreconcilable with the principles and circumstances which, as we have already seen, guided the Church, in those primitive times, in the distribution of the Body of the Lord. Our author shows, moreover, that it is not founded on authenticated facts, but, on the contrary, is at variance with them. The Church began with lenity; two centuries elapsed before she essayed severity as a means of reclaiming her strayed children. A better instance of the spirit which at first governed her in her punishments cannot be found than that which is furnished by the case of the incestuous Corinthian. "In the spring of A.D. 57 the excommunication was pronounced; before the autumn leaves had fallen at Corinth, the sinner was absolved." It was not till multi-

tudes had come into her pale, and the long peace of half a century, between Severus and Decius, had brought its inevitable taint, that the Church, as though astonished at the growing corruption, aroused herself to strangle sin by severity. "Then first the holy Communion began to be deferred till long after absolution, while in earlier times the absolved penitent went straight to the altar to receive the Blessed Sacrament." The author pursues the subject at some length, putting it most clearly before the reader, and always assisting his appreciation by apposite example or quotation. He shows that severe discipline was, in the first place, local, at least in so far that it varied amazingly according to the region; and, in the next place, that it fluctuated with the progress of years and vicissitudes of circumstances. Much of our error on the subject arises from our overlooking these differences of times and places. Again, all through those difficult centuries, in the calm of peace and amidst the crash and excitement of persecution, the Roman Church never wavered in its consistent advocacy of gentleness towards sinners.

"But little is known about those 'silent Popes of the early Church. They make no speeches; they write no books; some say they did not even preach; but they knew how to make decrees, to govern Christendom, and to die. While others argued, they saw; while an eloquent Cyprian holds wooden views about the sacraments, an obscure Pope Stephen knows better the mind of Christ; he condemns his great antagonist, then goes down into the catacombs, and is tracked there by the soldiers as he is going to say Mass, and is martyred. They were kings of men, those early Popes, over the dates and the very names of whom critics fight. All honour be to them as they lie in some unknown corner of those under-ground galleries, because they not only fought the Cæsars, but fearlessly governed Christendom, and, above all, exorcised from Christianity the spirit of rigorism."—p. 197.

They held their own, those fine old Popes, despite the sneers and calumnies of Tertullian in Africa, and the contemptuous arrogance of the presbyter Hippolytus within their own Church. The persecutions which constantly prevailed during the latter part of the third century, and the general confusion arising out of Arianism in the fourth, impeded their efforts to moderate the growing tendency to severity. But from the accession of Innocent I. A.D. 401, they resumed their authoritative interference to mitigate the prevailing discipline. Leo the Great virtually abro-

gated the ancient legislation when he declared that secret confession to a priest was all that was necessary for absolution, and that the penitential canons were matters not of precept but only of counsel. The wisdom of this course was apparent, when it was found impossible any longer to maintain the severe system in the East, and when the breaking up of the Empire rendered it equally impossible to insist upon its maintenance in the West. It began about the middle of the third century, and lasted in Africa and the East to the beginning of the fifth. In Spain and Southern Gaul, where, however, it had never been so rigid, its existence was prolonged, perhaps partly owing to the fact that the Visigoth rule was not the overthrow of the previous system so much as its continuance in a modified form. Its break-up in the East is thus graphically described by our author.

"By St. Basil's times (A.D. 360) the Church attained the maximum of severity. But it was a forlorn and desperate experiment, which did not last long. Sin only increased under the pressure of the canons. The overwhelming tide of wickedness still rolled on, and rose higher and higher till it became a very deluge. By the time that half the two hundred thousand inhabitants of Antioch were Christians, the public penances were few and far between. The tone of St. Chrysostom's homilies is utterly inconsistent with the view which imagination has conjured up of the multitude of penitents beating their breasts at the door of the Church. There is little said of public penance to those numerous Christians whom his indignant eloquence pictures as feasting their prurient curiosity on the foul spectacles of the theatre. They are even exhorted to receive the Holy Communion in sermons which might be preached in a Lent retreat at Notre Dame or St. Roch to the fine ladies of modern Paris. By the time that he arrived at his patriarchal throne (A.D. 398), the ancient discipline had disappeared. It could only have been enforced on a willing people, and the lords of the Hippodrome at Constantinople, or the maids of honour of Eudoxia, could not, with any probability of success, have been exhorted to public penance. The saint's own character was utterly averse to rigour. He was firm as a rock against an impious court, but his kind heart could not stand a sinner's tears. The very office of public penitentiary had been abolished, as we know, under Nectarius, St. Chrysostom's predecessor. From that time the discipline had completely changed. Public penance for secret sins no longer existed. As for the African Church, the other rigid church of antiquity, it perished with St. Augustine. The barbarian trumpets were sounding around the walls when the old saint was dying, and

Genseric and his Vandals put an end to its discipline and almost to its existence."—pp.193-4.

"We can tell what would be the reception which a young man who had committed great sins would meet with from his confessor in the fourth and fifth centuries. He would not be forced to do public penance. The length of his private penance would depend a great deal on the character of the priest to whom he applied. If he made his confession to St. Basil, a considerable time would probably elapse before he received the Holy Communion. If a young Milanese threw himself at the feet of St. Ambrose, the saint would have shed floods of tears, as though he himself were the sinner, and would have so moved him to compunction, that he would soon have been fit to be absolved. If he had gone to St. Chrysostom, he would have said, 'My child, do penance for your sins; come to me in a few days and you shall be absolved, and receive your Lord.' But whether he was in Cæsarea, or Constantinople, his confessor would not judge him by rigid rules, but would absolve him sooner or later, according to the measure of his contrition."—p. 215.

Once again the experiment was tried; but it was under very different auspices. What the church had given up as impracticable when she had to deal with the courtiers of Eudoxia, the Jansenists affected to enforce on those of Louis XIV. How hollow this sham was, and at the same time how illogical and inconsistent in its practice our readers will learn from Father Dalgairns. We cannot attempt to epitomize what is itself almost too brief, and we should quote several pages if we sought to do justice to the forcible contrast which he portrays between the hypocritical rigorism of the Jansenists and their laxity, on the one hand—admitting to the Holy Table persons whom the gentle St. Alphonsus would have sent from his confessional unabsolved—and the merciful theology of the Church, on the other.

We have now done with both theory and history; what remains is to gather the fruit of previous research by applying practically the principles which have been gained. This our author does in the remaining portion of his work, "not solicitous about order or method, and only treating in an unscientific way a few prominent questions with respect to Holy Communion." Withal he so acquits himself of his task, that directors will find herein a most lucid arrangement of all that bears on their duties and difficulties in this matter, and a fund of fertile counsels and maxims which will prove of continuous application;



while the general faithful will meet with a hand-book of useful advice, of most practical and individual tendency, and at the same time presented in a most attractive garb. We have lingered so long over the historical portion of the work, seduced by its novelty and rare union of fidelity and beauty, that we have exceeded our allotted space. We must accordingly content ourselves with a brief outline of the character of these five chapters.

He begins by observing that "Frequent Communion is a relative term, the meaning of which depends upon the custom of the age. In the middle ages once a month, in the time of St. Francis of Sales once a week would be considered frequent. In our time, according to the general estimation, a Christian who communicated once a week would not be considered a frequent communicant." Thence he passes to inquire whether habitual imperfections are an obstacle to frequent Communion? or, in other words, is a person who is really imperfect to be prevented from communicating more than once a week? To make matters clearer, he supposes the case of "one of a class often considered to be ordinarily incapable of frequent communion, a married lady, a wife, a mother:" and he certainly does put the circumstances of such a person with an individual distinctness which many a director will feel to be almost a portrait. He disposes of this case most satisfactorily, giving abundant principles and reasons for an affirmative reply, and showing that this solution is the doctrine of the best authorities. Incidentally he criticizes the English tendency to gloominess and severity in religion, which renders it much safer to preach unmitigated confidence among us, and to act up to this preaching, than elsewhere, because religious presumption is not an English fault. Not to insist on frequent Communion, weekly Communion might be far more general than it is among the professional and industrial classes. "Are then, it will be said, in this working-day world of England, merchants, lawyers, tradesmen, labourers, to communicate once a week? I answer, why not, if they choose to prepare for it? There are exceedingly few who could not prepare, if they chose. Many a poor girl in London, whether dress-maker in Regent-street, or costermonger in Covent-garden, has been kept from ruin by weekly Communion." It is no light conjecture which will attribute the maintenance of the stainless purity that forms the brightest ornament of the female



population in Ireland, to a similar source. These principles are further developed in the two following chapters, one of which investigates the limit to be prescribed to Communion, and the other examines the treatment of sinners in this respect. With reference to the former point, it is clearly shown that the bare preserving one's self in the state of grace cannot be regarded as constituting a sufficient disposition, much less as establishing a right to be admitted to frequent Communion. On the other hand, the opinion which would require simple perfection or the absence of all venial sin as an indispensable condition preliminary to more frequent Communion than once a week is equally untenable. The simple rule which is a safe guide in all cases, even with regard to habitual sinners just converted, or to those whom proneness to sin drags down by perpetual relapses, is the good of the penitent. Many a soul is forwarded notably on its narrow path, many a sinner preserved from plunging deep down into unfathomable abysses of guilt by the unutterable power of one Communion. Who shall be parsimonious of so rare a specific? of so efficacious a means of grace? No one will read these chapters and the last one in which the life of the frequent Communicant is described, without feeling a divided admiration for the wide range of reading, the large heart, the accurate and minute experience, and the deep knowledge of human nature which are all equally conspicuous.

But of these practical chapters the one which, to our mind, is most deserving of attention, and will be most likely to receive it, is that on the Communion of the worldly. It is not that it contains anything new. Its doctrine is as old as Christianity at least. It is coeval with that Apostle of charity, who has bequeathed to us, as an ever-enduring principle, that "*all that is in the world is the concupiscence of the flesh, and the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life, which is not of the Father.*"\* And with that other apostle, who tells us so emphatically that "*the friendship of this world is the enemy of God: whosoever therefore will be a friend of this world, becometh an enemy of God.*"† But the application of this gospel and apostolic teaching to the circumstances and inci-

\* I. John ii. 16.

† St. James iv. 3.

dents of our modern social life is novel, at least in its manner, and eminently so in its direct practical bearing, and in the way in which it comes home to our experience and our feeling. Even an unwilling reader must do homage to the deep insight into the human heart testified by every page, to the graphic description of the main features of a worldly life, the unflinching determination with which our author lays bare the genuine sinfulness of this vice of worldliness and the decided tone in which he expresses himself about the way of dealing with it. He puts the questions at issue in the plainest and most unequivocal form.

"Can we exempt Parisian society from being 'the world?' I think not; and if not, on what principle can those who are of it be frequent communicants? Is a course of balls, operas, and all that is involved in a life in the world, compatible with communicating twice or three times a week? Is such frequent Communion to be allowed to a lady who lives in such a round of gaiety? Is the nocturnal ball a fit preparation for the morning's Communion? Let us plainly ask whether the gaieties of a London season are compatible with frequent Communion."

The subject is so well illustrated, with such varied and minute detail, and involving so many phases of daily domestic life, that almost every conceivable case will be found to be embraced within the application of its principles. In many instances, unfortunately, the descriptions will come upon us with the startling fidelity of individual portraits, wakening up the same anxious solicitude, and suggesting the same grave and irksome questions, that it has been our lot to experience with regard to the personal cases of which they seem to be but the reflections. Take, for example, the following passage: }

"The world affects liberality. A worldly man suffers his wife and daughters to think what they please about Transubstantiation, to bow in prayer before a crucifix, and to crown our Lady's image with flowers. But what he will not tolerate is the assumption of jurisdiction by the Church. While, therefore, he can bear the doctrines of the Church, he is frantic at her censures. The world is up in arms when a bishop carries out the laws of the Church with respect to marriage, or refuses to sing a *Te Deum* over its sacrilege. It insists on the dominions of the Holy See being looked upon as a mere temporal kingdom, and sneers at the notion that any part of the earth can be holy ground. It is maddened out of its scornful propriety at what it calls the interference of priests with families.

It acknowledges no ecclesiastical legislation on the subject of matrimony, and is positively enraged at a vocation."—pp. 297 98.

There are few of us who do not reckon among our acquaintance some men of this stamp, and fewer still, alas! who cannot recognize more than one original of the following sketch.

"Supposing a creature appreciates the world more than God, according to the doctrine of St. Thomas, he has already lost the grace of God, though no other act of sin has occurred, and though he may perhaps be culpably unaware of his state.

"Alas! is such a supposition so very wild? How many a virgin soul has Paris corrupted down to the very heart's core? In that Monad world there are beings who but lately were school-girls in convents, and who are Enfants de Marie still. What has come to them that they look like daughters of Circe rather than children of the pure and holy Virgin? They have done nothing which could dishonour them: but here again let us not deceive ourselves. It is a part of the illusions of the present day to feel secure as long as there has been no great evil of the kind of which the soul feels most horror even in thought. But there are other commandments beside the sixth. There are six other deadly sins, each a source of sin which may be mortal. What is worse in the eyes of God than pride? When the love of admiration and of worship rises to such a point as to make the soul reckless of giving scandal, careless of inflicting pain; when a little absurd being uses her powers of body and mind in order to be set up on high as an idol, to be worshipped and adored as a goddess, who will deny that here is vanity to a degree which is monstrous! Add to this a portentous love of ease, cruelty to inferiors, envy, jealousy, and a love of dress, rising to the dignity of a passion; here are sources of sin enough, each sufficing to shut out God. Alas! for poor human nature, that such follies should stand in the place of God; yet such is the experience of every day. When once the soul is entangled in the giddy vortex of the world, it clings with a tenacity to it which is perfectly marvellous, and the result is a character utterly spoiled, and a heart thoroughly corrupt."—p. 296.

This is very strong writing; but it is also very practical and very true. It is as faithful an instance of the general character of the book as any which could be found within its pages; marking it out as a work that even a St. Francis of Sales might take to his confessional with profit, while neither the fine lady nor the man of the world, could lay it aside because it was either dull or uninteresting.

But we must now pause; we have altogether outrun the limits prescribed to us. We cannot add anything to

what we have already said of the merits of the work. Any one who has perused it will know that our estimate falls far short of the reality. Those who have the privilege of being acquainted with the gifted author, or who have watched his career, alike generous and useful, and followed the steps by which he has gradually arrived at his present eminence, will feel no surprise at his successful accomplishment of his difficult task. It will be to them only the legitimate although gratifying complement of their fair anticipations. But there are many, probably, among our readers who have none of these advantages; and who only know Father Dalgairns as a preacher and director of great repute, and occupying the first rank in our religious literature. They may desire to know something more about him than this, something of the means which have led to this end, of the early toil and training which were, at the same time, the groundwork and the promise of such results. We do not think we can close this article more suitably than by corresponding to this desire with a brief notice of the earlier portions of our author's distinguished career.

John Dobree Dalgairns\* is a native of the island of Guernsey, the son of a Scottish gentleman, an old Peninsular officer, long settled there; his mother belonged to one of the old Norman families of that island. He received his early education at Elizabeth College, Guernsey, from whence he proceeded to Exeter College, Oxford, where he obtained a scholarship, and took his degree, with high classical honours, at Michaelmas, 1839. He may be said to have been a prominent person in the party styled Puseyite, while yet an undergraduate, being even then remarkable for the asceticism of his life, and having become intimate with Mr. Newman and many others, of the same school, much older than himself. A year or two after taking his degree, he attracted much attention by a letter in the *Univers* on the position of Anglicans and their hopes of a re-union with the Catholic world. This letter was anonymous, but the authorship was almost immediately guessed at. This early identification with the advanced party, "Anglo-Catholic" at first, but from

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\* At his conversion Father Dalgairns took the Christian names of John Bernard.

about 1841, (the date of *Tract No. 90*), fast approximating Rome-wards, naturally hindered his establishment as fellow of any College, of which otherwise his attainments would have rendered him pretty sure. He was one of the earliest of the society which surrounded Mr. Newman at Littlemore, a sort of monastic retreat with the name of which the public was very familiar in those years. Littlemore is a village near Oxford, a dependency on the parish of St. Mary's, of which Mr. Newman was then vicar. Here the future Father-Superior established himself with about half-a-dozen companions, and led a life, the austerities of which were remarkable. The house was a long, low building, the greater part of it divided into cells opening on a cloister, with brick floors and the scantiest furniture. They daily attended the Anglican service in the little Gothic Church hard by, designed by Mr. Newman himself, where the prayers were chaunted in the severest Gregorian tones. But besides this they daily recited the divine office in the little chapel of the monastery. The rigour of their fasting has caused permanent injury to the health of many of these excellent men, who, however, by their simplicity and zeal were preparing themselves to receive, most of them, the grace of conversion and perseverance in the Catholic Church. It is needless to say that their studies lay chiefly in the writings of the Holy Fathers and in the study of ascetical and dogmatic theology. An institution, in some measure resembling this at Littlemore, had been attempted two centuries before, by Nicholas Ferrar, at Little Gidding; but Ferrar seems to have had no leanings to Catholicism. During this part of his life Mr. Dalgairns wrote some remarkable articles in the *British Critic*, a Review of Rio's *La Petite Chouannerie*, one on the history of La Mère Angélique (the Jansenist) and a third on the poetry of Dante. He also translated a volume of the *Aurea Catena* of St. Thomas (that on St. Mark). But he became much more conspicuous by some biographies in the series of *Lives of the British Saints*, edited by Mr. Newman. Of these Mr. Dalgairns wrote a very considerable portion, including St. Stephen Harding, St. Aelred, St. Helier, St. Bartholomew, St. Gilbert, St. Richard of Chichester, St. Waltheof, and St. Robert of Newminster, with some parts in the life of St. Bettelin. Probably a more vivid and interesting account of mediæval monastic life has seldom been presented than is to be

found in the first-named biography, which, in that point of view, even Milman has quoted with praise.

On Michaelmas day 1845, Mr. Dalgairns was received into the Church, by Father Dominic, at the Passionist Convent, Aston Hall. This was shortly before the conversion of Dr. Newman, which took place on October 9, the same year. Not very long afterwards, Mr. Dalgairns proceeded to France where he resided during 1846, and was ordained priest. The following year, 1847, he spent in Rome, whither Dr. Newman and others of his former companions had already proceeded; and they there studied the Oratorian Institute. Towards the close of the year they were canonically erected into a Congregation, with Father Newman as its Superior; and next year the English Oratorians were settled at Birmingham, and in 1849 in London. From this period Father Dalgairns' career is well known. He was for some time one of the principal members of the Birmingham Oratory, but afterwards passed from that house to the one in London, first in King William-street and afterwards at Brompton, where he has long been known as a distinguished preacher and director. The only works that he has published, as a Catholic, are a valuable treatise on "Devotion to the Sacred Heart," a very interesting and elaborate essay on "German Mysticism," which first appeared in these pages, and has since been published separately, and the work which we have placed at the head of this article. We may observe, that his familiarity with French has given him great command of French theology in particular. Many years ago he studied profoundly St. Thomas, and the other principal Scholastics, and is an excellent metaphysician. At that time he was, perhaps, most at home in medieval Church history; but, latterly, as our readers may have inferred even from our meagre quotations, he has gone deeply into the characteristics of modern schools, devoting much attention to the light thrown on these subjects by physical researches. One fault only can be justly imputed to him, viz: that he allows his humility to interfere too much between him and his needy fellow-men, and that he is not as liberal, as we could desire, in sharing with others the large gifts of Wisdom and Knowledge, with which the Holy Spirit has so plenteously enriched him. Let us hope, that, as years advance, this fault will diminish, and that what is now almost a hidden light will grow stronger and



shine more brilliantly for the edification of his fellow-men, and the satisfaction of those claims which the Church has, not on the labour only or the zeal, but on every talent which Providence has entrusted to the guardianship of so distinguished a son.

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ART. V.—1. *Catalogue Raisonné de MSS. Ethiopiens appartenant à Antoine d'Abbadie.* 4to. Paris, à l'imprimerie Imperiale. 1859.

2. *Hermæ Pastor. Æthiopice primum edidit, et Æthiopica Latine vertit Antonius d'Abbadie.* (In the "Abhandlungen für die Kunde des Morgenlandes, herausgegeben von der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft.") Leipsig. Brockhaus, 1860.

3. *Dr. J. A. Möhler's Patrologie; oder Christliche Literär-geschichte,* Herausgegeben von Dr. F. X. Reithmayr. Regensburg, 1840.

4. *Göttingische gelehrte Anzeigen unter den Aussicht der Königl. Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften.* Nos. 190-191, 192, Dec. 1-3. 1859.

5. *Patrum Apostolicorum Opera.* Edidit Carolus J. Hefele. Tübingæ. 1852.

6. *Göttingische gelehrte Anzeigen* Nos. 141-2, Sept. 3-6. 1860.

**I**NDEPENDENTLY of its great literary eminence, the name of M. Antoine d'Abbadie has many claims upon the notice of a journal such as ours. It is not merely that, in common with his distinguished brother Arnauld, he was for years the representative of the interests of religion and indeed of civilization itself, in a long neglected region where the traditions of the ancient faith still struggle against the barbarism and corruption by which they are obliterated or repressed—the champion of the oppressed missionary, and the defender of the Church in her hour of danger. It is not merely that in his many contributions to science and to letters and in all his intercourse with the highest celebrities of both, M. d'Abbadie has uniformly appeared as a sincere though tolerant Catholic, in whose enlightened views religion and science go hand in hand,

and for whom the true interests of the Church are ever identified with the diffusion and progress of sound knowledge. We are drawn towards M. d'Abbadie by other and even closer ties. It may not be generally known that these distinguished brothers, although French by paternal descent, and also by education and fortune, are nevertheless maternally descended from an ancient Irish family, and that they were born, and spent the first years of childhood in this city. It was not till he had attained his ninth year, that Antoine d'Abbadie quitted Ireland;\* and amid all the distractions of the many wanderings of his eventful life, he has ever gladly seized the few intervals of leisure to revisit his native country, and to keep alive the hereditary associations by which he is bound to her people.† M. d'Abbadie is thoroughly Irish in all his views and in all his feelings.

The publications from his pen and under his directions which are enumerated at the head of these pages, exhibit, as we shall see, in no obscure way, the characteristics to which we have alluded. They are the fruit, or rather one of the fruits, of that long residence in north-eastern Africa, which, while it has been the occasion of more than one work of permanent philological and geographical value, has enriched the periodical journals of France and England with many most important and interesting contributions.

During his six years sojourn in Upper Ethiopia, M. d'Abbadie availed himself of every opportunity to collect all the native works, whether ancient or modern, that came within his reach. When it proved impossible to obtain a work by purchase, he generally succeeded in getting permission to have it transcribed; and by extraordinary diligence, not only in selecting the best calligraphers, but also in rigorously superintending in person the work of transcription, and finally by subjecting the copy

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\* See Russell's *Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti*, p. 381.

† Did we not fear to offend the delicacy which has always distinguished her unostentatious character, we should think it a duty to allude to the ready munificence with which M. d'Abbadie's venerable mother, who still survives in an honoured old age, has ever contributed, in every necessity that has arisen, to the relief of the necessities, whether spiritual or temporal, of her native country.

when completed, to a scrupulous comparison with the original, in which he took care to cause every minute particularity of character, of notation, and of punctuation to be preserved,\* he has secured even in the case of these transcripts, a degree of accuracy scarcely inferior for practical use to that of the originals themselves.

The collection of Ethiopic literature thus formed is the most extensive which exists in Europe. M. d'Abbadie's catalogue contains two hundred and thirty-four MSS. a number which no other of the great oriental libraries of Europe approaches. The Ethiopic MSS. of the Vatican do not number a hundred. The British Museum catalogue of 1847 contains but eighty-two; the Bodleian catalogue, drawn up by the great Ethiopic scholar, Dillmann, only thirty-five. The largest collection of all is that of the Imperial Library at Paris, and even this falls short of M. d'Abbadie's by nearly a hundred. It amounts only to one hundred and forty.

The great majority of these MSS. were collected by M. Antoine d'Abbadie in person. Some of them he owes to the exertions of his brother and fellow labourer Arnauld; and for a small collection of twenty-four (numbered in the catalogue 194-217) he is indebted to one of the missionaries of Abyssinia, the Franciscan Father Juste d'Urbain, who has died since M. d'Abbadie's return to Europe. By far the larger proportion of them are in the Gheez, (in M. d'Abbadie's orthography *Gi-iz*), or ancient Ethiopic language; some of them are in the Amharic, (written *Amarinna* by M. d'Abbadie) or modern language of Abyssinia; others are interpretations in Amharic of the

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\* His plan was to offer a reward for the discovery of errors in the transcript; and as the revision was always entrusted to a fresh hand, this precaution proved eminently successful.

In many cases the copies were not obtained without great difficulty. M. d'Abbadie commonly brought with him on his journeys one or two skilled copyists; but he mentions a case (that of MS. No. 118) in which he was two years before he could succeed in obtaining the required permission; and two years more elapsed before his copy was completed. One of the copyists employed on this MS. was disabled in the course of his work by an attack of leprosy, and M. d'Abbadie had to employ a new hand. In the end he was not permitted to compare this copy with the original. *Catalogue* p. 133.

ancient language; and others, in fine, are in that mixture of the ancient and modern languages, which is commonly found in the later Abyssinian chronicles, and which from that circumstance is known by the name of the *Tarika*, or historical language.\* Two of the number are in Arabic; and there are a few which contain pictorial illustrations, while one (No. 191) is a palimpsest, although seemingly not of much value.

With that liberal and enterprising literary munificence which has long characterized it, the French Government† was not slow to appreciate the importance of such a collection; and soon after M. d'Abbadie's return to France, the Directors of the *Imprimerie Imperiale* not only acceded to his proposal to print at the public cost a *Catalogue Raisonné* of his collection, but even to prepare an entirely new set of Ethiopic type for the purpose, executed under the direction of M. d'Abbadie himself. Upon the beauty and correctness of this new character the verdict of the learned orientalists throughout Europe is unanimous. Prior to its introduction, five different forms of Ethiopic type had been known, beginning with that of the Roman Propaganda, cast for the purpose of printing the Coptic Psalter in 1513, and ending with that of the imperial press of Vienna, which, although very beautiful, is regarded as defective in form. M. d'Abbadie's type is modelled after the best forms of the most approved period of Ethiopic caligraphy; and its excellence and extreme accuracy are highly extolled by Professor Dillmann in the notice already referred to.

The first practical result of the impulse given to these studies by the appearance of this important catalogue,

\* Catalogue, p. 134. See also Prof. Dillmann's critique in the *Gött. Gelehrte Anzeigen*, p. 1890.

† It is impossible to speak too highly in this respect of the liberality of the Imperial Government. Not only are the publications which it undertakes in themselves most valuable and on the grandest scale, but they are distributed to public institutions, at home and abroad, with a judicious and enlightened liberality which deserves the most unreserved admiration. We have lately seen a set of the magnificent series *Memoires inedits sur l'Histoire de France*, which has been presented to the library of our national college of St. Patrick, by the *Ministère de l'Instruction Publique*, at the same time with a like collection from the *Ministère de l'Etat*.

is the publication of the Ethiopic version of the celebrated "Shepherd" of Hermas, hitherto only known from the Latin translation, and some fragments of the Greek original.\* We shall give an account of this very important publication hereafter; but we propose first to review briefly the contents of M. d'Abbadie's catalogue, and to examine the general character of the literature which it represents, especially in its bearing on the religion and the history of this interesting race. We shall follow in this summary, partly M. d'Abbadie's own descriptions, partly the learned notice of Professor Dillmann named at the head of these pages.

It need hardly be said that a considerable proportion of M. d'Abbadie's MSS. are already known by other and in some instances, according to Professor Dillmann, better copies. But, on the other hand, many of these MSS. are unique, at least in Europe; and, as a whole, the collection is freely admitted to be without a rival.

The biblical MSS. are by no means numerous. M. d'Abbadie mentions that he heard during his stay in Abyssinia of only two complete copies of the entire bible; and the several MSS. enumerated in his catalogue contain the sacred books arranged variously, and in all cases in an order different from ours. By the ordinary numeration of Abyssinia the sacred books are forty-one in number; but in this list are included eight books of *Qualemintos*, or decrees of synods and canons.

There is but one peculiarity of the Abyssinian biblical books, upon which, as it has been made the subject of animadversion in a polemical point of view, we consider it necessary to dwell. They reckon among their sacred books the history of the Machabees: but it is curious that the Abyssinian History of the Machabees has nothing in common with the biblical book received by us under that title. M. d'Abbadie quotes the first sentence of the Ethiopic Machabees, as it exists in his copy; it is also known from a MS. of Curzon, and also from one which exists at Francfort: and from the comparison of the former with that of M. d'Abbadie, Dr. Dillmann describes the

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\* The genuineness of the Greek edition from the MS. of M. Simonides is still under discussion. We shall see hereafter what are its claims to be considered authentic.

Ethiopic Machabees as an apocryphal and modern compilation of the mediæval period, in which the history of the Machabees is made a sort of framework upon which to connect together, in the form of the narrative of a Jewish martyrdom, a variety of monotheistic doctrines, and especially that of the resurrection.

A faint effort has been made to use this circumstance as an evidence that the Machabees never can have been held as canonical Scripture in the Abyssinian church; else we should not find in its stead this strange and incongruous travesty. But it can hardly be necessary for us to offer a formal refutation of this silly inference. It is plain that the same argument would prove that none of the Gospels could ever have been received as Canonical Scripture, as there is not one of them which has not been similarly travestied in apocryphal imitations. On the contrary, far from being an argument against the canonicity of Machabees, this attempt to parody it ought rather, if it prove anything at all, to be an argument in its favour. The very fact of the forger's thinking it worthy of being imitated, and of being made the vehicle of the opinions which he sought to disseminate, is in itself an evidence that the book must have had authority in the Abyssinian church. Nor, we should add, does it follow that because the genuine Machabees has not yet been discovered, it may not still exist in some of the libraries of the Abyssinian monasteries, the treasures of which, according to M. d'Abbadie, are, almost in every instance, most jealously guarded from the criticism of strangers.

On the patristic portion of M. D'Abbadie's Catalogue, we shall not dwell at present. By far the most valuable of its treasures, "The Shepherd," will be considered separately. We are more concerned with the liturgical, and in so far as they illustrate the national belief, the devotional, books which it comprises. The question as to the opinions held by the various sects of oriental christians upon the many doctrines controverted between Catholics and Protestants, is almost as old as the Reformation itself. The learned works of Leo Allatius for the Greeks; of Assemani for the Syrian christians; of the Mechitarist fathers for the Armenians; and of Renaudot for every oriental communion which possesses an authentic liturgy, might well be supposed to have placed the subject beyond dispute; and the authors of the *Perpetuité de la Foi* have



employed with admirable effect this marvellous unanimity of all the ancient communions, whether of the West or of the East, as an evidence of the divine origin of the faith in the Real Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist, in the Transubstantiation of the elements, and in the Sacrifice of the Mass. But nevertheless, we find, year after year, the old assertions renewed by each succession of Protestant travellers in these distant churches. As regards the christians of Abyssinia, several recent attempts have been made to claim them as protestant representatives of 'primitive christianity;' and, as we consider the publication of M. d'Abbadie's Catalogue as a very seasonable opportunity of exposing the groundlessness of such a claim, we shall say a few words upon such of the contents of the Catalogue as bear upon this interesting question. It will be enough, indeed, to call attention to the titles of a few of the works which are enumerated, and to the brief summary of contents which M. d'Abbadie has inserted for the most important among them.

There are some of the controverted doctrines regarding which we are relieved from all trouble, not only by the confession of Protestants themselves, but by the very chain of witnesses which M. d'Abbadie's list presents. In all that concerns the honour and invocation of our Blessed Lady the Abyssinian christians are confessedly "more catholic than the Catholics themselves." Bishop Gobat confesses that they have no fewer than thirty-three festivals in her honour during the course of their ecclesiastical year.\* A large number of the MSS. enumerated in the Catalogue are "Praises of Mary." Her name, whenever it occurs, is always written in red letters, (p. 73.) One MS. (No. 158) contains no fewer than fourteen treatises in her honour. Another (No. 101,) has a form of prayer to Mary for each of the days of the week, and also for the Sunday. Very many of the MSS. contain invocations of her; others (as for example 207) contain salutations similar to our own; in fine, the very name by which the Abyssinians love to call her, and under which, especially, churches are dedicated to her in Ethiopia,—'Kidana Mihrat'—"Compact of Mercy," (p. 87.) in itself alone contains the solution of the entire doctrine in dispute between Catholics and Protestants.

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\* "Three Years in Abyssinia."—p. 287.

On the kindred doctrine of the honour and invocation of saints and angels, these MSS. are equally explicit. To enumerate the particular MSS. in which such invocations are found, would be to transcribe a large portion of the titles which M. d'Abbadie has inserted in his catalogue. One MS. (No. 172.) contains prayers to no fewer than thirty different saints. Indeed, it is the established usage of the Abyssinian scribes, always to begin their copy of any work which they undertake to transcribe, with an invocation of some saint, and a request for his prayers on behalf of the possessor of the MS., his wife and children; and, should the MS. change hands subsequently, *the new owner is careful to insert his own name in the prayer to the Saint, in the place of that of the original possessor.* We shall see a very curious example of this practice hereafter.

The faith of the Abyssinians upon the doctrine of Prayer for the Dead, is equally clear from the catalogue. One MS. described by M. d'Abbadie (No. 8.) is entirely devoted to services for the dead, the variety of which far exceeds that in use even among ourselves. Not content with our *Missa de Requiem* which is *common to all the dead*, without distinction of class or denomination, this most important volume contains a *special service for every order and for every class*; for priests, for deacons, for monks, for nuns, for ladies of rank, for women who die in child-birth, for young men, for young girls, and for children. It contains besides, as does our own service, special offices for the periodical repetitions of public prayers at stated intervals after the death; but they are far more numerous than ours. There is a service, not alone, as with us, for the third, for the seventh, and for the thirtieth, but also for the twelfth, the fortieth, the sixtieth, and the eightieth day! And as if for the express purpose of registering the faith of the Abyssinian Church in the very title of its public service-books, the volume in question is commonly known by the name of "*the Book of Absolution*."\* The same offices are contained in another MS. (No. 50.) with the addition of several other variations of the service, and of a remarkable treatise which is called by the significant title "*History of the Effect of Prayers for the Dead*;"†

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\* Catalogue p. 6.

† Ibid p. 178.—Ibid p. 59.

and the offices are again repeated in the MS. numbered 219.\*

We shall not delay upon the questions connected with the number of the sacraments. The several MSS. of a ritual character (as No. 62, No. 199, No. 213, &c.) contain the form for their administration. What the precise language of each of these forms may be M. d'Abbadie does not enable us to say; but if one may judge of them all from what we learn in the meagre description which his space permits, of the MSS, which refer to one of the Sacraments,—the Blessed Eucharist—even the most prejudiced must confess that the Abyssinians are in perfect accord with their western brethren on them all.

For, as regards the Blessed Eucharist, we do not hesitate to say, judging by the titles and contents of the Abyssinian MSS. here catalogued, that no similar collection prepared in Rome itself under the authority of the Vicegerent, and with the *imprimatur* of the Master of the Sacred Palace, could possibly exhibit clearer and more explicit evidence of the belief, of every single detail of what are popularly regarded by Protestants as the peculiarly distinctive doctrines of the Roman church upon this sacrament.

Bishop Gobat, as might be expected, looks with a very jaundiced eye, even where he admits it, upon any evidence of Catholic doctrine that the Abyssinian usages present. The paragraphs which he devotes to the Eucharist are so full of this reluctant and half incredulous recognition of what he was unable to ignore altogether, that we are tempted to place it side by side with the plain and unalterable testimony of the authorized service books as it is recorded by M. d'Abbadie.

"The priests," says Bishop Gobat, "receive the Lord's Supper every day; and others, either every Sunday or when they please. During the time appointed for fasting they celebrate the communion at three o'clock in the afternoon, and at other times at day-break. Even when not attending Communion, those who observe fasting do not eat anything till it is over. For the administration of this sacrament there must be at least five priests or deacons present. Besides priests and monks, scarcely any but aged persons and children attend communion, whence it may be easily concluded

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\* p. 24.

that there is no kind of order. The communion service consists in reading some chapters from the Gospels and chaunting some prayers; the whole being performed in an unknown tongue. They call the consecration of the bread and wine *Melawat*, 'a change'; but at Gondar I found no person who believed in Transubstantiation. In Tigrè there are some who believe in it; and when they are asked how the ungodly and unbelievers can receive Jesus Christ, they reply that an angel comes to take Him away from their mouths, and they merely eat the bread and drink the wine.\*

Such is Bishop Gobat's reading of the evidences of popular belief with regard to the Eucharist, which came under his own observation. It was by no means unnatural, considering the capacity in which he was known to visit the country, that he should receive from the crafty and pliant acquaintances which a visitor upon such an errand, with a well-stocked purse, is sure to form, those representations which were known to be palatable. But no one can even casually glance into M. d'Abbadie's catalogue without being satisfied that the doubts which Gobat would cast on the faith of the Abyssinian Church in the doctrine of Transubstantiation are utterly destitute even of the appearance of plausibility. Not to go beyond the meagre titles or summaries of titles which M. d'Abbadie gives, even these are full to overflowing of testimonies to the ancient faith.

It is not merely that we find the Blessed Eucharist commonly and familiarly described as the "Body and Blood of Christ;" that the prayer of the communicant (p. 200) is that he "may receive the Body and Blood of our Lord," that the communion itself is called "the sweet Body of Christ" (p. 201.) One of the MSS. actually enters into a formal explanation (p. 214) of what is meant by "the communion of the Son." It declares this communion to consist in "eating His Flesh and drinking His Blood." Another provides against any wavering of belief, by an explicit Act of Faith in the Real Presence, (p. 108.)

Nor can it be said of the faith of the Abyssinians in the Real Presence, (as is represented of the ancient Church generally by Dr. Pusey and others, who, while they hold the reality of the Presence of the Body and Blood, are yet opposed to the explicit faith of the Transubstantiation of

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\* Gobat's *Three Years in Abyssinia*, pp. 291-2.

the elements,)—that faith in the Presence regards only the *substance* of the Presence and not its *mode*; and that on the latter head the faith of the Abyssinians is but vague and confused, if indeed, it does not even abstract from it altogether. The MSS. remove all shadow of doubt as to this head. Not alone do we find the question as to the mode formally discussed (p. 140.) where, among the questions (some of which regard the Unity, the Trinity, the Incarnation, &c.) one is "*How the bread and wine become the Body and Blood of our Lord;*" but one of the MSS. actually enumerates among twenty-nine heresies, to each of which a separate refutation is addressed, "the heresy of those who call in question whether the bread and wine *really become the Body and Blood of Christ,*" (p. 57.)

Lastly, as to the eucharistic sacrifice, the MSS. are equally clear. One MS. (p. 61) contains instructions as to the manner "in which the priest shall celebrate the sacrifice." Another discusses, probably with provisions analogous to those of the Roman rubric, "the accidents which may occur in the celebration of the sacrifice;" (p. 168) and, in one word, the eucharistic rite is never contemplated by any of these writers in any other relation than that of a sacrifice.

There is a very curious MS. (No. 21) on the condition of the just and of the wicked after death, which contains a most extraordinary description of hell, and of the various forms of punishment which there prevail. These punishments are adjusted by the vengeance of God, so as to bear some analogy to the crime of the unhappy sinner. This curious tract is in the form of a vision seen by a monk named Gregory. M. d'Abbadie's description of the contents of this MS. is more detailed than in many other cases; but we should greatly desire to see the treatise translated entire, for the purpose of comparison with the similar descriptions which are in circulation among the ascetic writers of the Western Church.

It would be tedious to pursue farther this controversial examination of the Ethiopic books of a ritual or liturgical character. A few of those to which we have been referring may be considered as dogmatic, and we must be content to submit them as a specimen of the entire. There are two books, however, in the collection of a very different tendency. One (No. 215) is the autobiography of an

Abyssinian professor, which M. d'Abbadie describes as full of interest, both for the naiveté which it exhibits, and for the curious details of life and manners which it contains. Unhappily the author makes no secret of his unbelief. In stating his doubts as to all existing religions, he reduces his own personal belief to open deism. Another work (No. 234) by the same author, and perhaps another transcript, with some modifications, of No. 215, goes even farther, being, in the opinion of Père Juste d'Urbain, a profession of downright atheism.

Instead, however, of pursuing farther these detailed notices of the catalogue, it will be more interesting to pass on to M. d'Abbadie's first published specimen of his collection—the Ethiopic version of the well known *Pastor* of Hermas. The MS. from which this treatise is printed is numbered 174 in the catalogue, and M. d'Abbadie, in the short notice of it there given, expresses the opinion that “so far as he had been able to examine it, it exhibits traces of being retranslated from an Arabic version.”\* This opinion, however, after a fuller examination, he saw reason to doubt; and in the preface of the work as printed at Leipsig, he expressly recalls it, and declares himself satisfied that it is a direct version from the original into Ethiopic.†

It will be necessary, in order to make the value of this Ethiopic version of the Shepherd fully understood, to enter at some length into the critical history of the work, prior to the discovery of this MS.

The name of Hermas occurs among those to whom salutations are addressed by St. Paul, in the 16th chapter of his epistle to the Romans. The same name is again mentioned, as that of the author of a very ancient work which was known under the fanciful title of *Pastor*, and widely circulated in the Church before the time of St. Irenæus and Clement of Alexandria. Whether the Hermas of St. Paul be the writer of the *Pastor*, or whether that work is to be ascribed to a later Hermas, the brother of Pope Pius I. about A. D. 150, has been a subject of controversy both in ancient and modern times. We shall return, before we close, to the consideration of this point, as it will be more convenient to continue the critical history of

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\* P. 180.

† *Hermæ Pastor*, Pref. p. vii.



the work without interruption. Although undoubtedly of Greek original, it had only been known in the modern Church by a Latin translation, with the exception of some fragments of the Greek, which had been collected from the various authors by whom it had been quoted. Very recently, however, the curiosity of the learned was excited by the news that, among the Greek MSS. brought from Mount Athos by the (since that time) too notorious M. Simonides, was the long lost original of the Pastor of Hermas; and in the year 1856 the supposed original was printed at Leipzig. Very soon after its appearance, the cloud of doubt which has since darkened into distrust, began to gather around the sole voucher for the genuineness of the MS., and the edition of Leipzig met but little favour. In the following year, however, Dr. Dressel, in his edition of the *Patres Apostolici*, published for the first time, from an ancient Vatican MS. a new revision of the Latin version, which corresponded so closely with the reputed Greek original of Simonides, that Dressel thought himself warranted in printing that Greek text, in his edition, as the genuine original. On the other hand Dr. Tischendorf contended in an essay published soon afterwards, that the Greek of Simonides was not, and could not be, the original, but only a comparatively modern retranslation into Greek of one of the mediæval Latin versions. Between these two conflicting views opinion had remained divided.

The controversy upon this question naturally lent a special interest to M. d'Abbadie's discovery of another version of the "Shepherd," written in a different language, and most probably from an entirely independent source. During the early years of his residence in Abyssinia, he had employed several copyists to transcribe for him every work of value which he found himself unable otherwise to procure; and in the month of September 1847, during the course of a visit to Mgr. Massayar, a zealous and learned missionary, then recently appointed bishop of the Gallan tribe, who had invited M. d'Abbadie, with the view of obtaining from him information and advice as to the habits and opinions of his new flock, he learned that a MS. with the name of Hermas was preserved in the library of the Monastery of Guindaguinde, a celebrated convent of the province of Agame near the Red Sea. In one of the memoranda contained in the collection of church-music which M. d'Abbadie describes in his catalogue (No. 87),

Hermas is mentioned by name; and the age of the author of these memoranda, St. Yared, an Ethiopic saint of the seventh century, gave to the work of Hermas great value in M. d'Abbadie's eyes. In ordinary circumstances there might have been difficulty in obtaining, from the monks of Guindaguinde, permission to examine or transcribe the MS.; but several of the then members of the community having been recently converted from their schism through the zeal and learning of M. d'Abbadie's friend, the excellent missionary, De Jacobis, were but too happy to give every facility for the purpose. The transcript was afterwards carefully compared with the original by a professor named Assagahan.

It was not until after his return to Europe that M. d'Abbadie learned from Dr. Dillmann the value of the MS. and the special interest which it had even recently acquired in consequence of the controversy regarding the original to which we have been alluding. A few specimens of the Ethiopic version were made public in 1858 by Professor Anger, in the fourth volume of Gersdorf's *Journal*; and it was finally determined that the German Oriental Society should undertake the publication of the entire MS., M. d'Abbadie himself consenting not only to superintend the publication, but also to edit the volume. A fresh set of Ethiopic types has been cast expressly for the purpose, under his direction and after the model of the new types of the Imperial Printing Establishment; and the editor has added a careful Latin version, which he submitted before publication to the revision of Professor Dillmann.

Such is the history of this publication. In order to explain its bearing on the controversy regarding the Greek original of the "Shepherd," we must briefly revert to a point before alluded to, namely the doubt which exists as to the age and authorship of the work itself. The most common opinion, and that which advances the greatest show, to say the least, of ancient authority, ascribes it to the Hermas of St. Paul; but more recent authorities have made a strong case in favour of the authorship of Hermas, the brother of Pope Pius I., who lived about the middle of the second century.

In favour of the former opinion it is argued, that several very early authorities;—as Origen, in his explanation of the passage in St. Paul to the Romans, which conveys his

greeting to Hermas; Eusebius in his Ecclesiastical History; and St. Jerome in his Catalogue of Ecclesiastical Writers;—all speak of this Hermas as the reputed author of “the Shepherd.” And it is further added that St. Irenæus and Clement of Alexandria, although they do not name the author, yet speak in such terms of reverence of the book—regarding it in truth as little short of canonical authority—as can only be explained by the supposition that they held it to be of quasi-apostolic origin. The author himself, moreover, speaks of Clement (evidently of Rome) as a contemporary.\*

It must be confessed, however, that not one of these authorities, although naming Hermas, can be said positively and absolutely to attribute the book to him as author. Origen† merely says that he “thinks” him to be the author: Eusebius‡ only refers to him as the person “whom they say to be” the author; St. Jerome,|| in naming him as such, adds the qualifying words, “as they assert.”

On the other hand, several arguments both from extrinsic authority and from the tenor and contents of the work itself, are alleged in favour of the authorship of the later Hermas, the brother of Pius I. A fragment of a very early treatise discovered and published by Muratori, and by him ascribed with every appearance of probability to the Roman presbyter Caius, (about A. D. 200) expressly and circumstantially describes the book as (*nuperrimè*) “quite recently written by Hermas, while his brother Pius sat as bishop in the See of the Roman city.” The poem against Marcion, too, which is attributed to Tertullian, and which, though it certainly is not Tertullian’s, is nevertheless of that age, is equally explicit and positive.

Post hunc deinde Pius, Hermas cui germine frater,  
Angelicus Pastor cui tradita verba locutus.

The *Liber Pontificalis* also contains a similar statement: and it would even appear that Hermas, St. Pius’s brother, was himself called, from the reputed authorship of this book, by the name of Pastor, as synonymous with his own.

But the arguments from the scope and tenor of the

\* Visio. ii. c. iv.

† Explan. in Ep. ad Rom. c. xvi. v. 14.

‡ Histor. Eccles. Lib. iii. c. 3. || Catal. Script. Eccles. c. 10.

"Shepherd" appear to us to tell even more forcibly. No one can read it without feeling that the writer has in his mind the Montanist heresy, and that his book, in very many of its parts, is formally addressed to the refutation of this heresy. It is impossible to understand in any other sense the strong assertion of the remissibility of all sins (Vis. ii. c. 2); of the lawfulness of second marriages (Mandat. iv. c. 1;) and we cannot help fancying that in this very circumstance is to be found the explanation of the virulence with which Tertullian, in one of his Montanistic tracts,\* assails the "Shepherd" for its patronage of adultery—that is to say, according to the exaggerated Montanistic view on which Tertullian insists, of second marriage.

Nor is much weight to be attached to the argument founded upon the writer's allusion (Vis. ii. c. 4) to Clement of Rome, as living and governing the Roman church at the time when the Shepherd is supposed to address Hermas. This would, in any case, have been a necessary ingredient in the design which we must in this hypothesis ascribe to him, of publishing his book as the production, and under the name, of his namesake of the apostolic time. Möhler† ingeniously endeavours to reconcile both opinions by supposing that the book was really written by the Pauline Hermas in Greek, and that it came to be attributed in Rome to the later Hermas, from the fact that he translated it into Latin. Unfortunately, however, this hypothesis, besides that, like most middle opinions, it involves most of the difficulties of both the opinions which it seeks to reconcile, has no ancient authority whatever. It is a purely arbitrary supposition, unsupported either by evidence or by historical testimony.

But, reverting to the bearing which this Ethiopic version has on the question as to the genuineness of the Greek text of Simonides, we cannot venture to speak authoritatively, as our judgment must rest on an examination, not of the original Ethiopic, but of M. d'Abbadie's Latin rendering of that version. But the learned Ethiopic scholar to whom we owe the able notice in the Göttingen Journal, unhesitatingly declares that the Ethiopic version bears all the appearance of being translated from a Greek text closely

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\* De Pudicitia, c. 10.

† Patrologie, p. 99.

resembling, if not identical with, that of Simonides. M. d'Abbadie, too, as we saw, although he does not enter into this discussion, nevertheless retracts the opinion which he had expressed in his Catalogue, as to the work's being a translation from a previous Arabic version; while Professor Dillmann explicitly declares\* that the Ethiopic version, both in its idiom and its general tenor, bears all the marks of being a direct translation from the Greek.

There are one or two specialities of this version of the Shepherd, on which we may say a few words before we close.

In general it will strike the reader as considerably more condensed from the received Latin version. Clauses are frequently omitted or run together. But, on the whole, the substance of the original seems faithfully preserved. We have only thought it necessary to compare it with the old version, in those few passages which have been appealed to as bearing upon the modern controversies. In some of these the two versions are substantially and almost verbally identical.

For example, in the well-known passage, (in *Simil. v. c. 3*) on works of supererogation, the Ethiopic *Hermas* is as explicit as the most sanguine Catholic could desire. "Observe," says the Shepherd, "the commandments of God, and if thou *shalt do anything more*, it shall be to thee a *source of greater glory*." Whereupon *Hermas* promises that he will fulfil his orders; and the Shepherd proceeds to instruct him how to fast, and directs him, when he shall fast, to compute how much of his expenditure may be spared in consequence, and to give that amount to the poor.†

It is in the same Similitude that the famous passage which has been used as an argument against the Trinity occurs. This passage is much abridged in the Ethiopic version: but its substantial character is maintained, and the orthodox construction which is put upon it as it stands in the old Latin version, is even more natural, and more completely solves the Arian difficulty, in the Ethiopic rendering of it, as given by M. d'Abbadie than in the old Latin translation.

It is not so, however, in the equally well known passage at the close of the second Vision, which has been often used

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\* *Hermæ Pastor* p. 183.

† p. 147-8.

by Catholic controversialists as an evidence of the early exercise by the bishop of Rome of at least one of the powers of the Primacy—that of acting as the organ of communication with the churches throughout the world.

The angel of *Hermas's Vision* says to him: “*Scribes ergo duos libellos, et mittes unum Clementi et unum Graptæ. Mittet autem Clemens in exterar civitates; illi enim permissum est. Grapte autem commonebit viduas et orphanos. Tu autem leges in hac civitate, cum senioribus qui præsunt ecclesiæ.*”\*

The twofold commission here given, the one to Clement the bishop to send the vision to the foreign churches, the other to Grapte the deaconess, to communicate it to the widows and orphans, is entirely omitted in the Ethiopic ‘*Shepherd*,’ to the manifest mutilation indeed of the consistency of the passage.

It stands, in M. d’Abbadie’s edition, in the following bald form: “*Et scribe duos libros, et mitte, Clementi et iis qui in civitatibus externis; et docebunt viduas et orphanos a libro. Tu autem legas in hac civitate cum senioribus qui præpositi sunt ecclesiæ.*”† Now, although neither Professor Dillmann in his annotations, nor the author of the criticism of M. d’Abbadie’s book in the Göttingen journal, has observed this remarkable divergency of the Ethiopic from the old Latin version, we are quite sure that it will be fixed upon by Protestant critics; and that it will be insisted that the Ethiopic represents the old and genuine form of the original, and that the clause which is read in the Latin version, is a later Roman forgery, intended, like the Isidorian Decretals and other pious forgeries, to give currency and to lend plausibility to the ambitious claims of modern Rome. It will be time enough, of course, to meet this charge, when it shall have been made. For the present it will be sufficient to say, that, while the Latin hangs perfectly together, the very form of the passage as it now stands in the Ethiopic version, betrays its incompleteness, and at once points to something omitted or suppressed. By a fortunate chance, too, this important passage happens to be one of the very few the Greek original of which is preserved;—and preserved moreover, in a quarter entirely beyond suspicion of Latin influence,

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\*Hefele’s *Patres Apostolici*, p. 249. † *Hermæ Pastor*, p. 117.



and especially beyond the danger of being tampered with for the purpose of lending colour to the claims of Roman supremacy. It occurs in the *Philocalia* of Origen; and, as it is there read, the charge to Clement to send the book to foreign cities is found in its full integrity. There can be no reasonable doubt, indeed, that in this respect the Latin, and not the Ethiopic, version is the genuine representative of the text.

But the most notable divergency of the Ethiopic version, as well from the Latin as from the Greek, is in its close. It contains a very curious epilogue, the purport of which is to insinuate the identity of Hermas, the author of the book, not with the brother of Pius, nor even with the disciple of Paul, but with the apostle Paul himself! The writer repeatedly declares that Hermas is Paul; and he charges with gross ignorance any one who shall deny it. His main argument is founded on a singular perversion of the Acts of the Apostles. He admits that one who is unacquainted with the Acts of the Apostles might suppose that Hermas was not the same person with Paul. But, by a strange perversion of a plain passage of the fourteenth chapter of the Acts, he contends that the identity of Paul with Hermas is clearly asserted by the sacred writer. "Take, O litigious man," says he, "the Acts of the Apostles, where it is read: And they called Silas *Δαί* (Jupiter) and Paul *Ερμην* (Mercury) which signifies 'master of doctrine.' From this, therefore, know and understand, O litigious man, and believe

Vere ergo Herma Paulus, vir ait,  
Qui virginum spiritum induit,  
Leone[m] et serpentem proterit."

We need hardly say that this strange appendix, is in all its parts a comparatively modern addition.

In its opening, the Ethiopic version substantially agrees, (except in some names of persons and places) with the ancient Latin version. And, indeed it would seem to be an argument of the antiquity of the Ethiopic version that it adheres thus closely to the form of its original, and wants the usual form of invocation with which, as we saw, all the Ethiopic MSS. of later times invariably commence.

There is another class, although a small one, of the books in M. d'Abbadie's Catalogue, to which we should gladly devote a few pages—we mean what we may describe

(however unlike they are to what European art has so denominated) as the illustrated MSS., which contain portraits and other pictorial representations. Several of these M. d'Abbadie describes in detail, especially in so far as they bear upon the history or the social usages of Abyssinia.

Abyssinian Fiction too would have furnished an interesting topic. One specimen of religious Romance, the only one of the kind particularized by the author, is exceedingly curious. It is described under No. 67 in the catalogue, and is entitled *Zéna Iskindir*, 'Novels of Alexander.' The hero of this strange composition is Alexander the Great; who, by some such singular metamorphosis as we sometimes find in the European medieval fiction, is transformed into a saint, and invested with all the privileges of sanctity. The book begins with the ordinary prologue of every Ethiopic MS.

"In the name of the Triune Lord, first without beginning and last without end, we commence to write this book, which was written upon the acts and the reign of Alexander, a King beloved of the Lord. May his prayer and his gifts be with his well beloved Barl (the transcriber of the volume) and with our King David through all ages! Amen."

The work opens, (apropos of the supposed eminent chastity of the hero Alexander,) with a tirade against the female sex, extending through three pages. The reader is then informed that Alexander's father, Philip of Macedon, was endowed with the gift of prophecy, and that he married Knistebare, who was the mother of Alexander. Astaloba, that is the Balance of the Sun, was Philip's astrologer. After a variety of adventures he conceives a desire to be baptized, overcomes all sorts of evil spirits, is borne away successfully by his steed out of the desert, and conveyed to a spiritual tabernacle, where he meets Enoch and Elias. There he prostrates himself before them in adoration. He is afterwards carried off, through dark and tempestuous seas, in a bark drawn by hideous vultures, and after a succession of marvels and perils, is at length confirmed in sanctity.

Abyssinian Poetry, also, would afford abundant material, both in itself, and in comparison with the poetry of other oriental literatures. But we have already more than overstepped our prescribed limits.

We trust, however, that another and more favourable opportunity of returning to the subject, may, in good time, be afforded us by the publication of M. d'Abbadie's long-expected record of his personal impressions of the country and the people for whose ancient literature he has rendered so signal a service in these most interesting volumes.

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ART. VI.—1. *The Life of Richard Porson, M.A., Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge, from 1792 to 1808.* By the Rev. John Selby Watson, M.A. London, Longman and Co. 1861.

2. *Cambridge Essays.* 1857.

IT is strange that Porson should have been left for half a century after his death without any regular biography. The usual obituary notices which, on occasion of any more than ordinarily notable death, are almost a part of the undertaker's business programme, were not of course wanting. More than one summary account too of his literary career, many isolated anecdotes of his life and conversation, and several elaborate criticisms of his opinions, and discussions upon the new theories to which his name had given currency, have from time to time appeared. But the first approach to a complete memoir was that published in the "Cambridge Essays" for 1857, by the Rev. H. Luard, Fellow of Trinity College, of which college Porson was a scholar, and of which he was elected a fellow, although he was afterwards compelled to resign, in consequence of his declining to take orders. Mr. Luard's memoir was of course restricted within very narrow limits; and thus, even after its publication, a place was still open for a complete and suitable biography of so eminent a scholar, if the materials for such a biography be really available.

Mr. Watson's volume is an attempt to supply this place; but we regret to say, that, either the materials for a characteristic biography of Porson are no longer to be found, (if indeed such materials ever existed,) or Mr.

Watson, after a most painstaking search, has failed to recover them. His work is clearly an honest and industrious performance. He has chronicled with great fidelity all the facts and dates which he has been able to ascertain. He has interwoven with his narrative every fragment of the remains of Porson that came within his reach, and has eked out the scanty store by contributions from kindred and collateral sources. But no one who has read Mr. Watson's book can feel that it is a genuine memoir of such a man as Porson. It leaves behind it on the mind no living ideal which the reader can realize to himself as the Porson of his imagination. It does not even unfold to him the intellectual character of the scholar whose actual performances it relates. It is a cold sequence of events:—a meagre record of literary and critical labours, in which it is true we see the work that has been done, but hardly catch a glimpse of the great worker himself, or of the fashion in which he executes his allotted task.

The truth seems to be that, for a really characteristic memoir of Porson, the materials are too scanty to be spread over a lengthened biography. His history, and the popular memories which that history has left behind, stand towards his biography much in the same relation in which the life of Johnson would have stood, if we suppose that no Boswell had ever existed, or that all the materials which Boswell had put together had perished with his "illustrious friend" himself. The broad and striking characteristics are there: quite enough to furnish materials for a bold and strongly marked portrait. But beyond those outlines there is nothing or almost nothing; and the attempt to go beyond these outlines must necessarily not only prove a failure in itself, but it is almost equally certain to mar, if not altogether to destroy, the effect of the otherwise successful and striking resemblance in the outline. It is like an attempt to fill up the rough dashes and grand though sketchy strokes of Rembrandt's larger pictures, with the velvet finish of Mieris or Van Breughel. A single chapter from such a pen as Lord Macaulay's—seizing upon the striking points, grouping together the characteristic incidents, selecting a few illustrations of the most salient points of intellectual character and literary habits, would have placed before us a more vivid picture of Porson, than all the anecdotes, all the personal recollections, and all the

records of impressions of the great scholar, which Mr. Watson has laboriously collected.

But we must not at the same time undervalue Mr. Watson's services. If he has failed to make an interesting book, it is mainly because his subject or rather the materials for the satisfactory treatment of it, were insufficient for the purpose. And although, considered as a whole, his memoirs of Porson have not all the characteristics of a catching popular biography, yet many particular passages of the life are treated with great judgment and success; it contains several episodes which are in themselves full of interest, and it is, at all events, by far the most valuable extant repertory, whether of the scattered remains of Porson's own unpublished letters and minor compositions, or of the various materials which had been contributed by his friends and contemporaries for the illustration of the history of this eminent, but unamiable and erratic genius.

The main facts of the life of Richard Porson might be very briefly detailed. We shall endeavour to interweave with them the most interesting of Mr. Watson's new materials.

Porson was born at East Ruston in Norfolk, of which place his father was parish clerk, on Christmas day, 1759. To his father he was indebted for his first instructions in reading and writing; but like most of the distinguished men of ancient and modern times, he is said to have inherited through the mother's side the wonderful abilities which he exhibited from his earliest years, and the vigour and versatility of which, in the opinion of his biographers, would have enabled him to attain to the first place in any department whatever, to which he might have applied himself. As a curious evidence of this capacity, it is related that his mother, having trained all the children to spin, and required of each to contribute a share to the household resources by this industry, Richard not only surpassed all the rest in the superior excellence and beauty of his work and in the quantity of yarn which he was able to produce from a given weight of wool, but also turned to account the time assigned for this labour by keeping a book constantly open before him; and used his opportunities so assiduously that he taught himself, in this manner, from an old book which came in his way, all the rules of arithmetic as far as the extraction of the cube

root! He learned to write from the instructions of his father, "at the same time that he taught him to read. He traced the form of a letter with chalk on a board, or with a stick in sand, and the child was made at once to remember the figure, and to imitate it. Thus he was enabled to form letters almost as soon as he could speak, and grew so fond of the occupation, that he was ready to cover every surface within his reach with characters, which he delineated with great neatness and accuracy."

His first instructions outside of his father's house were received at the village school of Bacton, under a master named Woodrow, who always spoke with high admiration of the talents which he then displayed. "In his ninth year he was put to another school, in the adjoining parish of Happisburgh, of a rather better character, the master of which, Mr. Summers, was able to ground him in Latin. When Porson first went to this place of instruction he wrote with a pen, but imperfectly; but in three months he became the best writer in the school, and in six months is said to have known as much of arithmetic as his master. He very early fixed his thoughts on the structure of language, and when he had once learned the English grammar he was never known to make a grammatical error; nor did he ever seem to forget what he had once read. His love of algebra he caught from a book on the science at his father's; and he was greatly attracted by logarithms. In studying Euclid with Mr. Summers, he did not proceed with the same deliberation as his schoolfellows, but everything seemed to come into his mind by intuition. 'On his daily return to school,' said Mr. Summers, 'it was evident that he had been thinking, when he was not asleep, of his studies; for he generally came armed with some algebraic or mathematical problem solved in his own way:' a process which he adopted, to Mr. Summers's admiration, with the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid's first book. 'His temper,' Mr. Summers used to say, 'was quiet and sedate; he was reckoned unsocial among his school-fellows, because out of school hours he preferred his book to joining with them in their play;' though he is reported to have excelled at marbles and trap-ball. His father still contributed to his improvement as much as he could; he obliged him to repeat at home every evening all the English lessons that he had learned at school during the day, requiring him to say them, not



in a lax and desultory manner, but with the same exactness and in the same order as they had been learned."

At a very early age young Porson gave some indications of a capacity for poetical composition, one specimen of which, written in Porson's twelfth year, Mr. Watson has printed. It is a short piece in the epic measure "On a moonlight night." It exhibits some power of versification and what Mr. Watson calls "ear for the Popian couplet"; but we must confess we see in it but little evidence of poetical genius.

These, however, and similar marvels in one who was favoured with so few of the ordinary opportunities, enlisted in his behalf the sympathies of more than one kind friend. The most active of these was the Rev. Charles Hewitt, the curate of Porson's native parish; who, being engaged in educating his own boys, kindly "offered, on finding that the father had made no exaggerated representation of the boy's capacity, to take him under his care, and to give him instruction gratuitously with his own sons. This offer the clerk was but too happy to accept, and accordingly, after young Porson had been with Mr. Summers three years, he came under the tuition of Mr. Hewitt, by whom he was instructed, to some considerable extent, in Latin, and with whom he continued also about three years. As Mr. Hewitt's residence was four miles from East Ruston, the boy used to trudge thither every Monday morning, with a stock of some kind of humble provision for the week, which he spent at the vicarage, and returned to his father's on Saturday afternoon."

With a view of benefiting the boy's future prospects, Mr. Hewitt endeavoured to interest in his favour a benevolent gentleman of the neighbouring parish, Mr. Norris of Wilton Park; and, in order to satisfy him of the lad's capacity arranged that he should be examined by Mr. Lambert, at that time Professor of Greek at Cambridge. Hewitt's letter to this gentleman is an interesting record of Porson's progress up to this period.

"As I have had the orderly and good boy under my care for almost two years, I think it proper to tell you how he has been employed during that time. He had read some of Corderius' 'Colloquies' when he first came, and having two little boys of my own who were reading Erasmus, I put him to them, the greatest part of whose 'Colloquies' they read together, and translated into English, which last task the boy performed in about half the time they

*could.* I ordered him to lay by his Erasmus, and endeavour to turn his English into Latin, which he did so accurately that he varied but little from his author either in order or words. He is now doing the same by Cæsar's 'Commentaries.' When he first began Ovid, I expected some little trouble in teaching him to scan, but, to my great surprise, found none, and I do not remember that he ever read six lines false as to quantity through his whole 'Metamorphoses.' He has read all Terence, the 'Eclogues,' and 'Georgics' of Virgil, and is got into the 'Æneid.'

"Perhaps you may wonder that I have said nothing of Greek hitherto, but my method (perhaps a wrong one) is to have lads pretty well versed in Latin first, and, as my own boys are by no means equal to him, I was obliged to defer it the longer. I have not time to attend to the boy by himself, otherwise I doubt not but he might have made a considerable progress in that language. *What I do for him is gratis*, otherwise I should think myself guilty of injustice. They are now getting the Greek verbs, and will begin the Greek Testament shortly. This boy and one of my own generally employ an hour or two every day in mathematics, in which science Porson had made such proficiency before he came to me as to be able to solve questions out of the 'Ladies' Diary,' to the great astonishment of a very able mathematician in these parts. To say anything more about the lad is needless, as you will try him yourself, and I heartily wish you may find him worthy of your recommendation, and your success herein will be a great pleasure and satisfaction to,

"Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

"T. HEWITT

"Of Bacton, near North Walsham, Norfolk."—p. 12-13.

Mr. Lambert who, along with two of his friends, examined the boy, reported so favourably that an effort was at once made to secure for him a nomination to Charterhouse School; but, this being found impracticable, Mr. Norris used his influence with his friends to raise a fund, by the help of which the boy was sent, in his fifteenth year, to Eton, where he obtained a place on the foundation in 1774. It would appear from the evidence given by Dr. Goodall, Provost of Eton, before a Committee of the House of Commons, that Porson's actual attainments on entering the school were by no means so marvellous as the popular tradition would suppose. In prosody, in Greek, even in composition, in which he afterwards excelled, he was by no means faultless. His application, too, to school tasks, and especially to the school exercises, was far from regular or assiduous; but his memory then, as in after life, was most remarkable. One in-

stance of its power is recorded. "He was going up one day with the rest of his form, to say a lesson in Horace, but, not being able to find his book at the time, took one which was thrust into his hand by another boy. He was called upon to construe, and went on with great accuracy, but the master observed that he did not seem to be looking on that part of the page in which the lesson was. He therefore took the book from his hand to examine it, and found it to be an English translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Porson was good-humouredly desired to continue his construing, and finished the lesson without erring in a single word."

One of his school performances especially lived in the memory of his contemporaries; and, being but vaguely recollected, most probably borrowed excellence from the imagination of his schoolfellows, whose report of it in later years may easily be supposed to have been tinged by the colouring which the recollections of boyhood seldom fail to receive in the report of that time of life whose truest characteristic is that it becomes

laudator temporis acti

Se juveno

We allude to his drama written for one of the school exhibitions, and entitled "Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire." Mr. Watson's account of this is one of the most interesting passages among his notices of the early life of Porson.

"The drama which he wrote at Eton, entitled, 'Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire,' is preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, to which it was presented in 1850 by Bishop Maltby, into whose hands it had passed. We have perused it, and found it, as might be expected, but a schoolboy performance; but, as the youthful production of one afterwards so famous, the reader may not be displeased if we give a short notice of it. It is in three acts, and may be called an opera, for it consists chiefly of songs. The subject is the old story of Friar Bacon's attempt to build a wall of brass round Britain to defend it from its enemies. But, in Porson's play, the business is taken, we know not why, out of the hands of Friar Bacon, and put into those of Doctor Faustus. Lucifer and Satan, also, two of the characters, are made distinct personages. The *dramatis personæ*, and the names of the boys who acted them, are these:

Dr. FAUSTUS	...	...	Mr. Stephenson.
SATAN,	} two devils, familiars {	} of Dr. Faustus {	Mr. Chafie.
LUCIFER,			Mr. Goodall.
VULCAN, a god turned smith	...		Mr. Moore.
PUNCH, servant to Dr. Faustus...			The Author.
JOAN his wife	...	..	Mrs. Smith, the real wife of Hob Smith.

The piece opens thus :

“ SCENE,—*A garden.* Dr. FAUSTUS *discovered.*

“ INCANTATION.

“ Now pale Cynthia’s borrowed light  
Faintly gilds the glimpse of night,  
And the hour-announcing clock  
Twelve times sounds with iron stroke.  
Now the ghosts with sullen stalk  
Round the dreary churchyard walk,  
Till the harbinger of day  
Chases them from earth away.  
I alone, while others sleep,  
Watchful to this garden creep,  
And, to conjure up my slave,  
Thus in air my rod I wave.  
Twice I turn to th’ eastern sky ;  
Twice the western world I spy ;  
Twice the south whence Auster blows ;  
Twice the north which Sol ne’er knows.  
Next these flowers of deadly juice,  
Which my fertile lands produce,  
On the ground, in order meet,  
Thus I strew beneath my feet.

“ He then invokes ‘Satan, and Lucifer his partner,’ to assist him in building a brazen wall ‘round Britannia’s chosen land.’ The two immediately appear in thunder and lightning, and ‘dance the hay,’ to the tune of ‘Deil tak’ the wars,’ to which Faustus sings a song. They then ‘dance again,’ while Faustus sings another song, to the air of ‘Fill your glasses, banish grief,’ as follows:

“ Wheresoe’er materials lie,  
On the earth or in the sea,  
Or i’ th’ middle air or sky,  
You must seek them out for me.  
To the furthest regions haste  
Ere a single hour be past ;  
Haste and quickly bring whate’er  
Will be necessary here.

"Satan replies,

"Whatever you think, Dr. Faustus, expedient,  
To fetch or to carry you'll find me obedient;  
Pray tell your intent, and if I do but swerve in't,  
As you will you shall punish your most humble servant.

"Lucifer expresses himself to the same effect, Satan then proposes to call in Vulcan, to make 'a head all of brass,' which may give directions how to build the brazen wall; telling Faustus,

"As soon as it speaks, which it will when you roast it,  
With questions in plenty at pleasure accost it.

"But he cautions him to be careful of making any mistake. Satan and Lucifer then depart to find Vulcan, who comes in by chance, while Dr. Faustus is waiting for him, singing,

"Whoe'er wants to buy, to my office repair,  
And I'll furnish you quickly with all kinds of ware,  
Whether hammer, or chisel, or gimlet, or axe,  
Or tenpenny nails, or the smallest of tacks.

"The Doctor signifying his wish to have the head, Vulcan promises to make it in an hour and a quarter, and takes his leave, Faustus sends his servant Punch to fetch the head, and as he is not over expeditious in going, threatens to whip him, and sings,

"If a servant you have, he's the plague of your life,  
For with him you've nought but contention and strife;  
Of the orders you give him he's never observant:  
Oh! what a plague is an impudent servant,  
Vexing, perplexing,  
Staying, delaying,—

Oh! what a plague is an impudent servant!

"This Punch parodies thus:

"If a master you have, he's the plague of your life,  
For with him you have nought but contention and strife;  
Go as fast as you can, he would have you go faster:  
Oh! what a plague is a whimsical master,  
Ordering and bothering,  
Stripping and whipping,—

Oh! what a plague is a whimsical master!

"Thus ends the first Act.

"In the second Act Joan enters, singing. Vulcan comes to her with the head of brass, and Joan observes,

"I think that it looks rather frightful and horrid:  
What hideous eyes, what a terrible forehead!

"Punch joins them, and the whole act is composed of their talk and songs.

"The third Act discovers Punch and Joan sitting half asleep, with bottle and tumblers beside them, and the head in a huge frying-pan on the fire; Dr Faustus having charged them to watch the roasting of it, and to let him know when it should speak. They talk and sing, and the head says, 'Time is,' of which they take no notice; soon after the head says, 'Time was,' and, in a little while, exclaims, 'Time is gone,' and falls into the fire and bursts. In comes Faustus to ask if it has not spoken. Seeing it broken, he laments, and upbraids Punch and his wife for their carelessness, who endeavour to excuse themselves, but are at last driven off by Satan and Lucifer to Tartarus. Faustus mourns, in a parody on Wolsey's speech, that 'his shoot has been nipp'd when he thought his greatness was a ripening,' but adds that, though Britain must still continue open to our foes, yet

—Still beneath our arms the foe shall fall,  
And England's valour be its brazen wall."—p. 23-26.

During Porson's stay at Eton, Mr. Norris died; but the interest which that gentleman's efforts in his favour had created, was kept alive by another benefactor, Sir George Baker, who by his active exertions succeeded in enabling the boy to complete his course at Eton, and to enter Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1777. In 1781 he was elected to a university scholarship on Lord Craven's foundation; and in the following year he took his degree with much credit, being third senior optime and senior medallist. One of his exercises in the examination for the scholarship—a translation into Greek iambics of an 'Epitaph on Alexis'—is still preserved, and is printed by Mr. Watson. It is a creditable, but not absolutely faultless performance. When these verses were shown several years afterwards to Parr, Parr asked Porson whether he considered them faultless. Porson's characteristic answer was, that 'for every single fault Parr would point out, he himself would find seven.'

It is to this period of Porson's life that the first beginnings of the habit of intoxication which eventually destroyed his reputation and his life are commonly referred; and although Mr. Watson shows that one discreditable anecdote related by Dr. Maltby is most probably unfounded, yet he himself gives us but too much reason to believe almost all that is reported. As Porson's reputation for scholarship increased, "his company was much sought,



especially by the young men of his college. But he did not conduct himself in such a way, in the convivial hours which he spent among them, as to secure from them much personal deference, however they might admire the powers of his mind. Familiarity seems to have produced its proverbial effect in his case as in others. In his disputes with the young fellows he was fond of threatening to punish their insolence by splitting their heads with the poker. One evening an undergraduate distinguished for pugilism, with whom he had a dispute, seeing Porson catch hold of the poker, seized the tongs, observing that he could play at that game as well as Porson. Porson, looking in his face, said in a sneering tone, 'If I should crack your skull, I believe I should find it empty.' 'And if I should crack yours,' replied the other, 'I believe I should find it full of maggots.' This was a retort such as Porson liked, and he immediately laid down the poker with a smile, and repeated a chapter of 'Roderick Random' suitable to the occasion. The author of the 'Short Account of Porson' says that this cured him of using the poker; but he is mistaken, for we shall find him brandishing it again hereafter. Sir Egerton Brydges, who was at Cambridge at this time, speaks of Porson's roughness, and thought him vain and arrogant; but Sir Egerton admits that he was in his company only once or twice, and he assuredly never penetrated Porson's husk."

It was during these years that Porson first began to prepare for his career as editor and critic. His earliest thoughts seem to have been turned upon *Æschylus*; and in 1783 Maty's Review announced that a scholar of Cambridge, who was preparing a new edition of Stanley's *Æschylus*, with additional notes, would be glad to receive communications on the subject, either from English or foreign scholars. The project however fell to the ground amusingly enough.

"It happened at the same time, too, that the Syndics of the University Press had in contemplation a reprint of Stanley's edition, with additional notes from his manuscripts, of which he had left eight large folio volumes. Porson being consulted about the publication, offered to undertake the editorship of it, if he were allowed to conduct it according to his own notions of an editor's duty. But on being told that he must preserve Stanley's text unaltered, and must admit all Pauw's annotations, however valueless, he declined to execute the work on those conditions. In one of his

conferences with the Syndics, he urged upon them the necessity of obtaining the various readings of the Medicean manuscript at Florence, which Professor Salvini had inspected for Dr. Askew, and offered to undertake a journey thither for the purpose of collating it, at an expense to the University not greater than that for which the task could have been performed by a person on the spot; but the proposal was rejected, and one of the Syndics, speaking strongly against it, asked why Mr. Porson could not collect his manuscripts at home? The name of this learned objector has not been recorded, but Kidd seems to have known who he was, for he calls him 'a grave man, and most wonderful scholar, then perching on the pinnacle of power;' and another of the opposers he designates as 'a genuine critic, well known in the *Primrose Path* as well as in the *Fosse* and the *Watling Street*.' Porson afterwards alluded to this display of ignorance in a note to his 'Letters to Travis: 'I have heard of a learned Doctor in our University who confounded the *collection* with the *collation* of manuscripts.'"—p. 38-9.

It was in reference to Porson's contemplated visit to the continent in search of critical assistance for this task, that the well known verses, unfortunately too true in substance, however doubtful as to persons and localities, were written.

"'I went to Strasburg, where I got drunk,  
With that most learn'd professor Brunck :  
I went to Wortz, where I got more drunken  
With that more learn'd professor Ruhnken.'"—p. 40.

He had now become an occasional contributor to 'Maty's Review' and the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' in which latter periodical appeared the well known letters on the text of "The Three Witnesses." Porson's opinions were so far from those of the orthodox churchmen of his day, low as the standard of orthodoxy then was, that he declined to subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles, and in consequence gave up the intention of receiving orders. As this was a necessary condition for the tenure of the fellowship to which he had been chosen in his college, he was obliged to resign his fellowship in 1792. The circumstances of his forced resignation of the fellowship were peculiarly mortifying. He might have been elected to a lay fellowship, but the master, who is said to have desired to secure the appointment for his nephew, used his influence against Porson. The disappointment preyed keenly upon him. He spent in the company of Beloe the "evening of the day on which his fellowship expired, when he expressed great anguish, even to shedding tears, at the gloom of his prospects, and

the difficulty of deciding how he should shape his course of life. According to Kidd, though the occasion was 'heart-rending,' he observed, with his usual good humour (for nothing could depress him,) that he found himself a gentleman in London with sixpence in his pocket. This, after a while, must have become literally true, for he lived, he said, at this period of his life for six weeks on a guinea, which, at sixpence a day, would leave him with sixpence only on the last day. He used to dine on milk, or on bread and cheese and porter. Other accounts say that he lived only three weeks on the guinea. But he told his nephew, Mr. Hawes, that he lived at least a month on the sum, taking only two extremely frugal meals in the twenty-four hours. During this period of forced economy he would sometimes walk, as he was possessed of great bodily strength, the whole distance between Cambridge and London in a day."

The sympathy which Porson's exclusion created, led to a public subscription for the purpose of providing for him a respectable competency. The particulars of this movement have been very fully ascertained by Mr. Watson. Porson would only consent to accept it on the understanding that the sum should be invested in the name of Trustees, and that upon his death it should revert to the subscribers. The income thus secured for him was about £100 a year. About the same time he was elected Regius Professor of Greek, the salary of which office however was but £40 a year. The office was little more than a sinecure; and though Porson contemplated the holding of regular courses of lectures, he never carried out his intention, whether owing to difficulties thrown in his way by the refusal to assign rooms for the purpose, or to his own natural indolence and procrastinating habits. It was some time previous to his resignation that his memorable visit to Dr. Parr, and his quarrel with the Doctor's better half took place.

"Mr. Richard Porson remained at Hatton in the winter, 1790-1, collecting materials for future works, and enriching his mind with the stores of Parr's library, and of his conversation. He rose late, seldom walked out, and was employed in the library till dinner, reading and taking notes from books, but chiefly the latter. His notes were made in a small distinct text, of the most exquisitely neat writing I have ever beheld. He was very silent, and, except to Parr, whom he often consulted, and to whose opinions he seemed

to defer, he seldom spoke a word. His manners in a morning, indeed, were rather sullen, and his countenance gloomy. After dinner he began to relax, but was always under restraint with Parr and the ladies.

"At night, when he could collect the young men of the family together, and especially if Parr was absent from home, he was in his glory. The charms of his society were then irresistible. Many a midnight hour did I spend with him, listening with delight while he poured out torrents of various literature, the best sentences of the best writers, and sometimes the ludicrous beyond the gay; pages of Barrow, whole letters of Richardson, whole scenes of Foote; favourite pieces from the periodical press, and, among them, I have heard recited the 'Orgies of Bacchus.'

"His abode in the house became at last so tiresome to Mrs. Parr, that she insulted him in a manner which I shall not record. From this time the visits of Porson were not repeated at Hatton; and though there was no open breach of friendship on his part, there was no continuance of kindness, notwithstanding Dr. Parr's strenuous endeavours to secure his comforts and independence.

"As Dr. Johnstone does not choose to describe Mrs. Parr's insult, we may suppose that it was of a very gross character. She may indeed have fancied that she had reason for offering such an insult. But there are women who imagine that they may say, without censure, the most disagreeable things to any man, however great or good, of whom they conceive a dislike, or wish to be rid. As they are safe from personal chastisement, they venture to utter all the bitterness that may arise in their minds. Nothing is more disgraceful to the female sex than these cowardly attacks on men, often of great ability and merit, whom they know to be restrained by good sense, and gentlemanly forbearance towards the sex, from retaliation. No man can know, who has not experienced, how much mischief may be produced by the impertinent intrusions of a wife between her husband and his friends. Mrs. Parr was a woman of violent and overbearing temper, presumptuous and inconsiderate, and having little respect or kindness for any human being."—p.92-3.

Porson's offence arose out of the coarse and half brutalized habits to which his intemperance had led, and it provoked from the lady an allusion which the angry scholar never forgot or forgave. But his quarrel with the lady did not interrupt his friendly relations with her husband, and the Doctor's celebrated panegyric of Porson, memorable for its grandiloquence even among Parr's grandiose remains, dates but a short time after this violent quarrel.

With most men marriage is one of the great events of life. Porson's marriage is in this respect almost unexampled. Mr. Watson refers to the case of Budæus, who

pursued his studies on his wedding day as uninterruptedly as though nothing unusual had taken place, and of Stothard, the painter, who passed direct from the church to his studio; and he also quotes the anecdote of Kemble who acted as usual on the evening of his marriage, and required to be reminded at the close of the performance to bring his wife home. But all these fade into insignificance before the history of Porson's nuptials.

He had at one time been regarded as the probable suitor of the sister of his friend and fellow student, Dr. Raine; but, in consequence of the opposition of Raine, this idea was abandoned, and Porson seemed to have settled down into the habits of a "confirmed convivial bachelor." It was not to be so, however. He formed, soon after the resignation of his fellowship, an intimacy with Perry, the celebrated editor of the "*Morning Chronicle*." In Perry's house lived, as her brother's housekeeper, his sister, Mrs. Lunan, the so-called widow of a Scotchman, by profession a bookbinder, with whom Perry had once been a lodger. In consequence of Lunan's gross misconduct, Mrs. Lunan had procured a divorce from him by the Scotch law, and he had married a second time. This lady, unknown and unsuspected by Porson's friends, had captivated that strange and backward wooer. "One night, while he was smoking his pipe with George Gordon at the Cider Cellar, he suddenly said, 'Friend George, do you not think the widow Lunan an agreeable sort of personage as times go?' Gordon said something in the affirmative. 'In that case,' continued Porson, 'you must meet me to-morrow morning at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields at eight o'clock;' and without saying more, paid his reckoning and retired. George Gordon was somewhat astonished, but, knowing that Porson was likely to mean what he said, determined to comply with the invitation, and repaired to the church at the hour specified, where he found Porson with Mrs. Lunan and a female friend, and the parson waiting to begin the ceremony. When service was ended, the parties separated, the bride and her friend retiring by one door, and Porson and George Gordon by another. Pryse Gordon is however mistaken about the church at which the marriage took place, for the register of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields has been searched in vain for a record of it. Gordon, on inquiry, found that it was some time since Porson had proposed, but that Mrs. Lunan, as he wished

the ceremony to be performed without her brother's knowledge, had been unwilling to listen, and that it was only on finding that she must either yield to Porson's obstinacy on the point, or reject him altogether, that she was induced to give her consent. Gordon urged him to declare his marriage to Perry, but he declined, and they parted. He was determined, however, that Perry should not be kept in ignorance of the affair, especially as he himself had taken part in it, and was preparing to go to the 'Morning Chronicle' Office to give intimation of what had happened, when Porson returned, and said, 'Friend George, I shall for once take advice, which, as you know, I seldom do, and hold out the olive-branch, provided you will accompany me to the Court of Lancaster; for you are a good peace-maker.' Lancaster Court, in the Strand, was Perry's place of residence, and hence Porson often called him 'My Lord of Lancaster.' Gordon agreed, and, as they found Perry at home, Porson made him such a speech as inclined him, though he was somewhat hurt at the secrecy, to reconciliation, when a dinner was provided, as Pryse Gordon states, and an apartment selected for the newly-married couple. How long the Professor sat after the dinner, we are not told; but, if Beloe may be believed, he soon sought other company. 'What shall we call it,' says he, 'waywardness, inconsiderateness, or ungraciousness? but it is a well-known fact that he spent the day' [it could only have been the evening of the day] 'of his marriage with a very learned friend, now a judge, without either communicating the circumstance of his change of condition, or attempting to stir till the hour prescribed by the family obliged him to depart.' On leaving this friend's house, he adjourned, as a surgeon named Moore, an acquaintance of Barker's asserted, to the Cider Cellar, where he stayed till eight the next morning. If this be true, it is perhaps greater neglect than was ever before shown to a wife on the day of her marriage."

This strangely begun union was not, all things considered, an unhappy one. Mrs. Porson was amiable and good tempered, and Porson behaved to her "with all the kindness of which he was capable." He became "more attentive to times and seasons," and for a time a chance appeared of his being weaned from his grossly irregular and intemperate habits. But unhappily Mrs. Porson



survived the marriage only a year and a half. Porson's health is said to have become gradually more unsatisfactory from this time forward, and his capacity for study less, as well as more precarious. His personal appearance about this time is thus described.

"Porson's personal appearance, at the time of his marriage, was, when he was well dressed, very commanding. 'His very look,' says Mr. John Symmens, 'impressed me with the idea of his being an extraordinary man; what is called, I believe, by artists, in the *Hercules*, 'the repose of strength,' appeared in his whole figure and face.' 'His head,' says Pryse Gordon, 'was remarkably fine; an expansive forehead, over which was smoothly combed (when in dress) his shining brown hair. His nose was Roman, with a keen and penetrating eye, shaded with long lashes. His mouth was full of expression; and altogether his countenance indicated deep thought; his stature was nearly six feet.' Mr. Maltby, who became acquainted with him when he was under thirty, spoke of him as having been then a handsome man. His ordinary dress, especially when alone, and engaged in study, was careless and slovenly, but, on important occasions, when he put on his blue coat, white waistcoat, black satin breeches, silk stockings, and ruffled shirt, 'he looked,' says Mr. Gordon, 'quite the gentleman.'

"This description of Porson is supported by the portraits of him that are to be seen at Cambridge; one by Kirkby, a painter of some note in his day, in the dining-room of the Master's lodge at Trinity College; and another by Hoppner in the public library."—p. 131-2.

That he was not with all his eccentricities "an ill husband," is inferred by Mr. Watson, from the intimacy which Perry, his wife's brother, maintained with him to the last. In one of his visits to Perry's house an incident occurred, which has often been related, and which reflects infinite credit on his equanimity and perseverance.

"While he was on a visit to Perry at Merton, a fire broke out in the house, which destroyed a performance on which he had bestowed the labour of at least ten months. He had borrowed the manuscript of the Greek Lexicon compiled by Photius, the patriarch of Constantinople, from the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, engaging to make a complete copy of it. This manuscript is known as the *Codex Galeanus*, from having being presented to Trinity College by the learned Gale, and, from its evident antiquity, may reasonably be supposed to be a transcript extremely valuable. Porson carried it with him wherever he went. On the morning of the day on which the fire occurred, he set out from Merton on a ride to London, taking with him the manuscript, but leaving the transcript,

which he had just finished, behind him. As he was on the road, he felt, he thought, some apprehensions of approaching evil, and stopped three or four times on the way, deliberating whether he should return for his books and papers. Once he actually turned back his horse's head; but at last, trusting that his fears were idle, he resolved on continuing his journey. The following night, during his absence, the fire broke out, and the copy was destroyed. Dr. Raine was the first to inform him of his loss; and Porson, on hearing the news, inquired if any lives had been lost. Dr. Raine replied in the negative. 'Then,' rejoined Porson, 'I will tell you what I have lost; twenty years of my life;' repeating, at the same time, the stanza of Gray,

To each his sufferings; all are men,  
Condemn'd alike to groan.  
The tender for another's pain,  
The unfeeling for his own.

How he meant these lines to be applied, we are left to conjecture. Among the effects destroyed at the same time were a copy of Kuster's *Aristophanes*, the margins of which were filled with notes and emendations, the letters of Ruhnken to which we have previously alluded, and many other literary treasures.

"With the resolution of Bishop Cooper, who, when his wife, in a fit of rage, set fire to the manuscript of his *Thesaurus* on which he had spent eight years' labour, sat calmly down to write it over again, Porson devoted himself to make a second transcript of Photius equally accurate with the first. How long he took to his task is not related. The manuscript, a handsome quarto volume, he deposited in the library of his College."—p. 129-32.

It is to this period of his life that his most important literary labours belong. We do not mean merely his occasional contributions to the literary and critical journals, but much more the well-known editions of the plays of Euripides which mark an era in classical editorship, and especially in the laws of metrical criticism—the *Hecuba*, the *Orestes*, and the *Medea*. Mr. Watson has well brought out at once the gradual development of Porson's theories which these successive publications exhibit, and the original soundness and consistency of the views on which, though separate from each other in time, they are all uniformly regulated. We cannot of course enter into the details of the various controversies in which these principles were illustrated and defended by their pugnacious author. It will be enough to observe that, although the same law which forms the basis of the admirable emendations of the *Orestes* and the later plays, is equally observed in the very

earliest of his critical editions, that of the *Hecuba*, it was not until it was drawn forth by his contest, we do not say with Wakefield, for in this he never put forth his strength, but with Hermann, that he fully explained and illustrated it, with that lavish outpouring of erudition which took even his friends by surprise. As a purely matter-of-fact account of this phase of Porson's literary life, these chapters of Mr. Watson's memoirs are the fullest and most discriminating that have yet been published, and we can confidently refer to his text the reader who is interested in the details. We may mention that he has printed in fac-simile Porson's own exquisitely beautiful autograph of the celebrated epigram on Hermann and the Germans, imitated from that of Phocylides on the Leriens.

In the midst of these literary successes, it is painful to think that Porson's life presents but a succession of scenes of the lowest and most revolting debauchery. Even his personal appearance which, at an earlier period, we have seen very favourably described, began to bear but too evident marks of his extravagant and habitual excesses. In one of his letters to Surgeon Joy he makes the condition of his nose "whether arising from good living or bad humour" an apology for declining to appear in company; and in another place he tells an anecdote, which but too well illustrates this letter. "He went to call on one of the judges with whom he was intimate, when a gentleman, who did not know Porson, was waiting impatiently for the barber. Porson, who was negligently dressed, and had besides a patch of brown paper soaked in vinegar on his inflamed nose, being shown into the room where the gentleman was sitting, he started up suddenly, and rushing towards Porson, exclaimed, 'Are you the barber?' 'No sir,' replied Porson, 'but I am a cunning shaver, very much at your service.'"

Mr. Maltby's account of his appearance is still more painful. "He was generally," says Mr. Maltby, "ill-dressed and dirty. But I never saw him such a figure as he was one day at Leigh and Sotheby's auction room; he evidently had been rolling in the kennel, and, on enquiry, I found that he was just come from a party (at Robert Heathcote's, I believe) with whom he had been sitting up drinking for two nights." "Banks," says the same authority, "once invited Porson (about a year before his death) to dine with him at an hotel at the west end of London;

but the dinner passed away without the expected guest having made his appearance. Afterwards, on Banks's asking him why he had not kept his engagement, Porson replied (without entering into further particulars) that he '*had* come;' and Banks could only conjecture that the waiters, seeing Porson's shabby dress, and not knowing who he was, had offered him some insult, which had made him indignantly return home."

We can imagine the effect which his appearance would produce in the gay crowd of the then celebrated assembly rooms at Bath.

"He went one evening to a ball at the assembly-rooms at Bath, escorted by Dr. Davis, a physician of the place, who introduced him to the Rev. Richard Warner. When Porson separated from Warner, King, the master of the ceremonies, stepped forward and said, 'Pray, Mr. Warner, who is that man you have been speaking to? I can't say I much like his appearance.' 'To own the truth,' says Warner, 'Porson, with lank uncombed locks, a loose neck-cloth, and wrinkled stockings, exhibited a striking contrast to the gorgeous crowd around. I replied, however,' he continues, 'Who is that gentleman, Mr. King? The greatest man that has visited your rooms since their first erection. It is the celebrated Porson; the most profound scholar in Europe; who has more Greek under that mop of hair than can be found in all the heads in the room, ay, if we even include those of the orchestra.' 'Indeed,' said the dancing-master, and went off to attend to his dancing, having no more conception of what is contained in the head of a scholar than the cat that looks at a king has of the value of the jewels in his crown."—p. 274-5.

Few examples indeed are on record in which the dipsomania was carried to a more extraordinary excess, and involved a more revolting want of discrimination as to the medium of indulgence. "When Porson dined with me," said Rogers, "I used to keep him within bounds; but I frequently met him at various houses where he got completely drunk. He would not scruple to return to the dining room after the company had left it, pour into a tumbler the drops remaining in the wine glasses and drink off the omnium gatherum." Maltby, who was present when Rogers said this, added that he had seen Porson do so. He would drink liquids of all kinds. 'Horne Tooke used to say,' as Mr. Maltby tells us, 'that Porson would drink ink, rather than not drink at all.' Indeed,' adds Mr. Maltby, 'he would drink anything. He was sitting

with a gentleman after dinner, in the chambers of a mutual friend, a Templar, who was then ill and confined to bed. A servant came into the room, sent thither by his master, for a bottle of embrocation which was on the chimney-piece. 'I drank it an hour ago,' said Porson. 'When Hoppner the painter was residing in a cottage a few miles from London, Porson, one afternoon, unexpectedly arrived there. Hoppner said that he could not offer him dinner, as Mrs. Hoppner had gone to town, and had carried with her the key of the closet which contained the wine. Porson, however, declared that he would be content with a mutton chop, and beer from the next alehouse, and accordingly stayed to dine. During the evening Porson said; 'I am quite certain that Mrs. Hoppner keeps some nice bottle for her private drinking, in her own bedroom; so, pray, try if you can lay your hands on it.' His host assured him that Mrs. Hoppner had no such secret stores; but Porson insisting that a search should be made, a bottle was at last discovered in the lady's apartment, to the surprise of Hoppner, and the joy of Porson, who soon finished its contents, pronouncing it to be the best gin he had tasted for a long time. Next day Hoppner, somewhat out of temper, informed his wife that Porson had drunk every drop of her concealed dram. 'Drunk every drop of it!' cried she. 'My God, it was spirits of wine for the lamp!'"

Of his power of physical endurance in the protracted excesses in which he indulged, the received accounts are almost beyond the possibility of belief.

"Of his capacities of drinking, and of sitting up at nights, extraordinary stories are told. He appears to have been, like Dr. Johnson, a bad sleeper, and to have been the readier, on that account, to consort with those who were willing to sit late. He had manifested his love of late hours even in his boyhood, at a visit to Mr. Norris, who, having invited him to spend an afternoon with him, expected him to take his leave in the evening, but finding him, after a hint or two as to the time, unwilling to move, was at last obliged to have him put to bed in the house. 'In the former period of his early residence in the metropolis,' says Beloe, 'the absence of sleep hardly seemed to annoy him. The first evening which he spent with Horne Tooke, he never thought of retiring till the harbinger of day gave warning to depart. Horne Tooke, on another occasion, contrived to find out the opportunity of requesting his company when he knew that he had been sitting up the whole of

the night before. This, however, made no difference; Porson sat up the second night also till the hour of sunrise.

"His computations with Horne Tooke, in the narrative of Mr. Maltby, assume a still more formidable aspect. 'Horne Tooke told me,' he states, 'that he once asked Porson to dine with him in Richmond Buildings; and as he knew that Porson *had not been in bed for the three preceding nights*, he expected to get rid of him at an early hour. Porson, however, kept Tooke up the whole night; and in the morning the latter, in perfect despair, said, 'Mr. Porson, I am engaged to meet a friend at breakfast at a coffee-house in Leicester Square.' 'Oh,' replied Porson, 'I will go with you;' and he accordingly did so. Soon after they had reached the coffee-house, Tooke contrived to slip out, and, running home, ordered his servant not to let Mr. Porson in, even if he should attempt to batter down the door. 'A man,' observed Tooke, 'who could sit up four nights successively, could sit up forty.'"—p. 277-8.

For these gross and beastly habits Mr. Watson ventures to offer a faint apology in the fact that "to drink to excess was one of the vices of the day in which he lived; when a capacity for three bottles was thought a necessary qualification for society; when noblemen and gentlemen fell senseless under the dinner-table, and were carried to bed by their servants: and when Pitt and Dundas, on whom Porson made his epigrams, rose reeling from a carouse to join the senate."

The "Epigrams on Pitt and Dundas" are explained elsewhere.

"It was in the 'Morning Chronicle' that *the hundred and one epigrams* appeared, which Porson is said to have written in one night, about Pitt and Dundas going drunk to the House of Commons, on the evening when a message was to be delivered from his Majesty relative to war with France. The story is to be found in the effusion of frothy narrative called Warner's 'Literary Recollections,' where it is said to have been told by Perry to John Pearson, Esq., afterwards advocate-general of Bengal. When the Minister and his friend appeared before the House, Pitt tried to speak, but, showing himself unable, was kindly pulled down into his seat by those about him; Dundas, who was equally unfitted for eloquence, had sense enough left to sit silent. Perry witnessed the scene, and, on his return from the House, gave a description of it to Porson, who being vastly amused, called for pen and ink, and, musing over his pipe and tankard, produced the one hundred and one pieces of verse before the day dawned. There is, alas! not one that can be called good among them; *sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura*. The point of most of them lies in puns, and of course in bad puns,



for who could excogitate a hundred good puns, supposing that there ever were such things, in one night? The first epigram is,

That *ça Ira* in England will prevail,  
All sober men deny with heart and hand ;  
To talk of *going's* sure a pretty tale,  
When e'en our rulers can't so much as stand.

The following perhaps deserve preference over their fellows :

Your gentle brains with full libations drench:  
You've then Pitt's title to the Treasury Bench.

Your foe in war to overrate,  
A maxim is of ancient date :  
Then sure 'twas right, in time of trouble,  
That our good rulers should *see double*.

The mob are beasts, exclaims the *Knight of Daggers* :  
What creature's he that's troubled with the *staggers* ?

When Billy found he scarce could stand,  
'Help, help!' he cried, and stretched his hand,  
To faithful Henry calling :  
Quoth Hal, 'My friend, I'm sorry for't ;  
'Tis not my practice to support  
A minister that falling.'

'Who's up?' inquired Burke of a friend at the door :  
'Oh! no one,' says Paddy ; 'though Pitt's on the floor.'"—p. 215-7.

It is painful to have to record these disgraceful excesses of men who fill so large a place in history, but unfortunately it would not have been difficult to have found in Porson's own line of life, in the literary and professional ranks, examples more germane to the purpose. Mr. Watson might have referred to the great Lutheran theological professor, Bertholdt, who could not be induced to set about the preparation of his prelections till a supply of beer, *ad libitum*, had been placed by his side ; of Hess, who used to take his can into the pulpit at lecture, and, at every successful hit during the progress of the exercise, drink to his auditory ; or of Frederic Wolf of Berlin, who, as a preliminary of his revels, was accustomed to post on the door of his lecture-hall the notice: "I shall be sick for eight days"; while Pontanus, with equal significance for the initiated, under the disguise of a capital *P*, chalked nine times upon his door, conveyed the intimation: *Petrus Pontanus Professor Publicus Propter Pocula Prohibetur Prælegere* !

Porson's excesses, unlike those of most other intempe-

rate men, had the effect, for a certain time at least, of sharpening his intellect, and of quickening his memory, which was at all times a very extraordinary one. Mr. Watson has put together in an interesting chapter a number of very remarkable examples of the powers of Porson's memory. They fall very far short, however, of the well authenticated anecdotes related of other scholars far less distinguished by general attainments. The most characteristic are the following.

" 'Nothing,' says the writer of the 'Scraps from Porson's Rich Feast,' 'came amiss to his memory; he would set a child right in his twopenny fable-book, repeat the whole of the moral tale of the Dean of Badajos, or a page of Athenæus on cups, or Eustathius on Homer.'

"Dr. Daune of Aberdeen told Mr. Maltby that, 'during a visit to London, he *heard Porson declare* that he could repeat Smollett's 'Roderick Random' from beginning to end:' and Mr. Richard Heber assured Maltby that 'soon after the appearance of the 'Essay on Irish Bulls,' Porson used, when somewhat tipsy, to recite *whole pages of it verbatim* with great delight.' He said that he would undertake to learn by heart a copy of the 'Morning Chronicle,' in a week.

"Pryse Lockhart Gordon, in his 'Personal Memoirs,' says that Porson, having been invited to dine with him, and having come, by mistake, on Thursday instead of Friday, was kept to dinner on the Thursday, and, testifying no desire to go to bed when his host retired, was left with two bottles of wine before him, and an Italian novel, which he sat up all night reading, and of which, at a dinner party the following day, he gave a translation from memory, and though there were forty names mentioned in the story, he had forgotten only one of them. This slight failure in his recollection, however, annoyed him so much that he started up, and paced round the room for about ten minutes, when, stopping suddenly, he exclaimed: 'Eureka! The Count's name is Don Francesco Averani.' If this account is quite accurate, it shows that Porson was better acquainted with the Italian than was supposed by Mr. Maltby, who thought that he knew little or nothing of the language.

"On one occasion, when Porson, Reed, and some other of the literati, with John Kemble, were assembled at Dr. Burney's at Hammersmith, and were examining some old newspapers in which the execution of Charles I. was detailed, they observed some particulars stated in them which they doubted whether Hume or Rapin had mentioned. Reed, who, being versed in old literature, was consulted as the oracle on the point, could not recollect; but Porson repeated a long passage from Rapin in which the circumstances were fully noticed. Archdeacon Burney, who favoured me with this

anecdote, told me, at the same time, that he had often, when a boy, taken down Humphry Clinker, or Foote's plays, from his father's shelves, and heard Porson repeat whole pages of them walking about the room.

"Basil Montague related that Porson, in his presence, and that of some other persons, read a page or two of a book, and then repeated what he had read from memory. 'That is very well,' said one of the company, 'but could the Professor repeat it backwards?' Porson immediately began to repeat it backwards, and failed only in two words.

"Priestley, the bookseller, used to relate that Porson was once in his shop, when a gentleman came in, and asked for a particular edition of Demosthenes, of which Priestley was not in possession. The gentleman being somewhat disappointed, Porson, whose attention was directed towards him, asked him whether he wished to consult any passage in Demosthenes. The gentleman replied in the affirmative, and specified the passage. Porson then asked Priestley for a copy of the Aldine edition, and, having received it and turned over a few leaves, put his finger on the passage, 'showing,' said Priestley, 'not only his knowledge of the author, but his familiarity with the passage in that particular edition.'

"A similar anecdote used to be told by Mr. Cogan. One day Porson called on a friend who happened to be reading Thucydides, and who asked leave to consult him on the meaning of a word. Porson, on hearing the word, did not look at the book, but at once repeated the passage. His friend asked how he knew that it was that passage. 'Because,' replied Porson, 'the word occurs only twice in Thucydides, once on the right hand page, in the edition which you are using, and once on the left. I observed on which side you looked, and accordingly knew to which passage you referred.'

" 'I once took him,' relates Rogers, 'to an evening party at William Spencer's, where he was introduced to several women of fashion, Lady Crewe, &c., who were very anxious to see the great Grecian. How do you suppose he entertained them? Chiefly by reciting an immense quantity of old forgotten Vauxhall songs. He was far from sober, and at last talked so oddly that they all retired from him except Lady Crewe, who bodily kept her ground. I recollect her saying to him, 'Mr. Porson, that joke you have borrowed from 'Joe Miller,' and his rather angry reply, 'Madam, it is not in 'Joe Miller;' you will not find it either in the preface or in the body of the work, no, nor in the index.' I brought him home as far as Piccadilly, where, I am sorry to say, I left him sick in the middle of the street.'"—p. 294-7.

It may be presumed that the incident referred to in the last of these anecdotes was by no means solitary. Such exhibitions were unfortunately but too common. "A

writer in the 'Public Ledger' said that he had often seen him standing at night, in the midst of a number of people, pouring forth, with dignified deportment, and sonorous utterance, a number of lines of Homer, apparently for no other purpose than to excite the wonder of his audience at what few or none of them could understand."

Advantage was sometimes taken by unscrupulous literary pilferers of the freedom with which Porson, in these moments of convivial excess, poured out his stores of learning. Some curious anecdotes of Elmsley's cleverness in this respect are related.

"In a critique on Schweighæuser's *Athenæus*, in the 'Edinburgh Review,' Elmsley inserted, as original, some restorations of passages that had defied the sagacity of that editor as well as his predecessors. When Porson saw the corrections, he at once recognised them as his own, but was unable to guess how the reviewer, whoever he was, had got hold of them, till he was reminded that he had some time before met Elmsley at a dinner party, where he had poured forth his emendations of *Athenæus* with great liberality. Another story says that he met Elmsley by chance in an umbrella shop, and, falling into conversation with him about *Athenæus*, told him of some emendations of which Elmsley took advantage. Both accounts may be true. But after the appearance of that review Porson would never open his mouth about Greek to Elmsley.

"Dobree used to call Elmsley ἀρχικλεπίστρας, *the most thievish of thieves*; and a story is told in the 'Church of England Quarterly Review', which, if true, amply justifies the application of the epithet. When the authorities of Trinity College, Cambridge, after Porson's death, had selected that portion of his books which they were desirous to purchase, they were placed under the care of Mackinlay the bookseller, with strict injunctions that nobody should have access to them. But Elmsley's uncle had been Mackinlay's partner, and Elmsley, being consequently well known to the servants, found entrance, by their means, to the literary treasures, and employed part of a Saturday, and the whole of a Sunday, during Mackinlay's absence, in transcribing what was likely to be useful to him as the editor of *Aristophanes*. Unhappily for the success of his schemes, however, many of the emendations, which he passed off as his own in his edition of the '*Acharnenses*,' had been communicated by Porson to some of his friends; and such wonderful coincidences led to a questioning of Mackinlay, who, on examining his cook, found that she had admitted Elmsley on the Saturday, and prepared his meals for him on the Sunday. Elmsley, in dread of exposure, attempted to suppress his '*Acharnenses*;' but found, to his dismay, that it had been reprinted at Leipsic. Such is the tale told by the reviewer; *ceterum fides ejus rei penes auctoris erit*.

Elmsley was a sound Greek scholar, but may have been too fond of purloining."—p. 310-11.

Porson's intercourse with Parr was a singular mixture of familiarity and aversion—an alternation of dislike and regard.

"For Parr's literary character, it cannot be surprising that Porson, who could see very acutely into mankind, should feel no very great reverence, but should regard him very much as sounding brass. One thing in Parr's conversation which particularly offended Porson was his proneness to disquisition and declamation on the origin of evil. Once, in a large company, Parr said to Porson: 'Pray what do you think, Mr. Porson, about the introduction of moral and physical evil into the world?' Porson, after a moment's pause, answered, with great dryness and solemnity of manner: 'Why, Doctor, I think we should have done very well without them.'

"This reminds us of Dr. Johnson's retort to Boswell, 'What have you to do with liberty and necessity? Or what more than to hold your tongue about them?'

"On another occasion, Parr said to Porson: 'Mr. Porson, with all your learning, I do not think that you know much of metaphysics. 'Not of your metaphysics, Doctor,' was the reply. Mr. Maltby, who knew Parr, as well as Porson, intimately, says that Parr was evidently afraid of Porson's intellectual powers.

"When Parr was uttering his effusions against the Rev. Charles Curtis and others, and the public prints were filled with paragraphs about them, Porson wrote the following lines, in allusion to the preface to Bellendenus:

"Peturbed spirits, spare your ink,  
And beat your stupid brains no longer,  
Then to oblivion soon will sink  
Your persecuted preface-monger.

Which somebody has thus turned into Latin:

"Turbata corda, jam papyro parcite,  
Nigroque latici; ne cerebrum tundite:  
Præfationis scriptor iste sic statim  
Oblivionis in nigros cadet sinus.

The reader who objects to *corda tundentia cerebrum* may also object to 'spirits beating their brains.'

"Notwithstanding the efforts which Parr made to secure Porson's pension says Johnstone, 'Porson privately sneered and jeered, and once lampooned him under the name of Dr. Bellenden.'"—p. 302-3.

The truth is that Parr could not bear assumption in any one, no matter what was his capacity or what his

attainments. "If," says the "Short Account of Porson," "a man declared himself to be, or insinuated that he was, or thought that he ought to be considered as, a *hidalgo* in literature, *sese aliquem credens*, he was sure to be attended to by the Professor in his own way; and if he quoted the text of Homer, the Professor would give him the scholiast on that text. Græculus, who had been very free in his publications with professors in general, once observed to Mr. Porson, rather too familiarly, in regard to a vulgar saying, 'It is all the same in Greek, Mr. Professor.' The Professor replied gravely, 'You can't tell that, Sir.' At another time the same person insisted upon it, that the Greek was an easy language. The Professor said, 'Not to *you*, Sir.'"

Even for those whom he really liked, Porson's familiarities were at the least but of very doubtful stability. His relations even with Horne Tooke were very uncertain. Tooke was one "for whose mental powers and acquirements he had a high esteem. He used to observe that he had learned many valuable things from Tooke, but that he would not always take his assertions on trust. Horne Tooke, on the other hand, had a great opinion, and perhaps some dread, of Porson's intellectual force; for when disputes rose high between them over their cups, Porson would sometimes insult Tooke with the utmost violence and rudeness. Tooke is reported to have said that he feared Porson in conversation, because he would often remain silent for a time, and then pounce upon him with his terrible memory."

In the year 1806 Porson received an augmentation of income which might have rendered his declining years sufficiently comfortable and independent. The London Institution in old Jewry was established by a company of shareholders, and Porson was named the principal librarian with a salary of £200 a year and a suite of rooms. The books of the library still retain a few traces of his connexion with the institution, in manuscript notes and corrections; but in this respect they differ widely from the books which had passed through his hands in his earlier days, and the margins which it had been his habit to load with most characteristic remarks in the singularly delicate and beautiful handwriting on which he prided himself. But he was now sadly changed.



"The Porson of that day was no longer the Porson of the time when he edited the *Hecuba* and the *Orestes*. His asthma had increased; the paroxysms of it, as early as 1804, had grown so violent that his friends were often afraid he would expire in their presence; his habits had originated other diseases; and he was in a condition rather to rest than to act. He used 'to attend in his place,' however, according to Dr. Thomas Young, 'when the reading-room was open, and to communicate very readily all the literary information that was required by those who consulted him respecting the object of their researches.' Many resorted to his rooms to confer with him on matters of literature, both ancient and modern, and whatever he knew he was ready, when he was in sufficient health, and his faculties were unclouded, to tell. But of his general mode of discharging the duties of his office, Mr. Maltby, who had ample means of knowing, gives a very unfavourable account. His attendance was irregular; he made no efforts, such as had been expected from him, to purchase books to augment the library; and he was often brought home, in a state of helpless insensibility, long after midnight. Had his life been prolonged, it is hardly to be supposed that he would have been suffered to continue in his office. 'I once read a letter,' says Mr. Maltby, 'which he received from the Directors of the Institution, and which contained, among other severe things, this cutting remark, 'We only know you are our librarian by seeing your name attached to the receipts for your salary.' His intimate friend Dr Raine was one of those who signed that letter; and Raine, speaking of it to me, said, 'Porson well deserved it.' He became dissatisfied with the Directors, and used to call them 'mercantile and mean beyond merchandise and meanness.'"—p. 316-17.

He survived this appointment, as might indeed be anticipated from such habits as these, but two years. In the beginning of 1808 his memory began to fail and other menacing symptoms made their appearance. In September he became still more seriously affected, and on the 19th of that month, he was seized, as he was walking in the Strand, with an apoplectic fit, which deprived him of the power of speech and motion. The circumstances which are sufficiently distressing, are detailed in a contemporary account. "As none of those who gathered round Porson, when he fell senseless, knew who he was, and as nothing was found upon him to indicate his residence, he was conveyed to the Workhouse in Castle Street, St. Martin's Lane, where medical assistance was immediately given, and he was partially restored to consciousness. But as he was still unable to speak, and was

unknown there also, it was thought proper to insert an advertisement, describing his person, in the public papers, that his friends might be apprised of his condition. On the following morning, accordingly, a notice appeared in the 'British Press,' in which he was described as 'a tall man, apparently about forty-five years of age, dressed in a blue coat and black breeches, and having in his pocket a gold watch, a trifling quantity of silver, and a memorandum book, the leaves of which were filled chiefly with Greek lines written in pencil, and partly effaced; two or three lines of Latin, and an algebraical calculation; the Greek extracts being principally from ancient medical works.'"

He was recognized from this advertisement by the sub-librarian of the institution, and conveyed to his own apartments. He recovered so far as to be able to go to the library, where he met the celebrated Dr. Adam Clarke, whose account of the interview is exceedingly interesting and characteristic.

"Having that morning occasion to call at the Institution, to consult an edition of a work to which the course of my reading had obliged me to refer, on returning from one of the inner rooms, I found, that, since my entrance, Mr. Porson had walked into that room through which I had just before passed. I went up to him, shook hands, and, seeing him look extremely ill, and not knowing what had happened, I expressed both my surprise and regret. He then drew near to the window, and began in a low, tremulous, interrupted voice, to account for his present appearance; but his speech was so much affected, that I found it difficult to understand what he said. He proceeded however to give me, as well as he could, an account of his late seizure, and two or three times, with particular emphasis, said, 'I have just escaped death.'

"When he had finished his account of the fit into which he had lately fallen, and on which he seemed unwilling to dwell, except merely to satisfy my inquiries, he suddenly turned the conversation by saying, 'Dr. Clarke, you once promised, but probably you have forgotten, to let me see the stone with the Greek inscription, which was brought from Eleusis.' I replied, 'I have not, Sir, forgotten my promise, but I am now getting a *fac simile* of the stone and inscription engraved, and hope soon to have the pleasure of presenting you with an accurate copy.' To which he answered, 'I thank you, but I should rather see the stone itself.' I said 'Then Sir, you shall see it. When will you be most at leisure, and I shall wait upon you at the Institution, and bring the stone with me? Will to-morrow do?' After considering a little, he said, 'On Thursday morning, about eleven o'clock, for at that time of the day I am generally in the

library in my official capacity.' This time was accordingly fixed, though from his present appearance I had small hopes of being gratified with that luminous criticism with which, I well knew, he could illustrate and dignify even this small relic of Grecian antiquity.

"It may be necessary to state here that, *about twelve months ago*, when this stone came into my possession, I took a copy one morning of the inscription to the Institution to show it to the Professor. He was not up, but one of the sub-librarians carried it up to his room. Having examined it, he expressed himself much pleased with it, observing that it afforded a very fair specimen of the Greek character after the time that Greece fell under the power of the Romans; 'for it was evident,' he said, 'that the inscription was not prior to that period.' Some days afterwards, I met him in the library of the Institution, and he surprised me by saying, 'I can show you a printed copy of the inscription on your stone.' He then led me up stairs to his study, and, taking down Meursius's *Theseus*, showed me in the tract *de Pagis Atticis*, at the end, the very inscription, which had been taken down from the stone, then at Eleusis, by Dr. Spon, 1676. From this time he wished particularly to see it, as by it the existence of the village *Besa*, and the proper method of writing it with a single *s*, to distinguish it from a village called Bissa, in Locris, was confirmed; and he considered the character to be curious."—p. 320-22.

Dr. Clarke, finding the conversation distressing, and wishing to change the subject, made an observation as to the peculiar form of the Omega in the inscription, and asked Porson whether he had ever noticed anything singular.

"He said, 'No, but it may serve to form a system from;' and then began to relate with considerable pleasantry the story of the critic, who, having found some peculiarity in writing one of the tenses of the verb *γράφω*, made an entire *new person* of it. I said I wish the system-makers, especially in literature, would have done, as they are continually perplexing and retarding science, and embarrassing one another. To this he answered 'Your wish is the wish of all, and yet each in his turn will produce his system; but you recollect those lines in the Greek Anthology,

Οὐκ ἔστι γήμας ὅστις οὐ χεῖμάζεται,  
Λέγουσι πάντες, καὶ γαμοῦσιν εἰδότες.

As soon as he had repeated these lines, which he did, considering his circumstances. with a readiness that surprised me, he proceeded, as was his general custom, when he quoted any author in the learned languages, to give a translation of what he had quoted. This was a peculiar delicacy in his character. He could not bear to see a

man confounded, unless he knew him to be a pedant; and therefore, though he might presume that the person to whom he spoke understood the language, yet, because it might possibly be otherwise, and the man feel embarrassed on the occasion, he always paid him the compliment of being acquainted with the subject, and saved him, if ignorant, from confusion, by translating it. This however, in the above case, cost him extreme pain, as he was *some minutes* in expressing its meaning, which astonished me the more, because, notwithstanding his debility, and the paralysis under which the organs of speech laboured, he had so shortly before quoted the original in a *few seconds*, and with comparatively little hesitation. The truth is, so imbued was his mind with Grecian literature, that he *thought*, as well as *spoke*, in that language, and found it much more easy at this time, from the power of habit and association, to pronounce Greek than to pronounce his mother-tongue.

"Seeing him so very ill and weak, I thought it best to withdraw, and having shook hands with him, (which, alas! was the last time that I was to have that satisfaction,) and, with a pained heart, earnestly wished him a speedy restoration to health, I walked out of the room, promising to visit him, if possible, on Thursday morning, with the Greek inscription. He accompanied me to the head of the great staircase, making some remarks on his indisposition, which I did not distinctly hear; and then, leaning over the balustrade, he continued speaking to me till I was more than halfway down stairs. When nearly at the bottom, I looked up, and saw him still leaning over the balustrade; I stopped a moment, as if to take a last view of a man to whose erudition and astonishing critical acumen my mind had ever bowed down with becoming reverence, and then said, 'Sir, I am truly sorry to see you so low.' To which he answered, 'I have had a narrow escape from death.' And then leaving the stair-head, he returned towards the library. This was the *last conversation* he was ever capable of holding on any subject. On matters of *religion*, except in a *critical* way, he was, I believe, never forward to converse. I should have been glad to have known his views at this solemn time; but as there were some gentlemen present when we met in the library, the place and time were improper.'"—p. 323-25.

In this state he continued with some alternations of unconsciousness till the night of Sunday, September the 25th, when he died without any struggle, being then in his forty-ninth year. He was buried with much distinction in the chapel of his own college, Trinity College, Cambridge. His remains repose within the walls which inclose those of Bentley, and at the foot of the statue of Newton. His only epitaph is his name engraved on a plain slab.

Little need be said of the literary character of this ill-

fated and eccentric scholar. Although his actual services to letters are almost entirely confined to a single department, that of classical criticism, yet his attainments had a much more extended range. He was well read in other literatures than those of Greece and Rome. With the best French literature he was early familiar, and few scholars of his time had cultivated more assiduously that of his own language. In science his youthful studies gave promise of high excellence; but he almost entirely ceased to cultivate the study. His vocation, in truth, was towards that branch in which he rose to such eminence. Few scholars of any age have ever attained to such a thorough mastery of the Greek language. Few have ever so completely imbued their minds and modelled their form of thought upon its best examples, as well of its rich and copious vocabulary as of its irregularly beautiful and significant varieties of idiom and of structure. Not one perhaps in the long catalogue of distinguished Grecians since the revival of letters, has attained to the same profound appreciation of its rhythmical cadences, and the nicer peculiarities of its metrical system. Above all, in the, as it were, inborn power of detecting errors, whether of idiom or of harmony, of divining the source of the error and the channel through which it had been introduced, and of rushing, as if by instinct, to the true form which is hidden under the corrupt growth of ignorance or of time, Porson stands if not first, certainly among the very first, of critics, ancient or modern.

And yet with all his wonderful powers, he himself executed but little. Strange as it may seem, the most useful results of his labours are due to those who have come after him, and who have turned industriously and skilfully to account the principles which his erratic instinct had grasped, and the rules which his mighty powers of systematization had devised. The best part of his life was squandered in desultory efforts, or frittered away in indolence and indecision. Even the iron pressure of poverty could not stimulate him to activity. At a time when he was in absolute want, he was offered by the booksellers a large sum of money for an edition of Aristophanes, which would not have cost him six months of steady industry; but he could not be induced to begin. His contributions to periodical literature, with a few exceptions, would not in themselves make nowadays even a second-rate reputation. The true

monuments of Porson's genius are the few critical editions which he really elaborated with all the energy of his mighty mind. They are but a small result of such a life; but they may serve as an evidence on which to found any reputation, however exaggerated.—*Ex pede Herculem.*

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ART. VII.—1. *Sanctissimi Domini Nostri Pii Divina Providentia Papae IX.* Litterae Apostolicae quibus majoris Excommunicationis Poena infligitur invasoribus et usurpatoribus aliquot Provinciae Pontificiae Ditionis. Romae MDCCCLX.

2. *Allocution of our Holy Father Pope Pius the Ninth*, delivered in Secret Consistory, March 18th, 1861.

3. *Encyclical Letter of Gregory XVI.* addressed to the Bishops of the whole Christian World, 1832.

4. *Analecta juris Pontifici.* Romae.

5. *L'Eglise Romaine en face de la Révolution.* Par J. Crétineau-Joly, Troisième édition. Paris: Henri Plon. 1861.

THE Italian Revolution will not have been in vain if it succeed in banding Catholics together in one political brotherhood, and in forcing upon their minds the necessity of not holding principles at variance with the political basis on which the temporal sovereignty of the Pope is founded. This great conflict of ideas will not have been altogether useless if it teach men the criminality of political errors, or even if it only enforce the recognition of the fundamental difference of opinion which separates the political supporter of the temporal power of the Pope from the advocate of the Revolution. The difference is one of principle which goes down to the very bottom of the difficulty, and has its root in the question as to the source of civil power and the rights of man. It is not only unphilosophical, but a vain and impracticable attempt, to conceal under loose terms and by a vague generality of agreement so deep-rooted a difference of opinion. It is a bootless task to bolster up a political compact where agreement lies on the surface only; for



when the pressure from without, the external accident, is withdrawn, the whole edifice of seeming unity, from want of internal coherence, will come to pieces.

The Italian Revolution, to be of service to Catholic politicians, as the great French Revolution was to Burke, ought to teach them by its issues the dangerous principle of its origin; otherwise it will pass away and leave no abiding lesson on the mind. But if, under the pressure of present necessity, and free, for once, from the weak spirit of compromise, Catholics be led to investigate the origin and root of their political differences, and to trace, with an approach to logical precision, the ultimate consequences of the principles which they may have lightly adopted or thoughtlessly imbibed, they can scarcely fail, aided by present events, in arriving at a satisfactory solution of their political differences. Such a solution can only be found in the hearty adoption of really Catholic principles in politics, and when once more the political storm sweeps over Europe, strong in such principles we shall not again be cast, like a ship without a pilot and without a compass, a prey to the fluctuation of every wave, to the turn of every wind. The support of the temporal power of the Pope, seems to be generally accepted by Catholics, with a few ignoble exceptions, as a common ground of agreement, as the basis of future political action. But to support the Temporal Power is not sufficient, unless we support it on the Pope's own principles. If we consent to take the Vicar of Christ as a guide in political matters, we must accept, not only his conclusions, but the principles from which they are drawn. The only difficulty then will be to find out what are the political principles of the Holy See. Of this at least we may be sure, that they are not taken-up for the immediate occasion, to serve a purpose, or avoid a difficulty. On the contrary, we may safely predict, on any given event involving a collision of principle, what course the Holy See is likely to pursue if called upon to decide, and this simply because the political principles of Rome are clear, consistent and founded on Divine justice. If we acknowledge at all that God has an interest in the government of his own world, we must of necessity seek to square our own political ideas with the maxims of the gospel. But then the objection may be started that politics are not religion, and that though Catholics are bound to obey the Pope on spiritual matters,

in politics they are at liberty to follow their own devices. And this objection is urged not offensively but simply as a matter of right. Against this argument we may answer; that it is practically impossible so to hedge in the principles of religion that they shall not lie right across the path of politics. Religion underlies the whole groundwork of life, is the Atlas on whose divine shoulders the ponderous globe rests. As religion has to do with every act in the life of the individual, so it has something to say on the course and conduct of nations. If men choose to reserve politics to their own devices, if they will not be, what is offensively termed by their predecessors in private judgment, 'priest-ridden,' that is, accountable to conscience enlightened by religion, what is that but to banish God from an important domain in his own world? It is an act of disobedience which reminds us of Adam's sin, a revolt against God which ought to make us fear again the flaming sword of the Garden of Eden. But good Catholics shrink back from such an extreme, they protest that they will henceforth have nothing to do with politics; hitherto, perchance from custom or hereditary predilection, they have been entangled by party ties into the support of evil policy, until enlightened by the force of events, they discover to their amazement, that their principles are antagonistic to the maintenance of the temporal power of the Pope, and that their political leaders are by virtue of their position the necessary and consistent enemies of the Papacy.

Instead of at once endeavouring to bring their politics into harmony with those principles which are adverse to all revolutions and favourable to the maintenance, not only of the Papal, but of every legitimate authority, such men under the spur of necessity too frequently forswear political action altogether, and exclude politics hereafter from their circle of ideas. Such a negative reaction is little better than political atheism. The abstinence of good and religious Catholics from political life, in periods of popular ferment especially, has inflicted deeper and more permanent injury on society than they would be willing to own. In the Portuguese and Spanish chambers, in France, recently in Austria, in Italy itself, the unwillingness on the part of Catholics to come forward in the public defence of their faith and of the Holy See, arising partly from a misconception of their duty, partly from ignorance of political principles, and too often from moral cowardice,

has contributed in no small measure to the triumph of irreligious and revolutionary principles in Europe.

In the support of the temporal power of the Pope, in as far at least as it has a political bearing, Catholics are forced to take a part in politics. It is, therefore, high time that they should come to a right understanding as to the principles to be adopted, and to the course of conduct they ought to pursue at this crisis. If the nations listen no more to the voice of the Holy See, it is nevertheless the plain duty of every individual Catholic to make himself, at least, familiar with the interpretation which the successor of St. Peter puts on the conflict of opinions and ideas, which are now fermenting in the public mind. The Papal Allocutions and Encyclical Letters are a political catechism as well as the very grammar of the science of ethics. In these documents which, from time to time, come before the world, but are so rarely collected and so seldom made a subject of study, are to be found, traced out by the hand of authority for our guidance, the various relations that subsist between sovereigns and subjects, the duty of obedience, the respect due to constituted authority, the obligation of treaties, as well as the deeper questions as to the origin and constitution of human society, and the divine prerogatives of the Church in its relations with the State and with the progress of civilization. In these declarations of the Holy See are found the refutation, sometimes one by one, of the false theories as they arise almost day by day in the course of the revolution, and sometimes a complete condemnation of the very principles which lie at the root of that tree of impious knowledge which overshadows and darkens the mind of modern society. "It was," says that eminent statesman, Cardinal Antonelli, in his discussion with Lavalette, Napoleon's ambassador and mouth-piece, on the eighteenth of January in the present year, "it was a profound sense of duty and obligation that had dictated to his Holiness the solemn declarations which, in his Encyclicals and Allocutions he had so frequently made to the entire Catholic world." The Pope has declared that he can make no pact with the Revolution, that between the political principles of the Holy See and the theories of the Revolution there is no footing for an agreement; nevertheless, these condemned theories, under one form or another, are asserting on all sides a fatal supremacy, and too often involving even pious Catholics

in an unwitting antagonism to the Papacy. Most of the weapons used in the present conflict are drawn, we shall find, from the anti-social and unchristian armoury of the Great French Revolution; therefore it will perhaps be worth while to glance at that great arsenal of evil before we consult more fully the principles laid down in the Papal Allocutions.

The spirit of disobedience, the revolt against authority, the pride and vanity natural to the human heart, were embodied in their worst form in the French Revolution of 1793, and waged an undying warfare against faith, against social order, and Christian morality. But this embodiment of evil principles was itself the offspring of the great religious revolt of the sixteenth century, which emancipated the spirit of man from the bonds of faith, and sent him forth, like Adam from Paradise, into a new world of free thought, where he was at liberty to follow the licence of his infirm and wayward will. The effects of this fatal liberty were soon apparent. They were written in blood on many a field of battle. They may be traced through the long results of time in the decay of art and the corruption of literature. This emancipation of the spirit of man from the control of faith confused the ways of philosophy and darkened the light of reason. False philosophy stealed the arm of absolutism\* and unnerved the heart of freedom. Loss of freedom was followed by decay of charity, and by increase of luxurious living. Pride of intellect and the lust of the flesh strove for the mastery of the world. Through the long stagnation of the godless century this teeming evil laboured, until, at the appointed time, it conceived and brought forth the Revolution of 1793, the fruitful mother of evil, from whose capacious womb were begotten the ambitious Bonapartism, which we have already noticed in former pages of this review,† and the Revolutionary Imperialism which is now dominant in Europe. In 1793, man was baptised anew, he received a new political faith. Europe broke with the traditions of the past, and a new public opinion

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\* Voltaire and his disciples, for instance, were filled with contemptuous hatred of the ignorant masses and were in favour of an absolute monarchy, as most open to corrupt influences and therefore best adapted to promote the spread of the new philosophy.

† Bonapartism, Nov. 1860.

sprang up based on the political tenets of 1789. Politics were divorced from religion; a separation was insisted on between the Church and the state. The maxim of Voltaire was put into practice, "respectable people must close the door on Christianity, it was fit only for the streets."<sup>2</sup> The doors at least of the cabinets of Europe were closed against religion; for according to the just but severe estimate of the far-seeing Gregory, "I Gabinétti non sono battezzati."

The close of the eighteenth century was undoubtedly a period of a great intellectual awakening; the imagination was filled with strange aspirations for something better and greater than man had yet enjoyed. Dreams were indulged in, on all sides, of the speedy opening of a new era of glories never known before, of universal happiness, profusion and plenty, of liberty, equality, and fraternity. A belief had taken possession of the minds of men of the progressive perfectibility of the human race, coupled with a yearning, excited by the enthusiastic eloquence of Rousseau "after man's original happiness in the pure freedom of nature, before his proper destiny had been utterly marred by European civilization. With the logical precision natural to the French mind these new ideas were speedily formularized. In the Declaration of the rights of man, the preamble affixed to the French constitution of 1791, it is proclaimed "that ignorance, forgetfulness or contempt of the rights of men are the sole causes of public grievances and of the corruption of government." It is enacted in Article I. that "all men are born equal and remain free and equal in rights;" in article II. that "the principle of sovereignty resides essentially in the nation. No body of men, no individual, can exercise an authority which does not emanate expressly from that source. The nation, from which alone flow all the powers, cannot exercise them but by delegation." In reference to marriage it declares that "the law regards marriage solely as a social contract." This constitution, which the greatest of English Whigs, Charles James Fox, declared to be a stupendous monument of human greatness, consecrated, by its enactments and its anti-christian tendencies the opinion, so gratifying to human vanity, that the individual was always in the right, the State every-

where in the wrong, and that the perfectibility of the human race was everywhere retarded in its progress by existing institutions, and constituted authorities, by the inflexible code of Christian morality, and the unchanging faith of the Catholic Church. Hence arose a universal impatience of authority, a restless desire of change, in the insane hope of working out an impossible problem and resulting in a final disobedience, not only to the claims of ancient rights and privileges, but to the dictates of natural justice and to the very principles of all law and order. The end of these vast ideas, of these vain and illusive hopes of human progress and perfectibility, was the dissolution of the bonds of society, and the return of chaos. The modern Samson had pulled down the social edifice on his own head. Christianity was publicly abolished, anarchy reigned supreme, until at last the revolution itself, like the grandson of Cadmus, was devoured by its own offspring. But is it not strange that in spite of the bitter awakening from this dream, and as if the Divine Handwriting on the wall had grown invisible, we should witness in our own day the revival, for such it is, of this same modern paganism? since the principle which lies at the bottom of the movement which is now folding Europe in its unholy embrace, is nothing less than political idolatry. It is a new worship which has not God for its object. In referring to the French Revolution—which sums up in brief all the former steps of the revolutionary course—we wish to point out the similarity of action and the identity of purpose in the present movement in Italy, with those which distinguished its parent and prototype, although the revolution of to-day does not as yet partake of the fanatic and destructive character which marked it in its origin.\* Italy, in her statesmen and in her public life, is returning to the worship of the old political idols of 1789, forgetful that the principles and illusions of 1789 inevitably lead to the disasters and crimes of 1793. First of all we perceive a like antagonism to the Holy See, which sets friendly counsels at defiance and knows not how to submit to condemnation. In Clement

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\* The sanguinary spirit of the old Revolution is, however, but too visible in the recent Proclamations of Colonel Fantoni and Major Tummel, which are rather samples of, than exceptions to, the Piedmontese rule in Southern Italy, and the naked atrocity of which, Lord Derby rightly characterized as a disgrace to humanity.



XIV. was heard, before the outbreak of the great French Revolution, the warning voice of Rome, and the same voice spoke again for the like purpose in the celebrated Encyclical Letter of Gregory XVI. The subject matter of both was the same, the evils to be avoided were identical. "There is close relationship," said Clement XIV. in his Encyclical Letter of 1767, "between the laws of God's Government and those of man's.....Take care therefore to make those whom it is your duty to instruct in religion learn God's commandments betimes. Let them be taught from the cradle that they must keep inviolate their allegiance to kings; respect authority; obey laws, not only for wrath but for conscience sake. When you have brought the popular mind, not only to observe the king's decree, but also to feel a hearty loyalty to him, you will have done the best possible service to the peace of the State and the progress of the Church—two things which are inseparably united." How rapid and disastrous were the results which sprang from the neglect of this timely advice in that corrupt and fallen kingdom is known to all.

We have a striking corroboration of the existence of the dangers which called forth Clement XIV's warning, and of the rapid march of demoralization in a description of the state of society in Europe given by the great Italian poet Metastasio in a letter to his brother. Writing to his brother in 1761 he says,

"It is with extreme grief that I see a spirit of intrigue and rebellion spreading through the whole of Europe. False philosophers desire to free man from the yoke of religion and from all dependence on authority. They are aiming at the destruction of principles which are the necessary foundation of society itself. If Providence permit for our punishment the triumph of their anarchical systems, I should like to see how they will appear amidst the ruin which they have invoked with all the strength of their hearts. And all what they give us, moreover, as new discoveries is after all nothing new. In other days these pernicious doctrines were not current except among a few corrupt writers; but to-day, thanks to the swarm of licentious works they are become the habitual food, the knowledge most in vogue, the moral code of the young men of fashion and of the women of wit. Poor humanity!"

The sagacity of the far-seeing Gregory was not at fault when, in 1832, he detected in his turn a spirit of lawlessness abroad similar to that which preceded the

Revolution of 1793, sapping the very foundations of social order, turning the majesty of divine worship into ridicule, and poisoning the mind of the youth in every country. "The Halls of the Universities and public schools ring again and again," he exclaims, "with new and monstrous opinions. The Catholic faith is undermined, no longer on the sly and by subterfuge; but without an attempt at disguise, a public and criminal war is waged against it." But we must not content ourselves with mere citations from this famous Encyclical Letter which strips pretentious hypocrisy of its veils, and lays bare the hideous idols which modern civilization has set up for worship. It is not to be wondered at, that this masterpiece of political reasoning should still to this day be regarded with equal dread and hatred by the Revolution. Its definitions are so clear, its conclusions so unhesitating that they leave no room for escape or doubt. About Gregory's decisions there is no glorious uncertainty. Men must accept or reject them at their own peril. He not only compresses in a few paragraphs the fruit of the evil, but shows the seed at the sowing time of that harvest of ill which is now white and ripe for the gathering. We will quote at full the passage we have just indicated together with others of the greatest importance at the present moment, and give an abstract of what we cannot cite at large.

"We are speaking to you, venerable brethren, concerning those things which are passing under your own eyes and which we deplore and bewail in common. It is the triumph of wickedness without reserve, of knowledge without modesty, of licence without limits. Sacred things are despised, and the majesty of divine worship which is as influential as it is necessary, is blamed and abused and turned into ridicule by perverse men. Moreover, sound doctrine is defiled, and errors of every kind are propagated with impunity. Neither the laws of God, nor justice, nor the maxims of the Gospel, nor principles, the most revered, are sheltered from the attacks of the tongues of iniquity. Even this Chair of the ever-blessed Peter on which we are placed, and which Jesus Christ has made the foundation of His Church, is violently shaken, and the bonds of unity are weakened and broken from day to day. The divine authority of the Church is attacked; its rights are annihilated; it is subjected to worldly considerations, and reduced to a shameful servitude; it is delivered up by a profound injustice to the hate of the peoples. The obedience due to Bishops is infringed, and their rights trampled under foot. The schools and universities resound horribly with new and monstrous opinions. The Catholic

Faith is no longer undermined on the sly and by subterfuge, but without an attempt at disguise a public and criminal war is waged against it. When the youth are corrupted by the principles and example of their masters, then indeed is the loss to religion very great, and the corruption of morals deep. As soon also as the bonds of religion are broken, by which alone kingdoms subsist and authority is supported, we see the progress of the ruin of public order, of the fall of princes, and of the overthrow of all legitimate authority."

After denouncing, in language full of righteous indignation, the conspiracy of the secret societies, as the infected source whence spring all these calamities to religion and to civil society, and after exhorting his venerable brothers to defend the common cause, or rather the cause of God against the common enemy, Gregory condemns in severe terms the prevailing indifferentism. "That perverse opinion which is propagated on all sides by the artifices of the wicked, according to which eternal salvation is attainable by every man, no matter what faith he professes, so long as his morals are strict and pure."....."From this infected source of indifferentism," continues Pope Gregory, "flows that absurd and erroneous maxim, or rather that madness, which assumes that liberty of conscience must be assured and guaranteed to all alike. The way to this pernicious error is paved by that full and unlimited liberty of opinion which is spread abroad to the great detriment of civil and religious society; although some have asserted with extreme audacity that from such license advantages accrue to the Church... 'But,' says St. Augustine, 'what can kill the soul sooner than the liberty of error?' In fine, all restraint being removed which could keep men in the paths of truth, their nature, inclined to evil, falls into the precipice, and we can say with truth that the pits of the abyss are open, that pit whence St. John saw a smoke go forth which darkened the heavens, and a flight of locusts which ravaged the earth. The minds of men are excited, the young are completely corrupted, and contempt of sacred things, and of laws most held in reverence is spread abroad among the people; in a word, we see in such things the most disastrous scourge of society. For the experience of all ages shows that those empires, which have dazzled us by their riches, by their power, and by their glory, have perished by this single evil—an unrestrained liberty of opinion, licence of speech, and love of novelty."

The Pope then condemns that liberty of the press which demands with so imperious a voice and such audacious effrontery the right to publish whatsoever it chooses, and which has already deluged the world with works containing the most monstrous errors, or filled with a malice and wickedness which threaten to bring down the malediction of heaven on the face of the earth. Gregory shows how different was the discipline of the Church in the time of the Apostles, who had ordered bad books in numbers to be publicly burnt,—he also calls attention to the laws passed on this matter in the fifth Lateran Council, and to the ordinances of Leo X. But not only, he continues, do men reject the censorship of books as a yoke too heavy to be borne, but they have reached such a pitch of malignity that they contend that this power is opposed to the principles of justice and equity, and they go so far as to deny to the Church the right to exercise it or put such a decree in force.

He next speaks of the writings, sown broad-cast among the people, upholding certain doctrines which shake the fidelity and undermine the submission due to princes, and which are lighting on every side the torches of revolt. And in order that the peoples should not be led astray by such pernicious opinions he reminds them of the teaching of the apostle, that "there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation." Thus showing that both human and divine laws are invoked against those who strive, by shameless schemes of revolt and sedition, to shake loyalty and to overthrow the throne of kings. After alluding to the furious persecutions to which the early Christians were exposed, and the admirable fidelity which they preserved towards their princes in all that was not contrary to religion, even in shedding their blood for the good of the empire, this great master of Catholic politics speaks from the high point of view taken by the Holy See, and which ought not to be lost sight of by us to-day, on the submission due to kings. "Those glorious examples," he says, "of inviolable submission to kings which were a necessary consequence of the holy canons of the Christian religion, condemn the detestable insolence and wickedness of those who, excited beyond measure by the impulse of an audacious liberty, seek to overthrow and

trample underfoot all constituted authority; and yet, under the mask of liberty, these men bring to the people nothing but slavery. To this tended the unrighteous dreams and designs of the Waldenses, Beguardi, and Wyckliffites and other children of Belial, who were the disgrace of the human race, and who were therefore so often and so justly struck by the anathema of the Holy See. All those imposters of liberty who are now working to the same end, desire nothing more than to be able to congratulate themselves with Luther 'on being free of all things,' and the quicker and the more easily to attain such a state they set on foot the most audacious and criminal enterprises." Then follows Gregory's well-known condemnation of the views of those who wished to separate the Church from the State, and to break the mutual concord which subsisted between the empires and the priesthood. Than such a rupture he could conceive nothing more unfortunate for religion or for the State. Moreover, it was certain, he says, that as nothing was more salutary or favourable to the interests of religion and of civil authority than this concord, so nothing was more dreaded by the partizans of unbridled liberty. After pointing out with admirable sagacity, the dangers that would arise from the spread of those secret societies in which people of all religions made common cause against all constituted authority in Church and State, Gregory ended by those memorable words of advice "to our dear sons in Jesus Christ, the princes of the earth." Begging "that they would further by their agreement and their authority the desires which we have conceived for the welfare of religion and of the state. That they should remember that power was given unto them not only for temporal government, but chiefly to defend the Church, and that whatever was done for the good of the Church was done for their tranquillity and power. That they should be convinced that the cause of religion ought to be even more dear to them than that of the throne, and that the most important thing for them is—to use the words of the Pontiff Leo — 'that the crown of faith has been added by the hand of God to their diadem. Placed as fathers and teachers of the peoples, they would confer upon them a true, lasting, and prosperous peace, if they would only use all their endeavours in preserving inviolate religion and

piety towards God, who bore on His thigh the inscription King of Kings and Lord of Lords.'"

The principles which Clement and Gregory had so manfully striven to trample out in their germ and growth, Pius VI. and Pius IX. had to combat and condemn in their maturity. In the Brief of the 10th March 1791, Pope Pius VI. condemned many of the enactments of the Constituent Assembly as repugnant to Catholic teaching. In the first place, said the Pope, many of the new decrees depart from the teaching of the faith. Is not that absolute license, which is proclaimed and exaggerated; is not that doctrine, which no longer beholds in the sovereign the minister of God Himself; is not that formal withdrawal from the authority of the Holy See; are not these points contrary to the principles of the Catholic Church?

It is surely not necessary to insist that many other enactments of the great Anti-Christian Revolution were repugnant to the mind of the Church, for no Catholic, though even he were guilty of supporting the political principles of 1789, could fail to condemn, with the Church, the sacrilegious spoliation of the clergy, secular and regular, the usurpation by the State of the rights of the Church in the matter of education, and the degradation of marriage to the condition of a mere civil contract. "The Catholic," observes an able writer, "who would say, 'I execrate the crimes of the French Revolution—I abhor its impieties—I repudiate its Jansenism—but I hold to its political principles and measures,' would be guilty, to say the least, of great rashness; for many of those principles and measures have been formally condemned by the Church, and many others are repugnant to her spirit, and those which, for instance, like the abolition of the institution of nobility, cannot come under her ban, are still rejected by the universal sense and practice of mankind."\*

In the violation of every law, human and divine, the Revolution, which in 1793, received its apotheosis, stands self-condemned. It was not its chance excesses, its extravagant bloodthirstiness, its gross or blasphemous profanities, which, as its apologists assert, alone deserve condem-

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\* Lectures on Ancient and Modern History. James Burton Robertson.



nation, so much as the spirit of profound insubordination which prompted them, that called for the reprobation of man and for the vengeance of God. The essence of the evil was that active pride which, in the government of the world, substituted for the authority of God the will of the people, and which could find logical satisfaction alone in the denial of the Godhead and in the deification of man.

It was this same spirit of ingrained insubordination which inspired the impious Abbé Grégoire to declare in the tribunal, "that all dynasties are but the devouring races that feed on human flesh, and that the history of kings is but the martyrology of nations."\* It was this spirit which Pius VI. deplored in that magnificent allocution on the murder of Lewis the Sixteenth, which was at once "the protestation of a Prince and the act of a Pontiff." "Lewis the Sixteenth," said the holy Pontiff, "has been condemned to the punishment of death, and the sentence has been executed. What are the men who have pronounced such a judgment? and what were the intrigues which brought it about? Had the National Convention a right to set itself up as his judge? assuredly not. That assembly, after having abolished Royalty, the best of all forms of government, had delegated public authority into the hands of the people—of the people who are incapable of listening to reason and of following any plan of conduct, without discernment to estimate things, regulating, for the most part, its decisions not according to truth but according to its prejudices—of the people, inconstant, open to deception and easily to be led into evil, ungrateful, presumptuous, cruel, to whom the sight of human blood-shedding is a sport, and the suffering and agony of its expiring victims a delight, as were of old the bloody spectacles of the Roman amphitheatre." And then addressing the nation which he had loved so much, the Pontiff exclaimed, "O France, France, which our predecessors had declared to be the mirror of the whole Christian world, and the immovable column of faith, you who march, not at the rear but at the van of the nations in the fervour of christian piety and in submission to the authority of the Apostolic See, how far have you not withdrawn yourself from us to-day? What rage has blinded you to the truths of religion, and has

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\* *Moniteur*, séance du 21 Septembre 1792. p. 1125 et 1130.

driven you into such an excess of fury as places you at once in the front rank of the most cruel persecutors? But nevertheless can you, even if you wish, deny that religion is the most firm support of empires, inasmuch as it knows how to repress the abuse of power in them that govern, and licence in them who obey. Behold, therefore, how they who cherish designs against the Royal authority, in order to destroy it strive for the destruction of the Catholic religion. Once more, O France, you to whom as you say a Catholic Sovereign is necessary because such is the will of the fundamental laws of the kingdom, you had him, this Catholic monarch, and only because he was a Catholic, you have assassinated him."

It is this self-same spirit of lawless pride and insubordination in the hearts of men which in his recent allocutions and encyclical letters Pius IX. denounces with an energy almost divine. It is not alone the lawless usurpation nor the promulgation of the "abominable theory which affirms that there is no essential difference between this or that profession of religion,"\* nor even the accidental interruption of the security necessary to the free exercise of the spiritual government of the Church, sacrilegious although it be, which the Pope alone, or so much, condemns, as the spirit of pride incarnate which stubbornly denies the business of God in the government of the world, and limits the rights of the Creator within the narrowest possible bounds. Religion, public worship, spiritual sovereignty, are alone the concerns of God; public life, affairs of state, and temporal government is the exclusive business of man. Wherever this spirit exists, under whatever form it may disguise itself, or whatever name it goes by—*independence—liberalism—"inexorable logic of facts" or progress*—it is still the chosen seed of Satan, the implacable and undying foe of God. It is the line of separation that lies at the bottom of all our differences, the point of departure to the right or to the left. Here the Christian and the anti-Christian part. The Catholic and the Rationalist can no longer act together. The question of right and wrong in political principles is come to such a pitch that men may no longer with safety plead ignorance, nor the strength of party predilections,

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\* Allocution of Pius IX. 17th September, 1847.

nor old habits of mind as a reason for remaining neutral in the struggle. By his excommunication Pope Pius IX. showed not only how complete was the rupture between the States of the Church and the kingdom of Sardinia, but how lawless and aggressive was the character of this Italian Revolution. In this formal indictment were enumerated the various acts which the Piedmontese government had committed in open violation of the recognised and common law of Europe. "Revolutionary emissaries were despatched," says the sovereign Pontiff, "money was spent freely; arms were furnished, inflammatory appeals were made in wicked writings and newspapers, and every sort of deceit was employed even by those who, while charged with the embassy of the Sardinian government at Rome, paid no regard to the law of nations or to decency, but wrongfully abused their own functions in order to prosecute rash and pernicious intrigues against our government." Then followed the invasion of the States of the Church without cause or declaration of war; the seizure by force of arms in the face of Europe of the Papal dominions, and the overthrow of the civil sovereignty of the Holy See. "By such an invasion," says Pope Pius IX., "every rule of justice is broken, and the foundations are completely subverted of every civil sovereignty and of all human Society." Such a lust of conquest, such a thirst for aggrandisement, which respected neither law, honour, nor justice, which spared neither the kingdom of Naples nor the minor principalities nor the Holy See itself, and which is now carrying desolation and the horrors of civil war through the plains of Southern Italy, is too striking a proof to be lost sight of, of the kinship which exists between the Italian and the great French Revolution of 1793.

But not only in its external antagonism to the Holy See do we discover in the Italy of Victor Emmanuel's and Count Cavour's creation an affinity to the revolutionary spirit of France in 1793. In its domestic concerns we find the same restless desire of change, similar illusions of an approaching era of greatness, a like shifting of all blame from the shoulders of the individual to the institutions of the country. If Italy be disunited and weak the Church is to blame; if Italy have not made a great figure in the politics or the wars of the world, it is the fault of the Papacy or of the Austrian domination. "Instead of complaining of the disunion and dependent state of Italy," says

Raumer, the great German historian,\* "the Italians should have examined whence it came that those evils have for centuries predominated, and whether they were brought about by misfortune or foreign domination only, or by the constitution and character of the nation itself; and whether again from those very evils advantages even have not arisen in a further national development and a richer history." But it is precisely this elevated point of view which the revolutionists, perverted by an intense hatred against the Papacy, cannot or will not take.

With the modern writers of history,† the rise of the Papacy is the fall of Italy and the fall of the Papacy the rise of Italy. Giving such a false political teaching a practical direction, the revolutionists of Italy, making shipwreck of their Catholicism,‡ have sworn to overthrow the Temporal Power of the Pope, and then to destroy his Spiritual supremacy. Such men cannot conceive what Italy owes to the Papacy. You cannot teach them that, since the fourth century, it is the Popes alone who have preserved Italy from sinking into complete barbarism. Where indeed would Italy's renown and historic grandeur have been without her Gregories, her Leos, her John the Tenth, her Innocent VII. and so many other great or good Popes, whose names are intimately associated, not only with the welfare and glory, but with the very existence of Italy? Even Voltaire himself was forced to acknowledge so much,§ but the disciples of Voltaire are less honest than their master. How comes it again, if the Popes have been the blight and curse of Italy, that the population—that great criterion of prosperity—should fluctuate in the city of Rome according to the rise or fall in the fortunes of the Popes? Our readers must pardon us if we disfigure these pages with statistical facts which the revolutionary writers either conveniently forget or dishonestly suppress. Rome, which in the year 1198, under Innocent III. had 35,000

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\* Historisches Taschenbuch, Dritte Folge X. Jahrgang 1859, Seite 243.

† Ruth, Geschichte des Italienischen volks unter der Napoleonischen Herrschaft. Leipzig 1859, and Dr. Hermann Reuchlin, Geschichte Italiens. Leipzig 1860.

‡ La situazione, il Bonapartismo e la guerra. moricullo 1859.

§ Essai sur les mœurs, chap. 13-18.

inhabitants, during the residence of the Popes at Avignon up to 1377, numbered only 17,000 souls. In the time of Leo X. the population amounted again to 60,000. The siege of the city by the troops of Charles V. reduced its numbers to 33,000. In the year 1702, it counted 138,568 souls, in 1775,—165,047, but after the first French occupation in 1800, the number was only 153,004, in 1805 it was still further reduced to 134,973, until in 1810, under Napoleon, the population of Rome was only 123,023. After the peace, the population gradually increased, in 1815, it numbered 128,384,—then in 1820, it rose to 135,046—and in 1830 to 147,385.\* In the year 1844, the population of the city of the Popes was as high as 171,380. But the effect of Mazzini's red Republic was soon visible in the rapidly decreasing population; during its short existence no fewer than 13,000 persons left Rome, besides 1000 priests and monks.† The universal dread which Mazzinism inspired, as well as the actual loss in its population, gave the city the appearance of being almost deserted. On the other hand, in 1853, two or three years after the Papal restoration, Rome again counted 176,002 souls, and in 1859 (according to the *Stato delle anime per l'alma città di Roma*) it had 182,585 inhabitants with 39,748 families. These figures speak for themselves, but facts and figures are counted as nothing by the writers we are alluding to. Historical facts are perverted, statistical conclusions are evaded by these men, in the dishonest hope of inflaming the Italian mind, and of exciting subjects to rebel against their lawful sovereigns. Nothing indeed can be absurder than the way in which Italian history is treated by recent writers on that subject in Italy and Germany. Excited by the rapid progress of the Revolution, and inspired by an insane hatred against the Catholic Church, these writers respect neither truth nor justice; they offend as much against the canons of taste as against those of Christian morality. Historians without patience, without moderation, without impartiality, they forfeit all claims to consideration, and rank in dishonour far below the paid or

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\* *Etudes statistiques sur Rome et la partie occidentale des états Romains.* Par le Comte de Tournon, Pair de France, Préfet de Rome de 1810-1814. Paris, 1831.

† *Ami de la Religion*, 8 January 1853.

partizan writers of the daily press, for these bear on their face the stamp of their calling and do not under the grave mask of history stab in the dark. "A hatred the most intense," says an able German Catholic writer,\* "has banded together against Catholicism the revolutionists of Italy and most of the Protestants of the ultra-liberal and rationalistic school in Germany.

"Between the writers of the Italian revolutionary party and a certain class of learned men in Germany there exists an almost literal agreement. Mazzini himself has said nothing more abusive against the Papacy in its two-fold capacity than these heroes of German Philosophy. Fortunately the Papacy has survived too many heroes of this description, to tremble now before their threats and grimaces."

It is not alone in this perversion of historic truth, or perhaps so much, that we trace a close resemblance between the Italian revolution and the French, as in the spirit of mockery and bitter ribaldry on sacred subjects common to both. To these performers, paid and unpaid, on the stage of Italian Revolution, and to their literary torch-bearers in Germany, and in Paris, the Queen-city of the Revolution, the Catholic hierarchy is an abomination; 'Theocracy' makes them shudder; the Church is a shuttlecock to be tossed about at pleasure; the 'Papistical government' is the chief cause of the decay of the Italian nation; the existence of the States of the Church is the reason of its political disunion. "This transcendental State," says a writer in the '*Allgemeine Zeitung*,' (7th July, 1859) on the political situation of Italy from a German point of view, "this super-mystical symbol, this pillar of strength consecrated in some magical fashion, which is the support of Absolutism and therefore artificially held together by the Absolute Powers of Europe, is the wedge that splits Italy in pieces." To the minds of such men as these, it is infamous that wretched priests and lazy monks with banners and crosses should possess the glorious city of the Cæsars. To them it is unbearable that beautiful Italy "should have to repeat her catechism to the beating

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\* *Der Kirchenstaat seit der Französischen Revolution von Dr. J. Hergenröther Herdersche verlagshandlung 1860.*



of the ecclesiastical rod.”\* That a “Prince who sings High Mass,” should rule over a highly endowed and talented nation, and that a famous people, instead of honouring the Pagan virtues and the licence of the old republic, should have to put up with the Papacy which is a law to consciences and a dead weight on free thought. What more natural than that men under the influence of such ideas should catch up the old device of Voltaire, and make *Ecrasez l'Infame* again the shibboleth of a party. “In order completely to destroy,” says an Italian Revolutionist,† “the old-world civilization, we must, it seems to me, stifle before all things the Christian and Catholic idea.”

Need we pursue the resemblance further, need we point out the existence, in Italy as in Revolutionary France, of that insatiable thirst of domination, which knows no moderation, which respects neither international rights nor natural justice, which covets all it beholds, and in the pursuit of the mythical phantom of a great political unity, sacrifices the claims of kinship, the sanctity of treaties, and the rights of religion itself. We know that as the principles of 1789 and 1793, so the movements of 1830 and 1848 found a faithful echo and imitation in the Italian Peninsula. The Revolution is not of native growth in Italy, even the idea of Italian unity is of French extraction, a pure Napoleonic idea. Italy, the once proud mistress of the world, the herald of true civilization, the foremost in literature and the fine arts, does not disdain to be the base and servile copyist of revolutionary France. The infidel and demoralizing literature of the eighteenth century preceded in the path of corruption the legions of the First Consul, but it was he who, like another Satan at the ear of Eve, first whispered to listening Italy, exciting hopes of unity and universal domination and a proud return to her old days of Pagan glory. On the 20th May, 1796, Napoleon Bonaparte proclaimed that the French were the friends of all the peoples, especially of the descendants of the Scipios and of Brutus, that he came to build up the Capitol

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\* Reuchlin's History of Italy.

† See Letter of Piccolo Tigre, 5th Jan. 1846, Crétineau-Joly, vol. ii. p. 387.

again, and to awaken the Roman people from slavery to freedom and a new life. Since that fatal period Italy has suffered more than we are very willing to concede, in morality, in religious sentiment, in faith. Jacobinical principles were extensively propagated by the sons of those who served in the armies of France; reverence for the Church was weakened; church-robbery, which had hitherto been a rare phenomenon, became more frequent; Atheism won numerous adherents; and the Church, which had almost for twenty years (1796-1815) been enchained, was unable to make a stand against this great evil. Again Italy has suffered another invasion of French ideas and of French armies; she has heard another revolutionary proclamation in the promise "to free Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic." "In consequence of the French habit of assimilating everything to its own type, Italy," says the *Civiltà Cattolica*, (2 April 1859) "in the ten years of French domination has sacrificed far more of its nationality than in the ten centuries of German dominion." The results of this second eruption of the Goths and Vandals of the Revolution are everywhere before our eyes in the rapid development of those evil principles which lie at the bottom of every revolution. In the Italy of to-day, almost without disguise, we come upon that trinity of evil which characterised the French revolution—pride, self-love and disobedience—laid down as a rule of life. Is it strange that Pius IX. should refuse to be reconciled to such a system based on a spirit so opposed to the very first rudiments of Christianity?

Is it to be wondered at that the Pope should be at war with modern civilization, if modern civilization insist upon altering the fundamental relations of society, and in the rebuilding of the social edifice rejects God as the corner stone? How can the Pope make a pact with this modern march of mind, this boasted progress, which leaves the ancient landmarks of faith far behind, and, without fear of God before its eyes, launches humanity upon a sea of doubts and darkness?

But modern civilization preaches a new morality as well as a new gospel, in which injustice crowned with success is a virtue, and robbery on a grand scale, or in pursuit of an idea is reckoned a merit. In this new code of morals, to rectify a frontier or to create an empire "a ter-

rible war, a war to the death, a war to the knife,"\* is accounted justifiable. In our age, says this new morality, if we much want a thing that is rightfully in another's possession, or if we fancy we could make a good use of it in our grand schemes of ambition, have we the power and audacity sufficient, we do well to seize it. "In our age," says the most systematic apostle of the new gospel in his letters just given to the world, "I believe audacity is the best policy; it did good to Napoleon." Such a rule deserves such an illustration. The minor virtues, such as truthfulness, fair dealing, frankness, modesty, and common honesty, and the sentiment of honour, are altogether omitted from the code of this new civilization. "Could then," says Pius IX. in a recent allocution, "the Sovereign Pontiff extend a friendly hand to a civilization of this kind, could he sincerely make a league and bond with it?" Let things be called by their true names, and the Holy See will appear always consistent with itself. In reality it has been in all times the protector and initiator of true civilization. The monuments of history bear eloquent witness to all ages that it is the Holy See which has caused true humanity, true learning, and true wisdom to penetrate into the most remote and barbarous countries of the universe. But if under the name of civilization is to be understood a system, invented for the very purpose of weakening and perhaps destroying the Church,—no, never will the Holy See and the Roman Pontiff ally themselves with such a civilization.

Such a civilization, like the civilization of imperial and pagan Rome, is nothing better than corruption, and such a progress is nothing more than the approach of decay and dissolution. What are these loud utterances of unbelief, these rash intellectual speculations, but the agonized shriek and blind struggles of the Cyclopiæan giant in his darkened cave? Civilization has taken up the cudgels and beats about in distraction right and left; it manifests itself in a singular development of brute force, and its chief enemy is the Pope, the calm and inflexible representative of moral power. "It is the Pope alone," said the representative of revolutionary violence,† "in whom I foresee an obstacle. What are we to do with him in the

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\* Vide Count Cavour's recently published Letters.

† Ibid.

event of a war?" The revolution already recognises the rock on which it is doomed to split. The struggle is indeed unequal. Moral power is in the long run superior to material force. Ideas are not restricted by conditions of time and locality, but material force is limited in space and duration. At the best to brute force victory is only for a time. The Pope is aware of his great vantage ground. His "*non possumus*" is a tower of strength. His inability to make a pact with the revolution gives promptitude and decision to his voice, and energy to his resistance. And the reason of this uncompromising spirit is to be found in the unchanging nature of Papal principles. Founded upon divine justice they respect equally the rights of all—the legitimate claims of princes, the obedience due to constituted authority, the sanctity of treaties and of public law, the rights of property as well as the bases of Christian morality and the inalienable prerogatives of the Holy See. Infuriate men rave at the inflexibility of Rome, and the fine representatives of modern civilization threaten to lay waste with fire and sword the city of the Apostles. Corrupt men come with soft words on their lips, bringing tempting or imperial offers, but Rome fears the Greeks bringing gifts, and not a gate is opened in the invincible Troy. To fraud or force the Pope has only one answer, "*Non possumus*." It is not lawful for the Holy See to do evil to save the whole world, far less to take a part in its moral overthrow. Such an answer leaves no footing whereon to open negotiations. To the ambassador of Imperial fraud urging upon the Sovereign Pontiff to accept the Revolution as an accomplished fact and to acquiesce in the sacrilegious spoliation the same answer was returned, "*Non possumus*." "Whatever," was the reply of the Pope's minister, "might be the reservations with which such an act was accompanied, with whatever graces of language it might be surrounded, from the moment of accepting it, we should appear to consecrate it. I can only repeat that a negotiation on this footing is impossible." The whole college of cardinals, a new Pope even, added Cardinal Antonelli, could not alter this decision. There is something of isolated grandeur in this Papal "*non possumus*"; in this inflexible moral obligation standing alone in revolutionized Europe amid the wreck of broken treaties, of violated rights, and of outraged religion. Moral obligation is not one of the

grand ideas towards which human progress now tends. Modern civilization cannot understand it. Having emancipated itself from the bonds of equity and the maxims of Christian morality, it cannot conceive how the Papacy, merely from a sense of duty, should resist to its own apparent detriment, threats and blandishments alike. And it comes to the conclusion that since the Papacy will not reconcile itself with modern principles of thought and action—that is, in plain English, with unbelief and robbery—it is an institution unfit for the times we live in, and a great obstruction in the way of human progress and perfectibility. Yet, inasmuch as Politics are the morals of nations, the Pope, as the great custodian of morals, is undoubtedly concerned in politics.

The more, then, the influence of the Catholic Church is excluded from the counsels of Europe, the more will political morality suffer in the community of nations. It is the duty, therefore, of every Catholic politician, more especially in times like these, when such jealousy exists against the political influence of the Catholic Church, to learn the opinions of the Holy See on political matters. Where shall we find a truer index to the mind of the Church than in the recent Papal Allocutions and Encyclical Letters of Pius IX.? Let us listen to the well-weighed judgment which the Vicar of Christ pronounces on progress, on liberalism, on modern civilization, and we shall understand better than ever that the friends of progress and of modern liberalism are the worst enemies of the Church and of civil society. "Certain men," says Pope Pius IX. in an allocution delivered on the 18th of March, 1861, "favour what they call modern civilization; others, on the contrary, defend the rights of justice, of our holy religion. The first demand of the Roman Pontiff to reconcile himself and put himself in harmony with *progress*, with *liberalism*, (these are their terms,) in one word with modern civilization; but the others claim with reason that the immovable and indestructible principles of eternal justice should be preserved untampered with. . . . . But we will ask those, who, for the good of religion wish us to extend our hand to the civilization of the day, if the facts are such that the Vicar of Christ. . . . . can without very great danger to conscience and very great scandal to all, associate himself with this civilization of our days, by means of which so many evils are produced, that can

never be sufficiently deplored, and by means of which are proclaimed so many pernicious opinions, so many errors, and so many principles flatly opposed to the Catholic religion and its doctrines."

This masterly allocution of the 18th March then proceeds to contrast the favours which modern civilization confers on non-catholic religions and on infidels, in throwing open Catholic schools to their children, with the hostility which it always evinces against the religious congregations and the institutes founded to direct Catholic education. It shows also that while modern civilization plunders the Catholic Church of its most legitimate possessions, it enriches non-catholic institutions and persons with the fruits of this unjust spoliation, and that, while it throws open offices of state to infidels, it drives into exile or casts into prison a great number of ecclesiastical persons invested with the highest dignities, who, out of devotion to the Holy See, have bravely defended the cause of religion and justice. Another of the grave offences brought home to modern civilization in this Allocution is the full liberty which it gives to all speeches and writings which attack the Church; and that, while it even excites and encourages such licence, it visits with the last severity those who publish excellent works, if they appear to transgress in the least the bounds of moderation.

After having with luminous clearness unmasked the sophistry which attempts to conceal or blot out the line of demarcation, which separates the "opposite principles of truth and error, vice and virtue, light and darkness," Pius the Ninth rejects with dignity and firmness the hypocritical pretences under which the Church is invited to adapt itself to modern civilization, and the Papacy pressed to reconcile itself with Italy. "Doubtless," says the Vicar of Christ, "while We, deprived of almost all our civil sovereignty, are sustaining the heavy burden of Our Pontificate and of Our Royalty by the help of the pious gifts which the children of the Church send to us daily with the greatest tenderness .....those very persons who ask for reconciliation from Us, would like us to declare in the face of all men, that We cede to the spoliator, the free possession of our despoiled provinces! By what audacity, unheard of till this day, would they ask this Apostolic See, which has always been the rampart of truth and of justice, to sanction the violent and unjust seizure of



property, giving to him who has seized it the power of possessing it peaceably and honestly, and so lay down a principle so false as that an unjust deed crowned by success is no detriment to the sacredness of Right? This demand is quite opposed to the solemn words lately uttered in a powerful and illustrious senate, declaring 'that the Roman Pontiff is the representative of the principle of moral power in human society.' Hence it follows that He can by no means consent to this barbarous spoliation without violating the foundations of that moral law of which He is Himself recognized as the best expression and the most perfect image." In these famous Encyclical Letters and Allocutions of Gregory and of Pius, to which are attached all the weight of holiness, of political sagacity, of deliberate judgment, the political principles and the conduct of the Revolution in Europe are accurately defined, and distinctly condemned. From this sentence of Rome there is no escape; it is too definite for subterfuge. Men may reject it and set it at defiance and act in direct opposition, but then they cease to be Catholics. To ridicule the authoritative voice of Rome is the work of its enemies; to obey it is the duty of Catholics. The effect of so formal a condemnation on the part of the Holy See, of political principles, ought to be to detach at once and for ever Catholicism not only from the Revolution, but from all sympathy and communion with that false liberalism which is too true a copy of its parent. If Revolution be of the spirit of the age, then we must break with the age. If Revolution and modern civilization be synonymous terms, then, as Montalembert has said, so much the worse for modern civilization, for it must assuredly perish.

Let it be supposed however that we misconceive the spirit of the times, or misrepresent the aims and principles of the Revolution in its actual development, we will let it speak for itself, and judge it out of its own mouth. We will, however, at once acknowledge that as the Revolution has many shades of opinion, many degrees of malignity, so are its advocates not all equally guilty. It is all things to all men; like the Church it casts out its nets, though its nets are snares, deceits and lies. In its wonderful organization—its hierarchy—its membership—its association—its vows of obedience as well as in its sacraments and secret worship, it is a vast and diabolical caricature of the

Church of Christ. It embraces in its membership kings, priests, and statesmen as well as the noon-day assassin and the builder of the barricade. It has the larger portion of the press of Europe in its pay, or under its protection and influence. It is a secret and standing conspiracy against Christianity as well as against the legitimate dynasties and the established order of Europe. Its Chief is on the Throne of France. The Imperial Crown covers, but does not conceal the *bonnet rouge* of the Carbonaro. But not to all men is given to know its secrets; its leaders are wary, they do not offer their strong meat to children; the great mass of its supporters are acquainted only with its milder or more attractive principles. To the few only are known the ultimate views of this vast European conspiracy. "Our final aim," so it is declared in the rules of the supreme society given to the initiated, "is that of Voltaire and the French Revolution, the complete annihilation of Catholicism and even of the Christian Idea";—again; "the question is not only to upset the Papacy, but to extirpate it; not only to extirpate it, but\* to dishonour it; not only to dishonour it; but to drag it through the mud." "It is decided in our counsels that we will have Christians no more."\* "Enter into no conspiracies but against Rome," writes one of the chiefs of the Carbonari. "The Revolution in the church is revolution in permanence; it is the necessary overthrow of thrones and of dynasties"—"In war against kings and bigots," to quote from a letter of a German revolutionist to a Freemason, "all means are good. To annihilate them everything is lawful—violence, treachery, fire, the sword, poison, the dagger. The end justifies the means."†

It is unnecessary to multiply instances. The character of the secret societies and their connection with the chiefs of the revolution are too well known to need further evidence in illustration. We will content ourselves with the description which Gregory the Sixteenth gives of them, when he denounces them as places "in which all that was most criminal in the sects and heresies, all that was most sacrilegious, most shameful and most blasphemous, flow together as in a common sewer commingling with all its impurities."

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\* Cretineau-Joly.

† Monseigneur Segur.

Another section of the revolutionary party aim exclusively at the overthrow of the Temporal Power of the Pope, and are content to leave Christianity, unsheltered and unhoused, to fall, as they suppose, beneath its own weight, or under the contempt of an emancipated and enlightened age. Others again hope, by displacing the Pope from his independent Sovereignty, to raise up rival and contending interests in the various kingdoms of Europe, and thus tear up the unity of Christendom. Another section of the revolutionary party rely for success upon the introduction of fundamental reforms into the States of the Church, in the hope that by unsettling long established principles they may weaken in the minds of men respect for authority and the habit of obedience. Others, again, excite the vain and the unreflecting by romantic visions of the future greatness of the Church entering upon a new order of things, when, laying aside power and independent position, a missionary Pope shall preach repentance to an enthusiastic and obedient world.

But under whatever class the supporters of the revolution are ranged, there is one principle common to all, working through the various ramifications of modern society and modern thought, and that is a reluctance to recognise any authority outside of, or superior to, man's will. All power resides in the people. Obedience is due to authority for the convenience of society alone. Thought is free. The judgment of the individual is the supreme umpire over conscience, and the sole test of truth. On the other hand, to obey for God's sake, and to hold that in the government of the world all power comes from God, and is not to be resisted or abrogated by the popular will, unless the divinely appointed authorities violate the laws of God and the principles of eternal justice, and further, to recognise in authority the manifestation of the Divine will, the right to control thought, to judge in matters of conscience and to act in defence of truth, are principles so repugnant to the spirit of the age as to excite the utmost animosity against institutions which represent and embody such ideas. Hence the war to the death which the revolution wages against the Papacy as representing, in a most signal manner, moral power and the supernatural idea. *Delenda est Carthago.* The field of battle is chosen; the hostile camps are clearly marked out; the armies on either side are arrayed in formidable order. There is no room for com-

promise, no hope for reconciliation. Our trust is in the God of battles, but we must not neglect to work the means we have at hand. The best means to the end we have in view are certainly not to be found in a cold criticism of the shortcomings and abuses in the administration of the Roman government, nor in harsh reproaches heaped on the heads of the Roman people. Have we no faults at home? are we Catholics of the united kingdom so pure in our political lives, so free from the taint of corruption, from the debasing influences of party-alliances, or from the intellectual pride which is content to be a censorious spectator in the mighty conflict, that we can afford to deal out judgment on the conduct of cardinals, priests, and people in the Roman States? Let us leave the Roman people to reform their own accidental and temporary abuses, while we rally in defence of essential rights and of the eternal principles of justice. The best means, indeed, to further the Catholic cause is, on the one hand, to know ourselves, our own wants and deficiencies, to put ourselves into moral training, so that we may be strong in the future, and on the other to discover our political enemies, so that we may at once take up against them a hostile position. We have already arrived at this conclusion; that the support of the temporal Papacy is become the rule and measure of our political life. In its contest with, and condemnation of, those first principles which are the life and essence of the revolutionary movement we cannot fail to perceive the mind of the Church. We cannot as Catholics in such a contest take a side contrary to that of the Pope. His enemies are ours. For his sake we ought to sacrifice our party predilections, our self-interest and our slothfulness. But what have we done in England against the Pope's enemies? In the freest country in the world, with a press and parliament open to us, we have not only neglected opportunities given to no other Catholics in Europe, but have too often used these very opportunities in support of the declared and public enemies of the Papacy. How tamely, how feebly, for instance, are the political principles of Catholicism represented in the House of Commons and in Catholic Ireland.

There is no pith and marrow, no counsel or understanding in Catholic opposition to the furious and systematic onslaughts, repeated session after session, against the temporal power and legitimate rights of the Pope. In every

political assembly in Europe, as well as in the daily press and current literature, the Jew, the infidel, the socialist, the advocate of revolution, carry out their policy with wonderful unanimity and incomparable energy; whilst, on the contrary, amongst Catholics disunion and political apathy reign everywhere paramount. It was not until the blood-thirsty and unbelieving Turk was thundering victoriously at the gates of Vienna, that Europe was aroused to a sense of its danger; but now a worse invasion and a more subtle foe than the victorious Ottoman is threatening the very seat and source of civilization and Catholicism, and Catholic Europe seems deaf and dumb and blind, as if paralysed in every limb and ripe for dissolution.

The public opinion of Europe, no longer guided by faith, is formed by the active and the few, and in no way rightly or fully represents the wishes and interests of the vast mass of mankind. At the present juncture it is operated on hostilely by the enemies of law and order; the best way to meet the evil is to turn its weapons against itself. We must, in the first place, endeavour to extend the circle of sound and christian knowledge, and then, by Parliamentary discussion, and clear and candid statements of facts, seek to correct the judgment and remove the prejudice from the public mind. This is no easy task for Catholics in this country, but yet it is by no means hopeless; for the English people are naturally truth-loving, and when they see men really in earnest about a thing, with something to say for themselves, they are not often indisposed to listen. Catholics only require to be heard in self-defence and in defence of the Pope; they have been long and foully misrepresented to their countrymen who are as ignorant of the character of the Papacy as they are of the present state of the kingdom of the two Sicilies. But to have any weight on public opinion Catholics themselves must have a clear understanding as to their own political principles, be united in mind and uncompromising in action. Above all we must have a practical end in view. We must avoid theories and speculations. We must not be too ceremonious or bashful in speaking our mind or in holding our own. Have we a political enemy in front, we must put him out of power at once, render him harmless for the future, silent for ever if we can, without fear of ulterior consequences. If we show that we know how to strike, and to strike at the right time and in the

right place, we shall be listened to and respected. But before we even think of striking our enemies home, we must agree among ourselves as to who the enemy is whom we are going to strike. Absence of a united aim has too long been the weakness of Catholics. But Catholics cannot now be well disunited, since in his Allocutions and Encyclical letters and Bull of Excommunication Pius the Ninth has defined his enemies and consequently ours, to be not only "all those who have been guilty of rebellion in the Pontifical dominions, or of their usurpation, occupation, invasion or of such like acts," but also, "all such as have commanded, favoured, helped, counselled or adhered to such acts under whatever pretext or in what way soever."

From this comprehensive condemnation, whosoever may escape, cannot be excluded a Ministry, which has for its chief members a Palmerston, a Russell, and a Gladstone—a Ministry whose foreign policy has but one aim—to foster everywhere an active and propagating revolutionary spirit—and to trample down the Temporal Power of the Pope. About the evil influence of the present English government in foreign politics there cannot exist a shadow of a doubt. We had no need to convince us of this, of the singular revelations, so recently made public, in the late Count Cavour's letters. We are not surprised at the secret and underhand encouragement which that lawless and truthless archconspirator received from the representative of Great Britain at the congress of Paris. We can well imagine with what eagerness he listened to, and with what alacrity he circulated among his co-conspirators, the denunciations against the temporal rule of the Pope which the English ambassador indulged in. "Clarendon showed," writes Count Cavour, "great energy both with respect to the Pope and to the king of Naples. He described the former as the very worst government that ever was, and qualified the latter in words which Massari might have spoken." In the intimacy of private friendship and in their long after-dinner conversations, Cavour poured into the sympathizing ear of Lord Clarendon his nefarious schemes of aggrandisement and his lawless designs against the rights of the neighbouring crowns of Italy. "In our age, I believe," he whispers, "audacity is the best policy; it did good to Napoleon, it may do the same for us." "Since diplomacy," he continues, "is powerless against Austria" (that is to say since Austria has violated the



rights of none, broken no international law) "there remain only two courses open to Piedmont—the one is to be reconciled with Austria and the Pope—and the other is to prepare for a terrible war, a war to the death, a war to the knife. Lord Clarendon without expressing either astonishment or disapprobation said, "I believe you are right, your position is becoming very arduous." These letters of Count Cavour record still more damaging admissions and statements on the part of Lord Clarendon; but since he has denied them, though in a most shuffling and unsatisfactory manner, we will not make use of them. We are too well aware of the character of Cavour, and that calumny and the lie are the recognised weapons of the revolution, to place implicit reliance on such records. But enough in these compromising statements is undenied and uncontradicted to convict the representative of Great Britain at the congress of Paris, as an accomplice before the fact by sympathy and encouragement, of a premeditated and lawless infraction of the rights of independent sovereigns recognised by the public law of Europe. A government, which in its chief members promotes such revolutionary hopes and measures, can look to Catholics no more for support. We must choose between the Pope and Lord Palmerston. The friends of the Pope henceforth must be the active enemies of Lord Palmerston. There is no alternative: questions of home policy, considerations of expediency, cannot for an instant be thrown into the balance against the temporal power of the Pope. In the temporal power of the Pope is involved, not only the right to possess territory, but the very right of the Church to exist as a corporate and independent body—and on the existence of the church as a corporate body depends the existence of the christian Idea in Europe. The logical then, as well as the avowed, aim of the revolution is to trample out together with the Temporal Power the Christian Idea. Concession, therefore, is not the yielding up more or less of so much territory, well or ill-governed, but an entire sacrifice of the principle in dispute. Therefore again, as we might expect, we are met on the threshold of the question with the Papal 'non possumus.' Unless we be prepared to regard the Papal allocutions as so much waste-paper, Catholics cannot, for a second, put any public object, religious or political, on a level with the Papal question; there can be no Catholic interest of so much public

moment as the instant, steady, and uncompromising support of the temporal power of the Papacy. The Pope indeed regards principles not persons. It is the duty, therefore, of Catholic politicians, not to follow this or that party for party sake, but to offer a continued opposition against the principles of evil in whomsoever they may be found. The Holy See is no political partizan. All parties must do service to the Church; the Church does not stoop to do the work of any party. Men and parties pass away, or change names, or are not brought under the cognizance of the Holy See, but principles remain, and can be defined and judged. The revolutionary spirit is everywhere condemned by the Pope; revolutionary principles are everywhere supported by Lord Palmerston. The issue is clear. The false liberalism of 1789, however modified, however wrapped in the rags of a disgraceful partizanship, can have charms for Catholics no longer.

To keep our present hostility ever fresh in the mind, let us remember, with the Philosophic historian, how "the French Revolution produced a protracted religious war of twenty-one years." "For such," he says, "it was, not only from its origin, but from its revolutionary and destructive character, and from its fanatic opposition to everything holy. "It matters little," he continues, "what may be the idol of the day, whether a republic and the goddess of reason—the *grande nation*—or the lust of conquest and the glory of arms. It is still the same demon of political destruction—the same antichristian spirit of government, which wishes to mislead the age, and control the world."\*

To add zest to our zeal let us never forget that the Papacy is the chief opponent of the Revolution, and for that very reason encounters the systematic hostility of a Palmerston, the audacious insolence of a Russell, and the reviling tongue of a Gladstone.

Pitt, with the intuitive foresight so natural to his mind, declared in his day to the Pope's minister, that the sole opponent able to cope with, and conquer the Revolutionary Idea was the Religious Idea. If we have no longer a Pitt to lead the House of Commons, let Catholics at least be true to Pitt's principles.

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\* Frederick Schlegel's Philosophy of History.

To-day is not the day for compromise or concealment. The time for reserve is past. Everywhere the tongue of the Revolution is loosened; let Catholics also be outspoken, for the Papacy itself is at stake. Let Catholics be true to their church, to the Pope and to themselves. In the most influential assembly of the world let the Catholic Voice be heard, in the crisis of party warfare let the Catholic Vote be felt. To-day the Pope expects every Catholic to do his duty. Shall we disappoint him? Shall we, by sacrificing one jot or tittle of our principles, add our mite to the universal dishonesty of revolutionary politics? If we be bound by party bonds, let us break our fetters as a slave would his chains. Let us be Catholic and free, let us be united and strong, let us exchange dishonour for honour, cowardice for courage, and let it be seen how noble a service the Catholics of the United kingdom can do to-day to the Temporal Power of the Pope and to the Catholic Cause in Europe.

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ART. VIII.—*Christian Missions: their Agents; their Methods; and Results.* By T. W. M. Marshall, M.A. 8vo. 3 vols. London; Burns and Lambert, 1862.

THIS elaborate and exhaustive survey of the Christian Missions throughout the world realises, in the comprehensiveness of its plan and the minute accuracy of its execution, an anxious, but by no means sanguine hope which we have long entertained. It is now many years since the present Cardinal Wiseman, then just beginning to rise into eminence as Rector of the English College at Rome, first traced, in a learned Italian essay, the outline of that most conclusive argument which Mr. Marshall, in these admirable volumes, has elaborated in its most comprehensive form. In that most able essay, and in the more popular and compendious form which the same argument necessarily assumed in his well-known "Moorfields Lectures" the Cardinal examined, for the various missions throughout the world, with all the fulness which the materials at

that time available permitted, the very same questions to the solution of which these massive volumes are addressed. They are questions which, in one form or another, have interested every inquirer who has ever seriously compared the relative claims of Catholicism and Protestantism. But they have been especially important since, by the development of their respective resources for missionary operations, each of the two rival systems has appeared practically to invite examination in this particular; and since the Protestant party, especially, has habitually appealed to the vastness, the grandeur, and the success of its truly gigantic missionary organization, as one of the most convincing evidences of that evangelical character which is its especial pride. Even in the array of Protestant testimonies to the working of Protestantism which Dr. Döllinger has collected in his great work on the Reformation,\* this important topic is not overlooked, although Dr. Döllinger's work is confined to the first century after the establishment of Protestantism. The same topic forms an interesting episode, although far from satisfactorily treated, in Dr. Höninghaus's "Result of my Wanderings in the Domain of Protestant Literature."† Nor indeed would it seem possible that it should escape the notice of any one who was earnestly comparing the respective claims of the rival Rules of Faith upon his acceptance, how very important it must be as "a criterion of the true Rule of Faith, delivered by our Blessed Redeemer to His Church, to see whether the preaching according to any given rule has been attended with that blessing which was promised, and which secures the enjoyment of His support, or whether its total failure proves it not to have satisfied the conditions He required."‡

It is only now, however, that this criterion can be applied with that full conclusiveness which admits of no appeal. Up to the middle of the last century the various Protestant communities were practically without any effective missionary organization. The Calvinistic Church of Geneva, it is true, was very early (1536) in establishing a society

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\* *Die Reformation: ihre innere Entwicklung und ihre Wirkungen.* 3 vols. Regensburg, 1846.

† *Das Resultat meiner Wanderungen durch das Gebiet der Protestantischen Literatur*, 1837.

‡ Moorfield Lectures, p. 164.

with this end: but it was little more than a name. The earliest working missionary societies among Protestants are those incorporated by charter in England in 1701, and that established by Frederic IV. of Denmark in 1706; and, as none of these can be said to have become fully effective for a considerable time after its foundation, it seems not unreasonable that a Protestant controversialist should decline to rest the merits of his case on such evidence of practical success as could be produced within the eighteenth century. It is to the nineteenth century alone that the appeal can fairly be made; and although on the one hand, the very acknowledgment of a barrenness so complete and so protracted, is no mean argument against the claim of Protestant churches to be recognized as depositaries of that apostolical command, the very head and front of which was to "go teach all nations," yet on the other hand, perhaps, the rapidity with which, according to the records to which they appeal, their missionary agencies, when once seriously undertaken, rose into activity, and the vastness of the sphere over which they simultaneously spread their operations, ought to be accepted as an evidence of vitality in their period of full growth and development, far more than outweighing any appearance of weakness or of shortcoming during their ages of conflict and of gradual advance towards maturity.

Now, as regards the missionary operations of the past century, and of the first quarter of the present, Cardinal Wiseman had left little to be desired. Nor was he alone in the discussion of the subject, nor even in the practical conclusions regarding it which the evidences must suggest. No one can forget the terrible exposure of the Protestant missionary system by Sydney Smith, nor even the more damaging, because more reluctant acknowledgments extorted from the Quarterly Reviewers. But the Cardinal's survey of the missions, however perfect in its time, has become antiquated by the very progress of years, and still more by the rapid advance of the changes, social, religious, and political, which the quarter of a century that has elapsed since its publication, has brought in its train. One great field of missionary labour, Oceanica and Polynesia, has in part grown up, in part been completely revolutionized since 1836, the year in which the Moorfields Lectures were delivered: the reports from these more recent missions, and the sources of information regarding even the older and

more firmly established missions, have been better systematized and made more easy of access; above all, the information from independent sources, the casual notices of travellers, the well-considered judgments of historians, and many other miscellaneous contributions to the store of materials for an accurate estimate of the reality, have all been enormously increased by the increased facilities of intercourse, the greater freedom and frequency of publication, and the greater interest with which these operations are now observed by the world at large.

A time therefore had fairly come, when the criterion might again be applied, and when its application might with even greater certainty be accepted as a final and satisfactory test of results. This is the task which Mr. Marshall has proposed to himself in the work now before us; a work which we do not hesitate to pronounce one of the most valuable contributions which the age has produced, not merely to modern controversy, but to the history of religion, to the solution of great moral and social problems in which the common interests of humanity are involved, and to the general story of progress and civilization, especially in the less known regions of the earth. Mr. Marshall, however, has not confined himself to the more modern part of the subject. He has not been content to take up the question where it was left by Cardinal Wiseman, or by any of his predecessors. He has taken wider ground than this. Resuming the entire story of the numerous missions undertaken by the various bodies of Christians from the Reformation downwards, he has collected not only the separate results in each particular case, but the general aggregate of them all. He has tested these results by all the varieties of scrutiny which historical impartiality has devised. He has made the fullest allowances for adverse circumstances, in so far as they are extrinsic to the missionary cause itself; he has considered the results in their bearings on doctrine, on morals, on education and social order, even on material progress and civilization. His authorities are carefully selected and cautiously weighed. He has admitted very few Catholic authorities at all, and never without expressly adverting to the circumstance. He has made it a point, where it was practicable, to derive information from the Protestant missionaries themselves, and has taken by preference, among them, those who are most hostile to the



Catholic religion. And, lastly he has carried his record down to the very latest dates ; many of the official reports or individual witnesses whom he cites being of the very last year ; thus fully justifying the striking and comprehensive undertaking implied in the remarkable title of his book, which he has truly made a complete history "of Christian missions, their agents, their method, and their results."

But while the object of inquiry is thus generally stated, Mr. Marshall's book, from its first to its last page, has but one tendency and one effect ; to show forth, by evidence which it is impossible to misunderstand or to undervalue, the divine origin of the Catholic Religion ; not only positively—by establishing beyond doubt and beyond cavil, the marvellous fecundity of Catholic teaching in every age, in every clime, and amid every variety of race, of national usage, and of national prejudice ; but negatively—by disproving, through the application of this practical criterion of success in fulfilling the command "to teach all nations," the divine character of the Protestant communities. And this he establishes almost exclusively "by the evidence of Protestant witnesses of all classes and creeds,—English and American, German and French, Swedish and Dutch ; historians and naturalists, civil and military officials, tourists and merchants, chaplains and missionaries."

All these classes he has largely used, and no one can even glance through his pages without feeling that he has fully justified the modest confidence with which he claims to have enjoyed as an English writer peculiar advantages in the collection of these materials. There is no literature so rich in narratives of travel as the English ; and although there are few travellers more persistently anti-catholic, yet neither are there any records of travel which enter more freely than the English into details regarding religion. It was in truth the casual perusal of a number of English books of travel which first led to this design of Mr. Marshall. The astonishing unanimity of the writers on one single point in spite of the diversity of their religious opinions, first suggested to him that course of thought the results of which this admirable book exhibits. Many of the books on which it is formed are in themselves of little literary value ; but considered as bringing together into one mass the evidence of a number of independent and unconnected witnesses, lay and clerical, monarchists and republicans,

it is as impossible to misinterpret their verdict, as it is impossible to dispute their credibility. Nor does Mr. Marshall overstate the result when he declares, that they "must be regarded as witnesses employed by Divine Providence, without their own knowledge and concurrence, to detect and announce to the world a fact which the eager prejudices and passions of men would otherwise combine to conceal."

The work, therefore, is essentially a comparison and a contrast. Dividing the earth, in so far as it is a field of missionary labour, into eight great districts, Mr. Marshall has followed, step by step, the track alternately of the emissaries of either church ;—calmly comparing their respective resources ; the facilities for missionary enterprise within their reach ; their personal character and conduct ; the motives by which they seemed influenced ; the methods which they have severally employed ; and finally, the success which has attended their endeavours.

And first, it is impossible not to be struck with astonishment by the enormous resources which have been at the command of the various Protestant missionary societies during the last half century, and the extent of which seems to grow with every successive year. It is of course impossible within limits such as ours to follow the details of the calculation. Referring for all such particulars to Mr. Marshall's comprehensive summary, and confining ourselves to results, it will be enough to say that that great authority which, above all others, carries weight with the English public, "The Times," two years ago, (April 19th, 1860,) estimated the working capital of the British Missionary Societies alone at the enormous sum, year by year, of TWO MILLIONS STERLING ! And although it is true that it is only of late years this enormous amount has been reached, yet by a very careful and moderate estimate of the proceedings of past years, it appears beyond all possibility of question that the expenditure of the English-speaking missions alone, those of this country and America, without including the Protestant missions of the continent, has reached within the present century *at least forty millions of money!*

Of this immense outlay a very large proportion consisted of the salaries of officials, and the support of missionaries, and of their wives and families ; but a very large proportion also, has been devoted to the printing and dissemina-

tion of bibles, prayer-books, and other religious books, in the languages of almost all the various races which are spread over the earth. The annual income of the British and Foreign Bible Society had risen, within a dozen years after its foundation, to a hundred thousand pounds. Mr. Hewitt, in his *colonization and Christianity*,\* estimates the expenditure on Bibles alone, of this and other English societies, at a hundred and seventy thousand pounds! And if we add together the resources of the numberless kindred associations, we arrive at a result which, as confined to this single object it becomes almost impossible to realize. The historian of the American Bible Society, Mr. Strickland, "gives a list in 1849, of seventy parent societies, having their thousands of auxiliaries and branches." They had, he says, already circulated versions of the Bible in one hundred and forty-six languages or dialects, and the work has since been extended. So little sign, indeed, is there of any diminution either in the number or the income of these institutions, that the receipts of the English Bible Society were larger in 1858 than at any former date, amounting to nearly £155,000; and they had issued during that year 1,625,985 bibles, or nearly 24,000 more than on any previous occasion. In the following year, 1859, this already enormous revenue had increased to more than £195,000. In the year 1858, the subscriptions to the Church Missionary Society also exceeded £100,000., and had swelled in 1859 to £163,000.; so that *two* English institutions alone, devoted to kindred objects, had received about three hundred and sixty thousand pounds in twelve months, or nearly one thousand pounds *per diem*, and certainly not less, since their foundation, than *ten millions sterling*. When it is considered that similar societies, whose number can hardly be estimated with accuracy, exist in every Protestant state in the world, and that all of them enjoy the control of proportionate revenues;—the English Wesleyans alone consuming £100,000. annually in missions as far back as 1839, the London Missionary Society at the same date £80,000, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel having 'in one year dealt with a total of more than £137,000.;'—so that *five* of the countless societies of Great Britain

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\* p. 418.

disposed of about *seven hundred thousand pounds* in a single year, of which the three last alone have consumed about seven millions *since 1840*;—we shall in some degree approach a fair estimate of the total outlay upon this one department of protestant missionary routine.

Now it cannot be doubted that facts like these are unquestionably of the very highest significance, as an evidence of deep earnestness and unfeigned sincerity upon the part of those who thus lavishly bestow their means for what they believe to be the work of God and of religion; and so far at least, it may be freely acknowledged that, if our Lord's sole commission to His disciples had been to give freely of their substance for the conversion of the world, the Protestant communities of modern days cannot be reproached with indifference to the call. But unhappily for those who may be content to rest their case here, the test of the true apostolic character is not the amount of money contributed to the work of the gospel, but the practical success in teaching the gospel to the nations;—not the number of pounds sterling paid into the missionary-strong box, but the number of souls won to the fold of the Divine Shepherd. And, in the mind of every rational inquirer into the results of missionary enterprise, the largeness of the pecuniary resources at the disposal of those to whom the real work of apostleship is confided, so far from reckoning as a ground of merit to themselves, only brings with it for them a larger share of personal responsibility; and by facilitating, humanly speaking, the accomplishment of the enterprise, makes its failure, should it fail in their hands, more signal and more complete.

The Missionary Districts over which Mr. Marshall's inquiry extends, are eight in number:—China, India, Ceylon, the Antipodes, Oceanica, Africa, the Levant, and America. We could not hope, nor indeed shall we think of attempting, to follow him, even in outline, through each of these. We are perfectly convinced, however, that no one who has once entered upon the inquiry will be able to rest satisfied without a full examination of every portion of Mr. Marshall's comparative survey. It is so admirable in all its parts—so completely exhaustive in the method of treatment—so full of curious details, interesting for their own sake, but doubly interesting for their important bearing on the inquiry;—that, even as a book of pleasant entertainment, it is sure to captivate every cultivated reader. Our

task must be a much more humble one. We must be content to offer a few extracts from the more important chapters, as a specimen of the author's method of treating the subject; and for the general argument of the work we can only summarize briefly the results of his comprehensive investigation.

The chapter on the missions of China, (which had already formed the subject of a separate essay by Mr. Marshall,) is specially interesting. It is divided into two sections, on the Catholic missions, and on those of the various Protestant bodies by which the work has been attempted. As we have already on more than one occasion entered at some length into the history of the Catholic Missions in China, we must content ourselves with a brief reference to Mr. Marshall's chapter on the subject. It is a most picturesque and most striking summary; nor has any writer ever appreciated more thoroughly not alone the character of the great men by whom the work was inaugurated—Ricci, Adam Schaal, Verbiest, and the long line of brethren who succeeded them—but the true nature of the position which they held among that extraordinary race, and the hold which they alone, of all the strangers who have ever visited China, have succeeded in obtaining. Mr. Marshall details very graphically the alternations of favour and persecution which they met. Our only concern is with the result, and above all other with the singular permanence and vitality which have marked these missions.

At the close of the great persecution which for a time seemed to threaten the total extirpation of christianity in China, "the Jesuit Fathers had more than one hundred and twenty thousand Christians under their charge, the Lazarists eighty thousand, the missionaries of Propaganda about thirty thousand, and the Dominicans about twenty thousand; making a total of more than two hundred and fifty thousand converts is Tonking alone. The persecution continued after their departure, but though some fell away, the great majority were able to bear it. Even Protestant writers tell us, though they appear to display more sympathy with the heathen oppressors than with their Christian victims, that a century later there were 'about 370,000 Christians' in Cochin China. Their number had increased, therefore, in spite of exile or martyrdom, by more than 100,000. And even this does

not reveal the marvellous and almost incredible results obtained in that terrible mission. In 1857, Bishop Retord, the well known Vicar Apostolic of Western Tonking, who has himself braved death in every form, and whose continued existence is not the least extraordinary fact in this history, announced to Europe that the Annamite Christians then numbered about 530,000, of whom 403,900 had actually partaken of one or other of the Sacraments during the previous year." Nor did this wonderful characteristic of vitality die out even with the total withdrawal from the missions of the great Society to which they had owed so much.

"The Christians of China, from the days of Ricci to the present hour, have been ever the same. We have noticed only some of the more prominent incidents of their warfare, because it was impossible to mention them all. A few have apostatised under their torments, but others have hastened to seize the palm of which they had proved themselves unworthy. In 1805, after more than forty years of abandonment, Sir George Staunton estimated the Christians of China Proper at 200,000. In 1840, Commodore Read reported that 'there are not less than 583,000 Catholic converts at this time.' In 1859, there were 530,000 in Cochin China alone; besides 40,000 in the city of Peking,—80,000 in the diocese of Nankin,—100,000 in the province of Su-tchuen,—60,000 in the district of Shang-hai,—40,000 in the diocese of Fukien,—16,000 in Corea,—10,000 in Mongolia,—9,000 in Thibet,—besides a proportionate number in other northern and eastern provinces, and many in Tartary and Mantchooria, amounting probably in the aggregate to more than a million. And the increase of pastors, in spite of incessant martyrdoms, has kept pace with that of disciples. In 1859, there were *fifty-one* Bishops, and *six hundred and twenty-four* European and native priests, the latter numbering 428. There were also *eighteen ecclesiastical colleges*. Finally, the number of Chinese women who have embraced the religious life in the order of St. Dominic is so great, that a few years ago a special persecution 'was directed against the Chinese *Tertiaries*,' and 'whole families were united in the fellowship of the Order.'"—vol. i. p. 222-24.

It is the same in every part of this vast empire. "In the year 1844, in the single Vicariate of Western Tongking, 1237 adults were received into the Church; in 1845, 1328; and in 1846, 1308; being an addition of nearly four thousand persons in a single province, who deliberately embraced the lot of the Christians, with all its terrible penalties. Between 1820 and 1858, the total number of converts in Tong-king alone was one hundred and forty



thousand, 'an increase so much the more wonderful, as it has been accomplished in thirty-eight years of atrocious and almost uninterrupted persecution. In the year 1854 alone, there were five thousand three hundred and seventy adult converts.' Finally, the state of the Annamite Church in 1858 is described in the following almost incredible summary. There were at that date, in spite of incessant martyrdoms, fourteen Bishops, (in addition to more than thirty in China Proper;) sixty European missionaries; two hundred and forty native priests; nine hundred clerical students; six hundred and fifty catechists; sixteen hundred native nuns; and five hundred and thirty thousand Christians. 'Our Annamite brethren,' says the annalist of this marvellous mission, 'may with justice repeat at the present day what Tertullian said to the persecutors of old: 'We increase in proportion as you cut us down.''' The descendants of the very earliest converts, of those who first yielded to the influence of the saintly words and more saintly example of the first apostles, still remain true to the faith which their fathers received. Rev. Mr. Milne, one of the latest protestant writers on China, reluctantly records, in 1858, "that 'part of the descendants of Seu are now Romanists.' Three centuries of unrelenting persecution have failed so completely to uproot the churches founded by Ricci, that the same writer is obliged to confess, with unfeigned reluctance, that in the single province first evangelized by Ricci, the Catholics at this hour 'number about seventy thousand souls.''' And Baron von Haxthausén, a witness almost equally beyond suspicion, states that in the great centre of adverse influence, the capital city of Peking, there are still more than forty thousand Catholics, while in the more northern districts of China the catholic religion is daily extending.\*

The constancy with which these simple children of the Church have clung to the faith through all the long years of persecution to which they have been exposed, is in itself the highest testimony that could be borne, as well to their moral worth, as to the sincerity of their convictions. That they continue to the present day to maintain the same earnest simplicity, is abundantly attested by the grudging acknowledgments of the emissaries of the rival system. Mr. Minturn in his "From New York to Delhi," pub-

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\* Etudes sur la Russie, T. i. p. 441.

lished in 1858, records his admiration of "the earnestness with which a numerous congregation of Chinese chanted the responses in the Romish Cathedral of Shanghai."\* Mr. Oliphant, visiting the Cathedral at Tonkadoo, was equally struck by the large attendance of female Chinese converts, whose devout demeanour testified to the sincerity of their conversion. And even Mr. Smith, himself a missionary, while he refuses to acknowledge the interior spirit which alone gives value to the outward actions which he records, bears ample testimony to the universality of the observance among the native christians in China of all the ordinary catholic usages of every day devotion.

"Sometimes Mr. Smith comes into actual contact with Chinese Christians, and he is always careful to record his impression of such interviews. He is in a boat on the river Min, and the crew, who probably knew nothing of the character of their passenger, 'on their first coming on board, crossed themselves repeatedly on the forehead, cheeks, and breast, after the most approved Roman Catholic fashion.' Their religion was evidently a reality, and they were 'not ashamed of the Cross of Christ;' but this was not the reflection which their Christian behaviour excited in Mr. Smith. Presently he meets 'about a hundred villagers, and finding that they were principally professors of the Roman Catholic religion,' one of his party took the opportunity of informing them, that the Mother of God 'was *only* a sinful mortal like ourselves!' upon which he adds, 'they appeared to be somewhat staggered, and looked in his face, as if incredulous and distrustful.' Yet that significant look had no lesson for Mr. Smith and his companions, who were perhaps ignorant that the very Turks reproach Protestants for their irreverence towards Her whom even Mahometans honour as the Mother of Christ.

"But Mr. Smith had other adventures not less instructive than this. 'I visited a Corean junk,' he says, 'manned by Roman Catholic sailors, and lying in the river off the custom-house.' The captain of this junk—which had crossed the broad waters of the Yellow Sea, not for lucre, but from a motive of religion—had lost 'his own father and grandfather' by martyrdom. But this had not daunted him, nor his Christian crew; and Mr. Smith tells us that 'their only object in making so long and perilous a voyage was, to obtain a Bishop for Corea, whom they would carry back in their junk.' For months they had been at anchor alongside that custom-house, answering the inquisitive demands of the officials with such pretexts as their ingenuity could devise, and patiently waiting, at the sacrifice of time, and braving the perils of discovery, till God should bring their Bishop to them. To these fearless Christians, Mr.

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\* p. 33.

Smith, unmindful that he stood in the presence of a company of confessors with whom religion was the chief concern of life, presented a number of his books; but within an hour they had detected their real nature, and came 'to return the whole of the books, and to decline the present from me.' It is satisfactory to know, on Mr. Smith's authority, that at last 'they accomplished the object of their visit, and took back a Bishop and three priests. The Bishop had already been seven years a missionary in one of the interior provinces:—and now he was on his way, escorted by the children of martyrs, to shed his own blood whenever God should require the sacrifice.'—vol. i. p. 275-77.

But we must turn to the other side of the contrast—the Protestant Missions in China. We shall pass hastily over the personal sketches of the first protestant missionaries in China—of Morrison, Medhurst, Gutzlaff, Tomlin, and Smith—although they form a curious pendant for the picture which we have seen of Ricci and Schaals, of the early days of the Gospel in the Celestial Empire. Our more direct concern is with the results of their preaching, which will be best illustrated by a few extracts from the reports of the missionaries themselves. Mr. Morrison, in his diary for the years 1813 and 1814, repeatedly expresses his concern that "none seem to feel the power of truth;" that "his ministrations are apparently in vain;" that "his labours are confined to the narrow sphere of his own household." It is the same up to 1820.

"In 1821, for lapse of time brings no change, 'Dr. Morrison was much concerned at the small effect produced by his labours.' In 1822, he still writes, 'there are few natives on whose conscience divine truth has made an impression.' In 1832, after ten years more of enormous expenditure, 'only ten persons have been baptized;' every one of whom was immediately, in spite of what Morrison himself calls their 'obscure views,' provided for by 'the mission,' and employed in printing, but apparently without securing their fidelity; for some years after, the Rev. Howard Malcolm, who was sent to visit and report upon all the Protestant missions in the East, candidly informed his employers,—'*there is no Chinese convert at Canton, nor religious services in that language, nor giving of tracts.*' And this is confirmed by Dr. Wells Williams, an American missionary, who confesses, in 1839, that 'the prospect at his death was nearly as dark as when he landed;' while even of the 'baptized' printers Morrison himself records, that they were of such doubtful morality, that they were commonly addicted to theft, and, on one occasion, 'stole several cases of type.'—vol. i. p. 240-41.

Unfortunately this report as to the moral character of

the Chinese converts to Protestantism is but too uniform.

"Mr. Medhurst gives us some information about the Protestant 'converts,' whom he describes with his usual sincerity. Of 'one of the first baptised' he reports, that 'when told that money was never given, except for work done or goods delivered, he became indifferent, and is now, we fear, gone back.' Of another he says, 'he was so far softened as to worship Jehovah, though he continued to adore the idols of the country.' This convert had apparently adopted the Roman universality of worship, and was quite willing to admit any number of new gods, provided he was not asked to abandon the old.

"Of another convert, a certain Chin, Mr. Medhurst gives this account. 'He is a smoker of opium. He will of course find eight to ten dollars per month very inadequate.' It appears, then, that this was their bribe to a 'convert.' 'He once promised fair to be a Christian; when in affliction he destroyed his idol, when restored, gave loose to evil habits.'"—vol. i. p. 244-5.

But worthless as these converts proved, not even of such as these is it found practicable to continue the supply. "The attempts of Protestant bodies to evangelise China," said the author of the Bampton Lectures for 1843, '*have signally failed.*' Whoever asserts, added Mr. Wingrove Cooke, in 1858, 'that the Protestant missionaries are making sincere Chinese Christians, must be *either governed by a delusion, or guilty of fraud.*'"

The contrast of results has not failed to strike even protestants themselves.

"As early as 1824, there were already 3,000 Catholics in Malacca alone; and in Singapore, as Commodore Wilkes notices, although the Protestants 'have not met with any success, the Catholics have already made one hundred and fifty proselytes to their faith, though they have only so recently arrived.' And Mr. Malcolm adds, that 'at Singapore, where extraordinary efforts have been made, not a single Malay has yet been converted to the Protestant religion; while the Catholic missionaries, who have two churches there, have effected a great number of conversions amongst the Malays, the Chinese, and others, and assemble every Sunday in their churches a considerable concourse of men of all religions. What can be the reason of this difference?' The only one he can suggest is, that 'the Popish missionaries are in general men of pure morals, and live much more humbly.' A few years later, in 1856, the handful of Catholics had become seven thousand, and in that single year four hundred and fourteen pagans were converted and baptized. On the other hand, Mr. Windsor Earl reports once more 'that the labours of British missionaries have

been absolutely thrown away.' He notices moreover the usual fact, that 'they have invariably remained at the chief settlements of the Europeans; and that 'the effects of their labours are rarely heard of, except through the medium of missionary publications brought out from England.' And Mr. Walter Gibson relates, in 1856, of the city of Batavia, that 'the Catholic clergy were the only ones who ever paid any visits of mercy and charity.' Yet all these witnesses are eager Protestants. Finally, when M. Papin visited the defunct Malacca College, one of the Protestant missionaries frankly avowed, 'that the enormous expenses incurred in its construction were only so much money thrown into the sea, and that all which had been reported of it in Europe was pure charlatanism.'

"Let us return to Mr. Medhurst. In a letter to Morrison, who made no secret of his own hopeless failure, he asks,—'*Why are we not successful in conversions?*' The true answer does not seem to have occurred to him, and the 'sad disunion' among the Protestant Missionaries is the only explanation which he admits.'"—vol. i. p. 247-8.

But the real grounds of contrast lie deeper than this. They are well traced by Mr. Marshall in the following brilliant passage.

"We have traced, in all, its details, the contrast which the Chinese Missions exhibit in their agents, their method, and their results. During three centuries we have seen the missionaries of the Catholic Church—in freedom or in chains, in the palace of the emperor or the obscurity of a dungeon, in the dignity of their lives and the heroism of their death,—everywhere confessing Him by whose grace they became what they were. And we have seen that the spiritual children whom they begot, in every province of that empire, from the deserts of Tartary to the gulf of Siam, were worthy of them. The annals of Christianity tell of no braver deeds, the records of its combats contain no nobler triumphs. St. Peter would have embraced such apostles as his brethren; St. Paul would have said to such disciples, 'You are our glory and our joy.'

"On the other hand, we have seen the missionaries of another religion crowded together in the seaports of China, 'listening to far-off tidings of what is happening in the interior;' but we have not once met them in Su-tchuen, nor in Corea, nor in Tong-King, nor in Mongolia, nor in Tartary, nor in Thibet. They have consumed fifty years, and untold sums of money, in safely multiplying books which nobody could either read or understand; they have scandalised the very heathen, as well as their own friends, by the manner of their life, so that the former called them 'Lie-preaching Devils,' and the latter only named them with a jest or a sneer; they have gathered a few disciples whom they hesitated to receive, and were ashamed to acknowledge,—who took their wages without thanks, and plundered them without remorse; they have published

reports, which they privately confessed to be false, of conversions which never took place; and they have only succeeded at last in confirming more deeply in their errors the heathen to whom they have made Christianity both hateful and ludicrous, and in obstructing the apostolic labours of men whom they reviled without knowing, and whose heroism they grudgingly confessed without once daring to imitate it. During two whole generations they have watched the brave press forward to the battle-field, but have themselves refused to take part in the fight. They had no vocation to this apostolic warfare, and they knew it. 'These actions,' they seem to have said, 'belong not to such as us.' And so when blood began to flow, and the moment arrived for confessing the Name of Jesus, they turned their heads and fled away. And while the furnace was being heated, 'seven times more than it was wont to be heated,' and the valiant 'walked in the midst of the flame, praising God and blessing the Lord;' and even women and children, but yesterday pagans, were crying aloud in the midst of their torments, 'Let them know that Thou art the Lord, the only God,'—these men hastened to their homes, to hide themselves in an inner room, and to write words of malice against the faith which the martyrs were sealing with their blood, and against the apostles who had delivered it to them."—vol. i. p. 318-20.

In India Mr. Marshall traces the contrast with even a more vigorous pen. His portraiture of St. Francis Xavier, whose apostolic career left as its best monument two hundred thousand christians along either coast of the peninsula; of Nobili, who, in the province of Madura, converted nearly a hundred thousand almost all of the caste of Brahmins; of De Britto, who in fifteen months baptized with his own hand eight thousand infidels; of Francis Laynez, who, in the single year 1700, baptized four thousand converts, all of whom he himself individually instructed; and of their saintly and devoted associates Borghese, and Diaz, and Rodriguez, and Pereira;—is among the most pleasing specimens of religious biography with which we are acquainted.

But here also we must be careful not to suffer ourselves to be tempted away from the matter-of-fact comparison which is our special object. In India, even more than in China, the great characteristic of the missionary achievement of the Catholic Church is its permanence, under circumstances which bear a striking analogy to what we have already seen in China. In India, as in China, the suppression of the Jesuits withdrew for a time what had been the animating principle of a large



proportion of the missionary establishments in that country. In Mr. Marshall's expressive words "the Hindoo was once more alone with his idols, and none remained to tell him that he was in the embrace of death." In India, too, the little remnant was beset by difficulties which to flesh and blood were almost beyond endurance. "On one side of them was the Hindoo, who upbraided them as outcasts; on the other the fierce and persecuting Mahometan, who had already vexed them and their fathers before them, and who now attacked them with fresh fury when he found that their defenders were gone. In the single year 1784, thirty thousand Christians of Canara were forcibly carried off at once, and this was only one instance out of many. And besides these deadly foes, and the equally terrible scourge of 'an inundation of Mahrattas,' they were surrounded by sectaries of every name and creed, now bolder than ever,—Syrian, Danish, Dutch, and English,—who each spread his snare for them. And they were alone, with none to warn, to guide, or to help. 'For nearly sixty years,' says one who hated them for the faith which they professed, 'i. e. from 1760 to 1820, scarcely any care was taken of the Catholic Missions, and of their numerous converts. The older missionaries gradually died out, while none arrived from Europe to fill their place.'"

And yet, through this long interval of silence and neglect, the good seed sown by those saintly husbandmen, has continued to preserve its vitality.

"It would almost seem as if God had resolved to justify His servants, by a special and marvellous providence, before the face of the whole earth; and had left their work to what seemed inevitable ruin and decay, only to show that neither the world nor the devil, neither persecution, nor fraud, nor neglect, could extinguish the life that was in it. And so when men came to look upon it, after sixty years of silence and desolation, they found a living multitude, where they expected to count only 'the corpses of the death.' Some indeed had failed, and paganism or heresy had sung its song of triumph over the victims; others had retained only the great truths of the Trinity and the Incarnation, while ignorance, and its twin sister supersition, had spread a veil over their eyes; but still the prodigious fact was revealed that *more than one million remained*, after half a century of utter abandonment, who still clung with inflexible constancy to the faith which had been preached to their fathers, and still bowed the head with loving awe when the names of their departed apostles were uttered amongst them. Such is the astonishing conclusion of a trial without parallel in the history of

Christianity, and which if it had befallen the christians of other lands, boasting their science and civilisation, might perhaps have produced other results than among these despised Asiatics. When we have furnished some account of their present condition, and have heard what even their enemies say of them, we may proceed to ask the latter what *they* have attempted towards the conversion of India, and how far the attempt has been successful.

"The following table,—which exhibits the state of the Catholic Missions of India in 1857, in all the twenty Apostolic Vicariates into which the territory is now divided—will serve to show, that the permanence which so wonderfully distinguishes these Missions, as well as the neighbouring churches of China, is not the privilege of one or two places only, but is equally conspicuous in every part of the country. It will be observed that the Mission of Madura, founded by de' Nobili, still counts *one hundred and fifty thousand* Catholics; while that of Verapoly, the field in which so many of the Jesuit missionaries laboured, numbers nearly *two hundred and thirty thousand*.

		1857	
Vicariates.		Bishops.	Catholics
1 Madras .....	Right Revd. J. Fennelly.....		44,480
2 Bombay .....	" " Anast. Hartman ..	}	17,100
	" " Ignatius Persico ..		
3 Eastern Bengal...	" " Thomas Olliffe .....		13,000
4 Western Bengal .....			15,000
5 Pondicherry .....	" " Clement Bonnard.....		100,046
6 Madura .....	" " A. Canoz, S. J. ....		150,000
7 Hyderabad .....	" " Daniel Murphy .....		4,000
8 Vizagapatam .....	" " T. E. Neyret .....		7,130
9 Mangalore .....	" " Michael Anthony .....		30,480
	Most Revd. F. R. Ludovico.....	}	
10 Verapoly .....	Right Revd. F. Bernardino.....	}	228,006
11 Quilon .....	Administrator, F. Bernardino .....		
12 Mysore .....	Right Revd. E. L. Charbonneaux ...		17,110
13 Coimbatore .....	Administrator, C. Bonnard .....		17,200
14 Agra .....	Right Revd. F. C. Carli.....		20,100
15 Patna .....	" " A. Zubber .....		3,400
16 Ava and Pegu ...	" " J. B. Bigaudet .....		5,320
17 Malayan Peninsula	" " A. Bauch .....		5,400
18 Siam .....	" " J. B. Pallegoix .....		4,900
19 Jaffna .....	" " J. Bettachini .....		65,500
20 Colombo .....	" " Cajetano Antonio .....		90,900

"From this table, which considerably understates the numbers at the present time, we learn that there are still in the Indian Missions not far short of one million Catholics; or, if we add the Christians attached to the Goa schism, professing also to be Catholics, and whose gradual reconciliation may be anticipated, we shall have a total of about *twelve hundred thousand*, the living witnesses of

the labours and triumphs of the missionaries of the Catholic Church."—vol i. p. 383-86.

That these statements are not overdrawn, and that the same divine vitality still makes itself felt in the efforts of the Church in India, the protestant missionaries themselves abundantly attest. Bishop Middleton remarks it as "curious, that in every part of Asia you find the Church of Rome;" and again, that 'Protestants as we are, it were bigotry to deny that the Church of Rome, notwithstanding that she may have exaggerated her successes, has done wonders in the East.' "...Mr. Thornton, one of the most exact authorities on Indian statistics, while he estimates the population of the Goa district at 313,262, adds,—'of this number two-thirds are stated to be Christians of the Roman Catholic persuasion;' and an equally impartial witness observes of the same province, 'the Roman Catholics have made many converts among the natives, and greatly contributed to their civilisation, and dispersed much of the darkness of Paganism.' Dr. Francis Buchanan, speaking of the class who are commonly most defamed by Protestants, and of the several thousand Christians whom he visited at Tulava—the remnant of those persecuted by Tippoo,—who destroyed all their churches, generously says; 'these poor people have none of the vices usually attributed to the native Portuguese, and their superior industry is more readily acknowledged by the neighbouring Hindus than avowed by themselves.'"

If we turn to the reverse of the picture, we find, instead of the devoted and self-sacrificing Xaviers, and De Brittos, spending their blood and their lives for the souls of those whom they had come to save, a race of base and worldly-minded adventurers, whose only God is Mammon, and whose only interest in the Hindoo race is as objects of their own corrupt and money-seeking policy. From the very moment that the Portuguese were displaced in India by the Protestant powers which succeeded them "the whole weight, influence and authority of the Government" was directed against the progress of Christianity among the heathen. Mr. Hugh Murray contrasts very unfavourably with the conduct of their Catholic predecessors the

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\* An Indian Retrospect. By the Dean of Carlisle, p. 6.

course pursued by the Danes, the Dutch, and the English, in India. But his contrast, so far as it regards the English, is far from reaching the disgraceful reality. "For two hundred years it was a maxim with the English of all classes, that no attempt to convert Hindoo or Mahometan should be tolerated. 'The fundamental principle of British rule,' said Lord William Bentinck, 'is strict neutrality.' And in obsequious accordance with this rule, 'the East India Company refused all missionaries passages in their ships either to China or India.' In vain a few individuals endeavoured to gain a surreptitious entrance into this forbidden land. 'Two missionaries, who landed on the banks of the Hooghly, were sent back to Europe forthwith, in the same ship in which they arrived ;'—an effectual admonition to all who might be tempted to imitate their example. In 1812, 'the American missionaries, driven to Bombay from Calcutta, were imprisoned. When they escaped in a native coasting vessel they were pursued, retaken, and confined to the fort.' 'There was a raid,' as another writer expresses it, 'against the missionaries in Bengal, and no less than five, partly Americans, partly English, were driven out of the country by the imperative orders of an unyielding Government.' Nor was this vigorous policy abandoned, so long as they could venture to employ it. 'So late as 1813, not a single missionary could be allowed to go out in a British ship.'"

Nay even on this rigorously repressive policy it was found possible to improve.

"It was possible to devise still more efficacious methods of thwarting the progress of Christianity in India, and they were quickly adopted. 'By Government Regulations of 1814, native Christians were debarred from filling any public office of respectability. There is one instance at least, in which a Sepoy was actually dismissed from the army, in consequence of embracing Christianity!' At a meeting of the Church Missionary Society on the 13th of April, 1813, various resolutions were passed, of which the 7th was in these terms. 'That this Society has learnt with pain that Christianity is liable to discouragement, in consequence of native converts having been *generally* excluded from those official situations in India which are freely bestowed on Hindoos and Mahometans.' And these amazing proceedings have received the sanction and approval of the most eminent English statesmen of India down to the present hour. 'I think the English Government in this country,' said Sir John Malcolm, 'should never, directly or indirectly, interfere in propagating the Christian religion.' 'We abstain, and

I trust shall always abstain,' says an official document which bears the illustrious name of Lord Macaulay, 'from giving any public encouragement to those who are engaged in the work of converting natives to Christianity.' In 1853, a Director of the East India Company, and not the most obscure amongst them, still repeats; 'It appears to me absolutely necessary that we should scrupulously avoid all interference with the religion of the Hindoos.' Lastly, in 1859, Lord Ellenborough gave this advice to the House of Lords. 'No measure could be adopted more calculated to tranquillize the minds of the natives, and to restore to us their confidence, than that of withholding the aid of Government from schools with which missionaries are connected.' When the same peer charged Lord Canning with having 'subscribed to a Missionary Society,' Lord Lansdowne remarked, in spite of strong personal sympathy with the Indian Viceroy, that if it were true, 'he would no longer deserve to be continued in his office as Governor-General of India!' At the same moment Mr. Kinnaird was informing the House of Commons, that the natives of India, interpreting the Queen's proclamation, to 'abstain from all interference' with their religion, as a rebuke to those who had done so, urged upon the local government,—'that the missionaries were acting contrary to the Queen's proclamation by staying in India, and that therefore it was their duty to drive them away at once.'—vol i. p. 412-14.

And, as if to complete the infamy of our Government in the eyes of modern Christendom, this disgraceful patronage of Paganism was even turned into a source of revenue. "The disgusting and gory worship of Juggernaut," says Mr. Howitt, 'was not merely practised, but was actually licensed and patronised, by the English Government. It imposed a tax on all pilgrims going to the temples in Orissa and Bengal, and appointed British officers and British gentlemen, to superintend the management of this hideous worship, and the receipts of its proceeds.' They even became ingenious, it seems, in multiplying such sources of revenue; for a Protestant missionary informs us that they also imposed a tax on those 'who desire the privilege of drowning in the Ganges,' and that this scheme was 'calculated to yield 250,000 rupees!' This gentleman can hardly be deemed to exaggerate, when he adds, that such proceedings 'assimilated professed Christians with idolaters, till the Christian character in India, is scarcely distinguishable in the broad feature of abhorring idols.'"

Well might Mr. Russell exclaim that, "for a Christian people, we did very odd things in India!" A writer in the *Calcutta Review*, in the year 1852, says that to that

very day "the Residents at Nagpore and Baroda, the representatives of the Government, take a share in the heathen festivals. In the Madras Presidency the evil continues to a fearful extent. Down to 1841, more than £400,000. a year passed through the hands of the Madras Government, in connection with heathen temples, and the annual profit was £17,000.' So that an Anglo-Indian writer, alluding to these facts, as well as to what he calls 'the measureless folly of our rule,' declares, in 1857, that 'had the Sepoys not rebelled, the wrongs of India might have gone on accumulating, until God grew utterly weary of us,' and that 'we should have been cast out from India, a scorn and example to the nations.'"

It will easily be believed that, in such circumstances, missionary enterprise, unless that enterprise which is from above, would remain in abeyance. India was to the Protestant missionary as though it were not. "No English clergyman could be prevailed upon to go thither," says Dr. Close; who repeats the statement that 'all the missionaries helped by the Christian Knowledge Society,'—and he might have added, by what is called the 'Society for the Propagation of the Gospel'—were Lutherans and foreigners. We shall presently hear these foreign emissaries taunting their Anglican employers with the fact, and using it to justify their attacks upon a Church of which, notwithstanding, they were the recognized ministers! 'For a long time,' Dr. Close informs us, 'they could not get a single missionary to go out. They sent an English clergyman to Calcutta in 1789, but he deserted soon after his arrival.' This was discouraging and so, 'in 1797, they sent another, a German, but he also deserted.' Yet there was urgent need for active measures, since, up to this date, Mr. Kaye tells us, 'the Protestant religion made scant progress in India. There were occasionally conversions,—but, unhappily, they were entirely in the wrong direction.' And then he explains that some of the English became Catholics, like the son of Sir Heneage Finch, and some Mahometans! 'So alarmed was the Government,' says an Anglican chaplain in India, 'at the progress of Romanism, that they resolved to enforce against its professors the penal statute, 23rd Elizabeth, chapter I. and having discovered that one John da Gloria, a Portuguese priest, had baptized Matthew, son of Lieutenant Thorpe, deceased, they arrested him on a



charge of high treason, for procuring a person to be reconciled to the Pope.”

The only shadow of an effort on the part of Protestant missionaries in the last century, came from the Lutheran communion; and this, although England was all along maintaining a large and costly ecclesiastical establishment for British residents. Mr. Marshall's sketch of the few who are popularly regarded as having taken a successful part in the Mission of India, will dispel whatever illusion may still prevail on the subject. His stern but impartial portraiture, drawn exclusively from Protestant originals, has dragged the laurel, at least as an emblem of missionary triumph, from the brows of the Protestant heroes, Kiernander and Schwartz, from the love-sick sentimentalist, Henry Martyn, and the amiable, but thoroughly unspiritual, Heber. The converts of Schwartz were “notorious for their profligacy.” Martyn's success, as he himself confesses, was limited to one old woman “who, he thought, was seriously impressed,” and Heber confesses that “instances of actual conversion were as yet, very uncommon,” though he professes that they were “enough to show that the thing was not impossible.”\*

Now in estimating the wretchedness of such results as these, it is impossible to shut out of view what have been, and what still are, the facilities and the resources which Protestant missionary enterprise ought to have enjoyed in India.

“In addition to the facilities derived from their connection with the dominant power, and the motives which powerfully influence the subject natives to accept the instructions of their masters and patrons, we must reckon the vast material resources at their disposal. To build churches, to found colleges and schools, to endow orphanages, to recompense catechists and teachers with ample salaries, and to attract a sordid and impoverished race with the offer of assured subsistence,—all this was as easy to Protestants as it was impossible to Catholic missionaries. *Twenty two* evangelical societies,’ we are told, ‘English, American, or German, supply the magnificent annual subsidy of £187,000 sterling—’ a sum which has subsequently attained far larger proportions. Twenty years ago, and the number is now greatly increased, ‘ninety Chaplains cost

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\* Fuller's *Apol. for Christian Missions*, app. p. 3.  
*Indian Journal* ii. 203.

the Company annually £88,000.' We have seen that in the province of Madura sixty-two Catholic missionaries consumed only £1,500; so that each Protestant cost exactly forty times as much as each Catholic missionary. The mere travelling expenses of Protestant missionaries had cost, up to 1839, £260,000. In 1851, the cost of the Anglican establishment alone was £112,000; and in the following year, a Presbyterian writer boasted, with more truth than prudence, that the yearly expenditure of Protestant missions in India alone was 'about one fifth *more* than is annually raised for Papal missions in all parts of the world. In 1850, the Government expended on the Anglo-Indian 'established' church £107,855, though, as Protestants have told us, her clergy 'might as well be in England as in India' as far as the interests of the natives are concerned; while they gave to the Catholics of India the sum of £5,467—or £24 less than they bestowed within the same twelvemonth upon a single individual, the Protestant bishop of Calcutta."—vol. i. p. 506-8.

Against all these splendid resources Mr. Marshall collects upon the opposite side (I. pp. 511-20) the unreserved acknowledgments of total and hopeless failure, from the authentic reports, continued down to the latest dates, regarding every quarter of India, Bengal, Madras, Bombay, Tranquebar, Tanjore, Tinnevely, Benares, Travancore, and numberless other stations of Northern, Southern, Western, and Central India. It is, of course impossible to do more than refer to these valuable extracts. The whole result may be forcibly condensed in two or three pregnant testimonies. "'You have made no progress at all, either with the Hindoo or the Mahometan," said Sir James Brooke, in 1858, before a meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; 'you are just where you were the very first day that you went to India.' 'Every gate seems to have been shut,' cries Mr. Clarkson, himself a missionary, 'every channel dammed up, by which the gospel streams might force their way.' While of the nominal converts, Mr. Irving asserts, in concert with a hundred Anglo-Indian writers, that 'their lax morality shocks the feelings of even their heathen countrymen.'"

Nor are there wanting among Mr. Marshall's Protestant authorities, abundant materials from which to account for the marked difference in the results of the two rival systems, each of which has in turn appealed to the religious instincts of the Hindoo. What manner of men were the first preachers of Catholicity in India?—how devoted, how unselfish, how spiritual, how completely apart from

this earth, its pleasures, its ambitions, and enjoyments—all this we have seen detailed by the most unsuspected witnesses. On the Protestant side it needs but to open Mr. Marshall's extracts from the same unsuspected authorities, in order to be struck by the reason of this failure. Side by side with the humble Xavier, we find "a cold and stately formalist, with a decided taste for military salutes and struggling manfully for social precedence."\* From the indefatigable labourers of the Canarese or Madura mission, we turn to Dr. Judson seated comfortably in his pagoda, and calling out to the passers by,† "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters! and he that hath no money, come ye, and buy, and eat!" After the touching story of the toils and privations of Laynez or Pereyra, it is hard to realize that the cause for which they laboured was the same as that of the men who openly proclaim, like Bishop Cotton‡, that "asceticism is no part of the gospel system;" and who, like Bishop Middleton, have no greater trials to record in their missionary experience than the alarms of his wife in the course of one of his pastoral voyages, in which, while he was endeavouring to comfort his trembling partner, "their little dog jumped upon her lap, as if fully impressed with the terror of the scene"!

There is a lesson too, in the contrast between the Catholic missionaries whose stipend the Protestant, Mr. Malcolm, while he testifies to the purity of their morals and the humility of their lives, reports at £20. per annum, and such a catalogue on the Protestant side as the following. "'Owen, the late chaplain-general, died last year,'—1825,—says Lord Teignmouth, 'worth more than £100,000. I speak positively as to the amount, on the authority of one who went to Doctors' Commons and procured a copy of his will.' And this though an extreme, was not a solitary case. 'It would seem,' says a writer who has already given us valuable information, 'that at the close of the last century the Company's chaplains

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\* Kaye's *Christianity in India*, 301, speaking of Bishop Middleton.

† *Theory and Practice of Caste*, p. 150.

‡ *Primary Charge*, quoted in *Overland Bombay Times*, November 26, 1859.

were a money-making race of men. There is a curious entry in the journal of Mr. Kiernander, the old Danish missionary, running in these words, 'The Rev. Mr. Blanshard is preparing to go to England upon an American ship in about a fortnight, worth five lakhs of rupees. Mr. Owen two and a half lakhs. Mr. Johnson three and a half lakhs':—an average annual saving, if Mr. K. is to be trusted, of £2,500!" With facts like these before us, we cease to wonder at the results which even the most enthusiastic partisans attest.

"'Christianity,' says one who was long the associate of Protestant Missionaries, 'makes little or no progress. I used to enquire of the missionaries whenever I had an opportunity, how many Hindoos or Mahomedans, they had converted during the time of their mission, and in general the answer was *one*, or sometimes *none*.'

"'A person who has sojourned thirty years in India,' says M. Peschier, President of the Missionary Society at Geneva, 'preaching to unbelievers, declares to us that he has not been able to work a single conversion.'

"Dr. Bryce, a Presbyterian minister, declared, in a sermon preached by him at Calcutta,—'Alas! it may be doubted if at this day the Christian Missionary boasts a *single proselyte* to his creed over whom he is warranted to rejoice;' and another witness remarks upon his words,—'this is the opinion of a learned and pious clergyman, delivered to a congregation who possessed ample means of ascertaining its correctness.'

"Nor, as we advance towards the present hour, do we find the least variation in the evidence. 'We are not aware,' says Dr. Ruschenberger, in 1838, 'of more than three or four distinguished instances of conversion to Christianity effected by missionaries.' 'Most of the people forming the congregation,' says Dr. Brown, 'are christians only in name.' And thus they all speak to the end.

"In 1843, Count de Warren says,—'The influence of the English Missions is an absolute nullity; they reckon no other proselytes than orphans whom the Missionaries purchase, and who, when they grow up, *all return to the religion of their countrymen*. It must be confessed too that the followers of Christ scarcely manifest more charity or more humility than those of Brahma or Mahomet.'

"In 1852, Mr. Campbell says,—'It must be admitted that the attempt to christianise the natives *has entirely failed*; we have made some infidels, but very few sincere Christians, and are not likely, on the present system, to make many more.'

"In 1856, Mr. Walter Gibson quotes this private confession of an American missionary made to himself. 'The millions and hundreds of millions in the East pass away, uninfluenced to the *slightest extent* by European dominion and enlightenment.'

"In 1857, M. de Valbezen, who appears to affect in religion the cold impartiality which some Frenchmen mistake for greatness of mind, says ; 'The preaching of the Protestant Missionaries has not produced the least impression;' and then he adds, that if any change occurred in the government of India, 'there are very few indeed of their converts who would not relapse into the gross errors of their native religions.'

"In 1858, we have the following testimonies. 'The converts,' says Mr. Minturn, 'are few, and mostly of the most degraded classes.' 'The native converts to Christianity,' writes Mr. Malcolm Ludlow at the same moment, 'I have not even numbered amongst the distinctively Christian elements, so *uninfluential* are they for the most part.' And Sir James Brooke sums up the whole history, when he tells the Missionary Societies of England, 'With the Mahomedan you have made no progress; with the Hindoo you have made no progress at all; you are just where you were the *very first day you went to India.*'

"In 1859, Captain Evans Bell says once more, 'I doubt whether the missionaries will ever do any good;' and Mr. Ludlow adds, 'We have to take account of the *growing* distrust of and dislike to Christianity, on the part of both Hindoo and Moslem.' Lastly in 1860, Mr. Russell fitly closes the series by the grave announcement, that '*in despair*, many Christians in India are driven to wish and pray that some one or some way may arise for converting the Indians by the sword.'—vol. i. p. 520-27.

It would carry us far beyond our prescribed limits to continue this analysis of Mr. Marshall's review of the remaining districts into which he has parcelled out the missionary world. He has himself selected in his opening chapter for each of these regions a few very striking testimonies to the utter failure of the efforts of Protestantism. Sir James Emerson Tennent's well-known work on Ceylon gives but a low idea of the missionary prospects of that island, but it hardly prepares us for the nullity acknowledged by the missionaries themselves. "The greater part of the Singhalese, whom I designate nominal Christians of the Reformed Religion,' says the Rev. W. Harvard, a Wesleyan Missionary, 'are little more than christians by baptism.' 'By far the greater part,' observes the Rev. James Selkirk, an Anglican missionary, 'live as if they had no souls.' 'Disappointment was felt in nearly every department of the mission,' says Dr. Brown, once more in 1854. 'All accounts agree in reporting unfavourably,' adds the Rev. Mr. Tupper in 1856. While

Mr. Pridham goes still further, and deplores, in energetic language, that 'Christianity has made but lee-way.'"

Sir Emerson Tennent who confesses this failure, and who is equally free to confess the comparative success of the Catholic Church in Ceylon, endeavours to account for the latter by the common explanation of Protestant controversialists. "The imagination of the Cingalese," he says, 'was excited, and their tastes permanently captivated, by the striking ceremonial and pompous pageantry of the Catholic ritual.' This view of the question is so frequently put forward, that, even at the risk of appearing to exceed in our extracts, we are induced to transcribe the admirable reply of Mr. Marshall.

"Does Sir Emerson Tennent suppose that Father Joseph Vaz, for example, when a fugitive in the swamps and jungles of Ceylon, converted thirty thousand idolaters by 'pompous pageantry'? Did St. Francis Xavier, whose ecclesiastical apparatus was limited to a hand-bell and a catechist, convert seven hundred thousand souls by 'gaudy ceremonial'? Did the Venerable John de Britto gain his tens of thousands in the forests of Marava by the splendours of an imposing ritual? Was it by the aid of such accessories that the martyred apostles of China and Corea, whose churches were huts and their vestments rags, won their triumphs? Was it 'pageantry' which rescued 1,500,000 South American Indians from the worship of demons? Was it 'ritual' which caused the Holy Name to be adored on the banks of Lake Huron, by the borders of the Ohio and the Mississippi, and again, at a later date, in the plains of Oregon and the valleys of the Rocky Mountains? Is it by a 'gaudy ceremonial' that the Franciscans are at this moment renewing their ancient victories in the far interior of Brazil, or the Lazarists in Syria, or the Jesuits in Columbia, or the Marists in the islands of the Pacific? What, then, shall we think of a cause which strives to cloak its eternal humiliation, and to excuse its perpetual misadventures, by a plea which it knows to be false, and by attributing the conquests which it vainly envies to means which it was absolutely impossible to use, and which would have been utterly inadequate and ineffectual even if they had been employed?

"The solitary explanation which Protestants venture to suggest of the triumphs of Catholic missionaries, attested in every land by their own witnesses, but every where denied to themselves, deserves further consideration. Let us examine it once for all, that we may not have to notice it again. It is their *only* argument; and yet it is at variance, not only with historical facts, but even with the universal practice of man, both heathen and christian, and with the instincts of his nature. And first, it is at variance with facts.

"There is not so much as one example, literally not one, in the



whole history of missions, of the heathen being attracted towards the Catholic religion simply by its ritual accompaniments. Only wilful ignorance, or incurable petulance, could attribute the conversions in India or China to such a cause; while in every other land in which missionary operations are now in progress, the poverty of the Catholic evangelists has become a proverb. In the islands of the Pacific, of which we shall have to speak hereafter, we hear of Catholic missionaries wanting even the common necessities of life, and of their Bishop using 'the back bone of a whale for his episcopal throne.' In America, even at the present day, they have not always food to eat; though in some provinces, as in Texas, Oregon, and California, it is habitually of the coarsest kind. In South America, they willingly share the life of the poor Indian, who honours them in spite, perhaps because, of their apostolic poverty; and obeys them, as his fathers obeyed theirs, with loving reverence. An American Protestant, who not long ago visited the Valley of the Amazon,—in whose distant solitudes he encountered Catholic missionaries whom he describes, with generous enthusiasm, as the very ideal of apostolic teachers,—makes this observation; 'I was amazed at the *poverty* of the church, and determined, if I ever went back, to appeal to the Roman Catholics of the United States for donations.' And this is confirmed by an English officer, who traversed the same remote regions, where he found Catholic missionaries honoured with 'the greatest respect and deference,' even by natives who 'showed no deference to any one but the Padre,' but where he describes almost every church which he saw, from the Andes to Para, as little better than 'a huge barn.' Yet we are asked to believe that the Church wins souls to God only by the fascinations of a 'gaudy ceremonial.' "—vol. ii. p. 63-5.

Nor can we deny ourselves the pleasure of adding one other magnificent passage on the same subject, which enters into the philosophical grounds of the feeling upon which this instinctive preference is founded.

"But this popular explanation contradicts, not only the facts which are admitted and proclaimed by every competent witness, but also the most notorious phenomena of heathen life. The pagan, though he has reared many a gorgeous temple, and decorated it with such skill as his knowledge of art allows, has never even conceived the idea of devising a specious ceremonial as a substitute for a more active and intellectual worship. Everywhere he retains in spite of his fall, the primitive traditions of *sacrifice, prayer and mortification*. The very Hindoo would despise the imposture of a hollow ecclesiastical pageantry. He does not even worship idols, if we may believe Protestant writers, but 'symbols of the Almighty's power;' and Sir William Hooker affirms generally of the Buddhist devotee, that he 'attaches no real importance to the idol itself.' His worship is

demonology, but still it is worship. He comprehends, unlike the Protestant, those great principles which the latter alone of all mankind seem to repudiate in their practice,—the sovereign rights of the Creator over His creature, the obligation and efficacy of penance in a fallen race, and the principle of *sacrifice* as the essence of worship. Hence it is easier to convert him than the children of Luther and Calvin, who have lost even these primary notions. The disciples of Buddha and Confucius, of Brahma and Mahomet, nauseate, in spite of their spiritual penury, the sapless food of pageantry and ceremonial, as incapable of appeasing the famine of their souls. And they have shown, in many a land, that they know how to discriminate between the solemn ritual which veils and symbolises the august mysteries of the Christian Altar, and those chill forms of Protestantism which symbolise nothing;—dreary accompaniments of a religion which rightly eschews ceremonial, because it has nothing to hide and nothing to reveal, because it begins and ends with man, and contains no deeper mystery than the varying accents of the human voice. And thus it comes to pass, as we have read in this chapter, that the heathen will hurry immediately from a Protestant service to the adoration of his own divinities, because he has detected that in the former there was not even the semblance of *worship*. He has hardly been conscious that so frigid a ceremony, in which he has seen only a man reading out of a book to other men, often without much sign of interest on either side, had even the pretence to be a religious service. He has perceived in it nothing but a tedious and unmeaning formality, which he has deemed, like the Hindoo, only a new eccentricity of his incomprehensible rulers. Yet he has confessed, at the first glance, on entering the humblest Catholic oratory, that *there* men were offering *worship*. In both cases his instinct has guided him aright.”— vol. ii. p. 65-7.

We must hasten rapidly over what remains of Mr. Marshall's narrative of the results of the protestant missions.

In the missions of the Antipodes their position has been different from that which they have held in other regions. There they have had the advantage of entering upon an entirely new and untried field; nor can failure, if failure has taken place, be ascribed to the influence or the intrigues of the previous occupants. But to the shame of the protestant missionaries of the Antipodes, the only use they have made of their priority of occupation has been to forestall, and to outstrip in the magnitude and in the grasping character of their land speculations, the crowd of commercial adventurers who have traded upon the ignorance and the simplicity of the unhappy natives. The founder of the New

Zealand mission, Marsden, purchased two hundred choice acres for twelve axes! But he was speedily surpassed by his disciples. A pious association of five labourers in the vineyard purchased in 1819, a tract of *thirteen thousand acres for forty-eight axes!* In other instances a few beads a musket, some blankets, and a little powder and ball sufficed to secure tracts which, in the language of the missionaries, were measured by miles; these monstrous exhibitions of cupidity and fraud culminating in the gigantic scheme of a clever practitioner, named Shepherd, who bought a 'large tract of eligible land, having a frontage of from four to five miles upon one of the navigable rivers in the Bay of Ireland,' for two check shirts and an iron pot!"

It was no wonder that at length the interposition of the government was invoked. A commission was issued for the purpose of investigating these transactions. We forbear to record its details; but it is worth while to note a few of the claims put forward by the missionaries. Among those whose claims were entered up to 1841 "were the Rev. J. Mathews, for 2,503 acres; the Rev. R. Matthews, for 3,000 acres; the Rev. T. Aitken, 7,670 acres; Rev. W. Williams, 890; Mr. Clarke, 19,000; Mr. Davis, 6,000; Mr. Fairburn, 20,000; Mr. Kemp, 18,000; Mr. King, 10,300; Mr. Shepherd, 11,860; and finally, for we cannot reckon them all, the Rev. H. Williams, at first for 11,000, and afterwards, as Dr. Thompson reports, for 22,000 acres."

But these are comparative trifles. The Rev. Richard Taylor, who only reached the colony in 1858, was a claimant for 50,000 acres! "Several missionaries," Mr. Bidwill had previously observed, in 1841, 'claim tracts of from one to six hundred thousand acres in different parts of the country.' In 1845, Mr. Hawes told the House of Commons, that, besides being land-jobbers, 'they had, at least some of them, become more or less traders also.' And so notorious had their character now become, that Mr. Charles Buller, writing officially to Lord Stanley, did not hesitate to speak of them as men who would not dare even to offer any defence of their own conduct. 'The Missionaries are not in a state to encounter public discussion of their past proceedings, and would entertain any terms offered to them in a very mitigated spirit.' They had become at last a jest and a proverb!"

It would be well, too, if the imputations on the mission-

aries ended here. But the whole picture of their proceedings is declared by a witness whom we cannot suspect, Dr. Laing, to be unparalleled for the amount of inefficiency and moral worthlessness which it displays, in the history of Protestant missions since the Reformation. Mr. Laing adds in justification this startling revelation. "The first head of the New Zealand mission was dismissed for adultery; the second for drunkenness; and the third, so lately as the year 1836, for a crime still more enormous than either."\* Disclosures such as these well prepare us for the acknowledged result, which after a long interval the same unsuspected witness, Dr. Laing records, and in which he but echoes the unanimous verdict of all who have written upon the subject. Speaking of Australia Dr. Laing reported in 1852, "There is no well authenticated case of the conversion of a black native to Christianity;" and Mr. Minturn sorrowfully added, in 1858, "all missionary efforts among them have failed." Of New Zealand Mr. Fox declared, in 1851, 'With most of the natives Christianity is a mere name, entirely inoperative in practice.' In 1859, Dr. Thomson still repeats that it is only 'a rude mixture of paganism and the cross.' Mr. Wakefield, who is confirmed by a multitude of witnesses, adds the gloomy statement, that the converted natives 'are distinctly inferior in point of moral character to the unconverted heathen;' and another Protestant authority attests the colonial verdict, that 'they are, generally speaking, distinguished from the unconverted natives as rogues, thieves, and liars.'"

The condition of the Protestant missions of Oceanica is almost equally disgraceful. In Tahiti, Mr. Bennett, in 1840, "saw scenes of riot and debauchery which would have disgraced the lowest purlieus of London."† At Raiatea, where the missionary chief, Williams, resided for many years, Mr. Bennett declares that "chastity was unknown, 'either in the single or the married state;' not 'even the most devout members of the church' having any respect for that particular virtue. 'The worst effects of debauchery,' he adds, were apparent on every side. And we must add that the same writer speaks in high terms of

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\* New Zealand in 1839. By J. D. Laing, D.D., p. 30.

† Narrative of a Whaling Voyage, i. p. 81.

the modesty and other virtues of the Catholic converts of the same class.

This testimony as to the failure of the Protestant missions in Oceanica is universal. "Of the Society Islands a writer in the *Asiatic Journal* reported, as long ago as 1832, that 'the presence of the missionaries has been productive of more mischief than good.' Mr. Pridham announced, seventeen years later, that they had only 'added a plague to the evils which they had come to cure.' The Rev. Mr. Hines confessed, in 1851, the immorality and indifference of their disciples in the Sandwich Islands, 'from the hut of the most degraded menial to the royal palace.' Mr. Herman Melville deplored almost at the same date 'their utter disregard of all decency.' Commodore Wilkes discovered that even their catechists were 'ignorant of most of the duties enjoined upon a Christian;' while Captain Laplace lamented that they had only made the natives 'dirty, brutalized, cheats, and liars!'"

Mr. Marshall's chapter on the African missions also is extremely interesting. The results of their enormous expenditure and their gigantic organization may be briefly summed up in the testimony of a few of their own historians, selected as represented by the several divisions of this vast continent. "In Western Africa Mr. Tracy reckons 'eighteen Protestant missionary attempts, without counting Sierra Leone and Goree, all of which failed.' Mr. Brodie Cruickshank reports of the converts on the Gold Coast, that 'there are very few exceptions to a general relapse into immorality;' and Mr. Duncan candidly declares of those in Dahomey, that the education given by the missionaries 'is only the means of enabling them to become more perfect in villany.' Of the Kaffirs in South Africa, Major Dundas reported, in 1835, to the House of Commons, 'I believe the missionaries have hardly christianised a single individual.' Twenty three years later, in 1858, the Rev. Mr. Calderwood declared once more, 'the Kaffirs may be said to have refused the Gospel.' In 1852, we find Mr. Cole asserting of the Hottentots, that 'out of every hundred Christians, so called, ninety-nine are utterly ignorant of any correct notion of a future state;' and Mr. Moodie declares, from his own observation,—like Sir James Alexander, Colonel Napier, Mr. Bunbury, Captain Aitchison, and many more,—'It is notorious that the Hottentots

who have resided for any time at the missionary stations are generally the most idle and worthless of their nation!' In north and east Africa, it is *not even alleged that any converts have been made!*"

As to the missions of the Levant, it is hardly necessary that we should go into particulars. Sir Adolphus Slade says of them, in 1854, after many years of personal observations: "'Their utter unprofitableness cannot be sufficiently pointed out.' Of those in Greece, Dr. Hawes reports, that they 'have felt themselves obliged, for the present, to withdraw, in a great measure, from this field'—which means, as we shall see, that they were expelled by the people. Of Jerusalem, Lord Castlereagh tells us, 'the bishop has scarcely a congregation besides his chaplains, his doctor, and their families.' Mr. Williams deploras, though himself a missionary, 'the serious errors in the faith, and scandalous irregularities in the practice, of the ill instructed members' of this very congregation. Dr. Southgate, an American protestant bishop, candidly admits, that the only Protestant converts throughout Turkey and the Levant, are 'infidels and radicals, who deserve no sympathy from the Christian public.' And Dr. Wagner declares, after careful examination, that 'the expensive establishments in Armenia have made no converts!'"

The missions of America would in themselves deserve a separate notice, and Mr. Marshall has supplied, in the delightful chapter which he devotes to them, a most complete and comprehensive body of facts gathered from writers of every class ancient and modern, and carried down to the very latest date. He treats separately the missions of the northern, and those of the southern continent; and in each he pursues the plan uniformly followed in his survey of the other missions, of testing the Catholic story apart from the Protestant. For those of our readers who have followed us thus far in the analysis of Mr. Marshall's work, it will hardly need our exhortation to induce them to turn to his own pages for the full delineation of the contrast. We can but indicate its outline, as drawn by Mr. Marshall himself in the opening paragraphs of this most interesting chapter. Keeping in view, as well the past history as the present ethnological condition of each of the continents, he examines in each the working of the peculiar system which has been there employed. "The races of the South, we shall see, have derived both their



religion and their civilization from the missionaries of the Cross; the tribes of the North, doomed to swift destruction, have been abandoned to teachers of another school, and to prophets of another faith. And these have been the results of the unequal partition. In the South, the Church has united all, of whatever race, and in spite of the ignorance or the ferocity of the barbarians, in spite of the follies or the crimes of some of her own children, into one household and family. In the North, the original heirs have been banished or exterminated, without pity and without remorse, that the sects might build up, in the desert which they had created, a pandemonium of tumult and disorder, so full of division and discord, that the evil spirits might well congregate here from all the 'dry places' of the earth, and deem that they had found at last their true home."

And, in contrasting the present social and religious condition of these two great groups of the aboriginal races of either continent, according as their destinies have fallen under the sway of the one class or the other of the conquerors from the old world, we are met at the outset by three great facts, which Mr. Marshall has, according to his habitual method, established by Protestant evidence.

"The contrast which we are going to trace is thus indicated, with frank outspoken candour, by men who had analysed all its features. 'More than a million and a half of the pure aboriginal races,' says the author of the *Natural History of Man*, 'live in *South America* in the profession of Christianity.' 'The history of the attempts to convert the Indians of *North America*,' says the annalist of Protestant missions, 'is a record of a series of failures.' This is the first great fact, in its broad outlines, which will be presented to our notice; and it is one, as an eminent English ethnologist observes, 'which must be allowed to reflect honour on the Roman Catholic Church, and to cast a deep shade on the history of Protestantism.'

"A second and equally impressive fact, which has excited the attention of a multitude of writers of all nations, is thus expressed by a prejudiced traveller, who had lived amongst the tribes of the equinoxial regions: 'Far from being diminished, *their* number has considerably increased. A similar increase has taken place *generally* amongst the Indian population in that part of America which is within the tropics.....the Indian population *in the missions* is constantly augmenting.' On the other hand,—'In the neighbourhood of the United States, on the contrary, the Indians are fast diminishing in numbers.....in the United States, as civilization advances, the Indians are constantly driven beyond its pale.'

"Finally, a third feature of the prodigious contrast which we are

about to examine is this,—that while the innumerable native tribes, who have been converted to Christianity between the thirtieth parallel of north and the thirty-fifth of south latitude, through a tract of more than four thousand miles in length and nearly three thousand in breadth, have never departed from the Catholic faith, and, as Protestant writers will assure us, cleave to it at this day as obstinately as ever;—within the wide territories of the United States, where the Indian has only been corrupted or destroyed, nominal Christians of the Anglo-Saxon race have themselves become divided and subdivided into such a chaos of jarring sects, that, as their own leaders declare, with a sorrow which comes too late, there is nothing like it in the history of the world. 'In the western world,' says a Protestant minister, 'religion is made to appear too often as a source of contention rather than as a bond of union and peace.' Already at the close of the 17th century, the English governor of New-York reported of that province, that it swarmed with men 'of all sorts of opinions, and the most part of none at all;' and a hundred years later, an English clergyman could still describe the inhabitants of his own district as 'people of almost all religions and sects, but the greatest part of no religion.'—vol. iii. p. 3-5.

The particulars of this most remarkable contrast in the fruits of the two systems, will be found traced out with singular clearness and precision, and established by evidence which not even the most prejudiced could call in question, in the long and interesting chapter devoted to the missions of North and South America. We need but record the startling fact that "while the Pequods and other northern tribes," says Judge Hall, of Cincinnati, 'were being exterminated, or sold into slavery, the more fortunate savage of the Mississippi was listening to the pious counsels of the Catholic Missionaries. They exercised, of choice, an expansive benevolence, at a period when Protestants, similarly situated, were bloodthirsty and rapacious.' 'The Jesuit mission-farms,' says Mr. Law Olmsted, in 1857, 'are an example for us. Our neighbourly responsibility for the Lipans—a tribe on the Texan frontier—is certainly more close than for the Feejees; and if the glory of converting them to decency be less, the expense would certainly be in proportion.' Lastly Mr. Melville, also one of their own countrymen, noticing the vaunt, that paganism is almost extinct in the United States, thus rebukes the hollow and impious boast: 'The Anglo-Saxon hive have extirpated paganism from the greater part of the North American continent, but *with it*

*they have likewise extirpated the greater portion of the Red race.'"*

Few indeed are found bold enough to question the general facts; but an attempt has sometimes been made to explain the result by a principle altogether independent of the rival religious influences which have been at work in the two great divisions of the New World. The comparative failure of the Protestant missionaries in the north is ascribed to the fierce and intractable nature of the native races of the north: while the success of the Spanish and other missionaries in Central and Southern America, is held to be due, not to the superior influence of the religion which they preached, but to the mild and pliant character of the gentle and child-like tribes of those more favoured lands. We must make room for one other series of Protestant witnesses, who shall detail for us their own observation of the comparative success of Catholics and of Protestants, *both labouring in the same field, the northern continent*, and both alike appealing to the same haughty and warlike tribes, now alas fast disappearing before the craft and avarice of the professors of Protestant Christianity in that division of America.

"Exactly a century ago, the Rev. John Ogilvie, an Anglican missionary agent in America, thus addressed his employers: 'Of every nation I find some who have been instructed by the priests of Canada, and appear zealous Roman Catholics, extremely tenacious of the ceremonies and peculiarities of that church.....How ought we to blush at our coldness and shameful indifference in the propagation of our most excellent religion. The Indians themselves are not wanting in making very pertinent reflections upon our inattention to these points.' Other witnesses notice the same invariable facts at the present day. The *Chippeways*, Sir George Simpson relates, met him at Fort William, and represented to him that, '*being all Catholics*, they should like to have a priest among them.' Like the Christians natives of Hindostan, of China, and of Paraguay, they had preserved their faith, though separated, for more than *half a century*, from those who had declared it to them. It is related of Cardinal Cheverus,—whose character excited so much admiration in America, to whom the State of Massachusetts voted a subsidy, and the first subscriber to whose church at Boston was John Adams, President of the United States,—that when he visited the Penobscot, he found an Indian tribe, who had not even seen a priest for half a century, but were still zealous Catholics, carefully observed the Sunday, and 'had not forgotten the catechism!' In 1831, Bishop Fenwick found a whole tribe of *Passamaquoddies*, constant in the

faith, and, as he observed 'a living monument of the apostolic labours of the Jesuits.' Of the *Hurons*, the beloved disciples of the early missionaries, Mr. Buckingham, an English traveller, speaks as follows: 'They are faithful Catholics, and are said to fulfil their religious duties in the most exemplary manner, being much more improved by their commerce with the whites than the Indian tribes who have first come into contact with Protestants usually are.' Of the Indians in the neighbourhood of Montreal, the same Protestant writer says, 'They are *always* sober, a rare occurrence with Indians of either sex.' 'This difference,' he candidly observes, 'is occasioned by the influence of Christianity, as the *Caghnawaga* Indians are Catholics.' Of the *Abenakis*, whose fathers listened one hundred and fifty years ago to the voice of Sebastian Rasles, Protestant missionaries angrily relate, in 1841, after vainly attempting to subvert them, that they could do nothing against the 'controlling influence of the Romish priesthood.' Of the Indians at *L'Arbre Croche*, on the east shore of Lake Michigan, 'for sixty years or more the seat of a Jesuit Mission,' Dr. Morse, a Protestant minister, reported thus to the United States government: 'These Indians are much in advance, in point of improvement, in appearance, and in manners, of all the Indians whom I visited.'—p. 280-2.

But fertile as is this branch of the subject, and indescribably interesting and picturesque as are the details by which it is illustrated, we must here reluctantly close. In the presence of the specimens which we have given of Mr. Marshall's work, it would be a poor compliment to the taste and discrimination of our readers to delay them by any lengthened commendation. We cannot hesitate to anticipate for it a success and a popularity such as rarely attend a work so voluminous. There can be but one verdict, whether of friends or of foes, as to the ability and the impartiality with which it is executed. And, while even the most bigoted Protestant must admit its ability, and must be interested by the completeness and the infinite variety of the evidence which it brings together, Catholics will gratefully accept it as the most striking testimony to the divine mission of their own Church which the age has produced, and as the most conclusive array of evidence which has ever been put together to demonstrate the utter failure of Protestantism; to show that "everywhere it has broken every promise which it once made to a credulous world, and has only generated, by the confession of its own advocates, sterile fanaticism in the few, gloomy unbelief in the many; and while it has shamefully failed to propagate Christianity among the heathen, whom it has

taught to hate and despise the religion of Jesus, it has been powerless to maintain, even among its own disciples, its most fundamental truths."

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ART. IX.—1.—*Recollections of A. N. Welby Pugin and his Father, Augustus Pugin*; with notices of their works. By Benjamin Ferrey, architect, F.R.I.B.A. With an Appendix, by Edmund Sheridan Purcell. London: Edward Stanford, 6, [Charing Cross. 1861.

2.—*The Life of J. M. W. Turner, B.A.* By Walter Thornbury, 2 volumes. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1862.

PUGIN and Turner, brothers in genius, were yet so unlike in the character of their lives, so antagonistic in their motives and habits of mind that their very dissimilarity attracts attention and provokes comparison. The character of Pugin's genius was more original than Turner's, the thoughts he struck out were fresher, the ground he occupied was more his own. Artificial and studious of false effects there was in Turner no elevation of mind, no originality. Yet one element of success, which Pugin was deficient in, was conspicuous in Turner. Turner put the whole strength of his mind and imagination into his works; whilst Pugin, not from want of power, but from want of opportunity, never put forth in any supreme effort the strength he was possessed of. He never gathered his genius up into one point, or sustained it by patient labour long at the height it reached so well. An eloquent teacher of his generation Pugin, for the good of others, diffused his strength over a wider field; but Turner's genius was born dumb, dry and hard; narrow and unsympathising, it was entirely concentrated upon self. Hence, not because his powers of mind were of a higher order, but because they were more sustained and concentrated than Pugin's did he earn for himself greater material success than fell, as it happened, to the lot of Pugin. If, indeed, in Turner, we could separate the artist from the man, the noble from the ignoble, if in the glowing productions of his luxuriant fancy

we could forget his degraded nature and his contemptible life, we would willingly allow that he had a right to share with Pugin the artistic fame of the day. But thanks to the retributive justice of our moral sense the sins of the man are visited upon the artist. The true artist must be a true man, and his work the faithful expression of his mind.

Want of harmony between a man's moral nature and the creations of his mind or imagination destroys sympathy and gives even to the highest flights of genius an appearance of unreality and of unfaithfulness.

In such cases men appear great, as it were, by accident. It seems as if nature, in some sudden freak, or to show her power, instead of a goblet of pure gold had chosen a vessel of potter's clay into which to pour her choicest wine. Such was preeminently the case with Turner. In the dregs of his degraded nature was mixed the pure wine of genius. Sordid, impure, avaricious, uniting the vices of youth with those of age, shrinking into himself, avoiding the wholesome daylight of the world, and hiding his head in a perpetual night of seclusion and selfishness, he was yet gifted with an imagination of so wide a glance and of so bold a grasp of the infinite varieties of nature, and of all its glorious changes in colour and light, as to make him on canvass a perfect master of expression and feeling. Seeking obscurity for himself, and indulging in the meanest vices, his imagination yet revelled in the marvellous beauty of light, and loved in nature scenes of grandeur or of sublime terror. He was a contradiction to himself. His genius was no true or habitual expression of his moral being, but seemed like a superadded impulse or an accidental glory which in no way belonged to the man. In Turner the man, we see nothing of Turner the painter. But with Pugin, on the contrary, the man everywhere predominates; his art is but the expression of his inmost thought; his genius is the reflection of his soul, the workings of his strong individuality are visible in every touch of his pencil, in every production of his mind. In him art was no wandering and wayward fancy as with Turner, but the concentrated effort of his inmost nature at expression. The aspirations of genius in him were not only seconded, but prompted and inspired by his moral nature, by interior illumination. The genius of Turner rested upon itself alone, and ended in a low self-deification or in a pantheistic worship of nature; Pugin's, on the other hand, sought



strength and support in faith, and had for its object the glory of God. Turner's genius and moral nature were at war; in Pugin they were at one. Pugin was a complete and harmonious man; Turner incomplete and discordant. In Turner's character we are always meeting with a disappointment; in Pugin's with hope and encouragement. Were Pugin's life crystalised, as it were, and made visible to our eyes, we should see many faults, great virtues, but always find a thoroughly honest and consistent purpose; but in Turner's we should meet with a mass of contradictions, with aimless and wasted energies, with meannesses and sordid vices, so that the greatest admirers of his genius could only desire that over his life the veil of oblivion should be for ever drawn. The more accurately were the life of Pugin written, with all its imperfections and impetuosities, its rugged angularities and occasional lapses, the more would its total-impression attract; such a life of Turner, however, would be simply repulsive. In Pugin the wine of genius, whatever its quality, was at least poured out into a vessel of pure gold.

In every man of marked character a principle of action is to be found which gives vitality and purpose to his life. Our object, therefore, in this comparison, is not to press unduly on Turner in order to enhance the merits of Pugin, but simply to bring out in either this principle of action and to record the difference, which the biographies of these two singular men again enforce, between genius allied with faith and fixedness of principle, and the vagrant genius which has no aim, no faith, and nothing to seek for in heaven or earth but self-glorification. Pugin may, perhaps, in a certain sense, be styled the Tennyson of art, while Turner is its lesser Byron. The personal influence of Pugin was ever pure and ennobling, but that of Turner was always degrading. Circumstances, however, which often make or mar a man, are alleged in justification, or rather in palliation of Turner's conduct. One circumstance on which his biographer lays great stress as the turning-point of his life was an early disappointment in love. Turner, it appears, was a victim of what Byron calls "the madness of the heart," a madness which haunted him through the hopeless misery of a long life. In his early youth he was passionately in love; but all he had to offer was a true and loving heart, hope, and the promise of genius; but the woman of his affections,

unhappily, had no fancy for such unsubstantialities; she had no confidence in hope, no belief in genius, or in the power which love gives to labour. Without pity, or a moment's remorse, she flung him over, and he fell from the earthly paradise of love, like Milton's Satan, into "the fiery gulf" of despair, life-long to wander on "fields of burning marl," where "hope never comes, that comes to all." He had not the faith, which according to Father Faber, so often converts such reverses into crosses of heavenly love, neither had he the hard strength of the Stoic, shown in

"The effort to be strong. !  
And like the Spartan boy to smile and smile  
While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks."

He had not then learnt the cynical indifference of the old worldly-wise Roman; with him he could not say,

*Laudo manentem. Si celeres quatit  
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et mea  
Virtute me involvo.*

He had no strength in which to wrap himself. Rather he took the print of the "golden age;"

"Sooner or later I too may possibly take the print  
Of the golden age—why not? I have neither hope nor trust,  
May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as a flint,  
Cheat and be cheated and die; who knows? we are ashes and dust."

Cheat and be cheated and die! Poor Turner, was not such his fate? Had he known—

"How sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong"—

Had he preserved, when the idol of his worship was broken, his heart as a shrine for her sake pure and undefiled, he would, at least, have been saved from the degradation into which he fell. Pugin, too, like Turner, commenced active life early; full of adventurous energy, at seventeen years of age he was pushing his independent way in the world, striking out paths of his own, seeking his true vocation. He, too, had to run the gauntlet of the dangers of the world; impressionable to an excess,

his heart, unlike that of the great unhappy painter, was expansive and elastic, and soon recovered from the severe shocks from which for a time it most violently suffered.

Impetuous, wayward, headstrong, he attempted many things, often failed, but never lost hope or courage. Alone and misunderstood he had to fight his upward way. He had to create his own career, and make men believe in him. His life was a passion. His enthusiasm in his art was a mystery to many, to many a madness. He had faith in himself and in his labours, and he worked on all the harder, because the world heeded him not and passed him by. Instead of having the lead, which his powers warranted, he was driven into a corner, and had to fight for his life. Though vanquished, he left his mark on the front of the enemy. From the hands of the great revivalist, the nineteenth century had to accept mediævalism. Parliament now sits in a Gothic building; the arch of the "Dark Ages" overspans the wisdom of to-day. It was not ostensibly given to Pugin's hand to mould the material form, but he infused the spirit. How much of the diviner touches of beauty, and what of grandeur the Houses of Parliament owe to the inventive genius of Pugin is now known to none. But what we do know is that for weeks and months he devoted all the resources of his suggestive mind and the labours of his rapid pencil to the construction of this master-work of the age. He was generous beyond the world's wont, and too delicate-minded even to speak of services rendered, far less to claim a share in honours justly his due, and what was unclaimed was after the fashion of the world, unrecognized. Pugin worked not for personal fame but for the triumph of his principles. Yet, faster than his principles were gaining ground, his over-exhausted life was ebbing. Death was to come before victory. Never knowing a moment's quiet, he had fought and struggled through life from its commencement up to its close. His mind was out of sorts with the mind of the world. His spiritualized thought clashed painfully with the coarse utilitarian tendencies of the age. His life ran in a different groove from the common life. He was, of necessity, an isolated man. But an isolated life is a concealed tragedy. There is a war in the spirit or a sorrow in the heart which makes a man in the midst of his fellows a hermit in the desert

or a pilgrim in the world. To the large outer circle of life Pugin was as a hermit of the desert. From some moral or intellectual deficiency he shrank from personal contact with the common business of life. He thus voluntarily limited his influence, and cut himself off from the sources of power. His life was only not a defeat because of his genius and because of the indomitable faith he had in himself and in his cause. But in his cell the hermit was hermit no more. His home was full of sunshine, his life full of joy and of home-made happiness. Daily on their return from the sweat of the combat and the race, the Roman youths plunged into the Tiber to invigorate their exhausted frames; home was to Pugin a bath of the mind exhausted in the race and battle of life. No sooner had he crossed his own threshold than he became, like the giants refreshed by the kiss of mother-earth, a renovated man.

It is idle to speculate what would have become of Turner under similar circumstances,—of Turner who never knew the joys and the sanctity of home. Through a long course of years a lawless offender and an outcast, his inner life must have been as bitter as his external one was dismal and dreary. In public life, smarting deeply under the neglect which he had long to endure, he became soured and vindictive. Here, again, a marked contrast is apparent between Turner and Pugin.

While Pugin was only disappointed and irritated at the difficulty he met with in making men understand and appreciate the principles of his art, Turner was discontentedly grumbling at the low prices his pictures were fetching. Money, too, which Turner soon began to hoard with the gripe of a miser, Pugin scattered with the reckless hand of profusion in the advancement of his art and of his religion, the twin objects of his life.

But the turning point of Pugin's career and character; the key-note as the 'Athenæum' justly remarked, to his life, was his conversion to the Catholic Church. We will dwell more at length on the subject of his conversion and of his Catholicism, both because it throws light and meaning upon his character, and because the cause of his conversion and his position in the Church have, during the last six months, given rise to many curious speculations and much misrepresentation on the part of the large majority of our

contemporaries in the Press.\* Through the portals of the Catholic Church Pugin entered into a new field of action, which not only called all his varied talents into play, but

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\* Our readers will be glad to see both the zealous promptitude with which, in the subjoined letter, Mr. E. Welby Pugin comes forward to correct certain misstatements concerning his father, and the ready courtesy with which the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine accepts such corrections.

The January number of *Blackwood's Magazine* contains the following note :—

"A passage in the Review of the Life of the late Augustus Welby Pugin, which appeared in the December number of the *Magazine*, has called forth the following very proper and judicious letter, which we willingly print, not merely in courtesy to Mr. Pugin's family, but as a clear and satisfactory statement of facts, which must for the future remove all misconception on the subject. We have only to add how deeply we regret that in describing the character and career of an eminent public man, who had been visited with the saddest of all human afflictions, the loss of reason, we should have said anything which could recall that great sorrow to his family in a painful manner, or render it necessary for them to come before the public with any explanations on such a subject :—

" TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

"Sir,—I trust you will allow me space in your valuable magazine to correct a misstatement put forward in your December number, concerning the mental malady and death of my father, and the neglect he is alleged to have suffered at the hands of his friends.

"In an interesting and favourable review of my father's life, the writer more than once makes allusion to the mystery now he fears, 'never to be cleared up,' which surrounded the last days of my father's laborious career.

"He states how the English public to whom the name of Welby Pugin was familiar, were on the sudden astonished at the news that the great artist was in Bethlem Hospital, and how after an outbreak of popular indignation my father was stealthily removed by his guardians from the sad place of refuge. But how, asks the writer, came a man of so proud and independent a spirit, and one, too, who always had the honest English habit of paying his way, to be so deserted by his friends, as to be consigned in his calamity to the cold charity of a public institution? The writer then darkly throws out hints of the possible existence of an Ecclesiastical conspiracy, set on foot against an unruly son of the Church.

"Such a conspiracy is, I need scarcely say, a mere delusion on

satisfied the intellectual cravings of his mind ; in her sublime ritual, which comprehended in its service the cultivation of the arts he so much loved—architecture—painting—sculpture—music—he found his ideal beauty ; in her dogmatic decisions on the highest and the most minute questions of faith his absolute and inquiring mind found

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the part of the imaginative writer of this otherwise true and impartial article.

“ ‘ The facts of the case are simply these. On the first outbreak of my father’s malady at the Golden Cross hotel, Dr. Tweedie, M.D., was called in by the late Sir Charles Barry, who at once advised his being placed under the care of Dr. Phelps, of Kensington House, but finding his state of mind did not improve, after anxious deliberation on the part of his friends, some of whom were desirous he should be entrusted to the care of Dr. Forbes Winslow, it was finally decided in favour of Bethlem. The reason adduced for this decision was, that a professional man personally known to my father’s friends, had just left that institution, after a short confinement, perfectly restored, and all agreed that he would there receive the best professional treatment, and be at the same time under the constant care of his old friend, Dr. Doyle, of St. George’s. So far again from his removal from this institution being stealthily effected, or caused by an outraged public opinion, I can only say that my father’s removal was solely at the instance of his wife, who, in conjunction with the Rev. Mr. Glennie, acted in opposition to the wishes of his other friends (who were satisfied with his treatment and progress whilst at Bethlem), and removed him to The Grove, Hammersmith, where they remained in constant attendance upon him. Dr. Dickson was called in, under whose care he remained during six weeks, during which time my father had so far recovered, as to be able to return to his house at Ramsgate, when two days after his arrival he was seized with an epileptic fit, from which he never rallied.

“ ‘ The close of my father’s life was surely tragic enough without importing into the sad story conjectures as mysterious as they are groundless. Where too was the need of seeking for imaginary causes of my father’s malady ? In these days it is not so very uncommon an occurrence for men of genius and ardent natures to be cut off as he was in the pride and hope of life, shattered in body and mind. In my father’s case this sad termination of a too excited life is scarcely to be wondered at, when we consider that his devotion to his art was so intense as to admit of no bodily or mental relaxation, his continuous daily labours commencing at sunrise and seldom ending before midnight.

“ ‘ With regard to the surprise which has been expressed that in his latter years my father experienced neglect from those high in



full satisfaction and rest ; in her historic associations and in her vast treasure-house of mediæval remains, his antiquarian zeal had full scope for its exercise, and revelled in perfect delight. The discipline of the Catholic Church was well calculated to restrain and direct his ardent temperament, while its worship was just suited to his warm and reverential heart. Pugin, we may well believe, could not have lived happily or died holily in any of the false churches which imitate or caricature Christianity. Yet in the Catholic body, Pugin brought himself to believe that he found much to disappoint him, much to astonish and much to goad his impetuous nature into expressions of anger. He was a convert and expected, in the first place, to find Catholics much better Christians than they are ; he was a lover of Gothic as the art alone symbolic of the Christian idea, yet sometimes the very principle of Christian art was utterly incomprehensible to priests and bishops in the Christian Church ; he was a lover of the beauty of ecclesiastic buildings, but he fancied that Catholics loved their own dwellings and their own ease and comfort, more than they did the house of God and its requirements. The great mediævalist was scandalized when the solemnity of the mass was interrupted by the lively tunes of a waltz, or when he saw the multitude throng, in what he thought irreverence, round the bare and open altar. He was outspoken and indignant on these questions of taste and propriety, and was disappointed that all Catholics did not take in good part his very severe animadversions. He remonstrated with priests and in the teeth of his remonstrances they built what he thought music-halls rather than Christian temples. He sometimes mistook the wisdom of moderation in bishops for half-heartedness in the cause, the importance of which he knew they at least understood and valued. Embracing in his active mind the consideration of matters of Church government, both in present as in past times, he sometimes feared that the Church in a spirit of compromise was

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authority in his Church, it is but due to his memory to take this opportunity of stating that it arose in no way from doctrinal causes, but simply from architectural differences of opinion.

“ Your obedient servant,

“ E. WELBY PUGIN.

“ ‘ The Grange, Ramsgate. ’ ”

yielding too much to the temper of the age, to the encroachments of the world, or to the feebleness of humanity. Here the zeal of the neophyte brought him intellectually into collision with the mild wisdom of the Church. We need scarcely pursue the subject further. We need scarcely say that Pugin's views were always held in subordination to the dictates of faith; and when he sometimes, we do not say did, but may have appeared, by his way of speaking, to cast blame, not on individuals, for there he was not unfrequently right, but on the government of the Church, it was more from excess of zeal in her behalf than from any doubt as to her wisdom and authority. On his conversion and before he was well at home in the Church, Pugin found that he had to fight his old battles over again with Catholics now for his antagonists. He may, perhaps, have felt that his labours in the revival of Christian art were more generally appreciated by those whom he had left, than by the Catholic body in England. The hard worked priests of the English Missions had their minds preoccupied in the immediate work of saving souls, and had not time, and perhaps as a rule not the cultivated taste sufficient, to enter fully and with zest into his views. Their work was greater than his, their zeal equal. Nothing daunted by the checks which he encountered where he had the best right to expect a triumphant welcome for the art, which had given to the forefathers of his opponents, a York Minster, a Salisbury Cathedral, a Westminster Abbey, he threw himself into the working life of the Church; he built, he wrote, he lectured; not an opportunity escaped his zeal; no task was too arduous for his energy. In the first chill of disappointment he may perhaps have, for a moment, forgotten, that life is a continual warfare, and victory is only in the end; that the object we most have set our hearts on we may approach, but seldom or ever attain to; and that others easily, and almost by chance, obtain possession of what we in vain have striven for. They who laid the foundations of the great cathedrals which he loved so well seldom survived, as none knew better than Pugin, to see their completion. To the originator of every great work belongs the labour, but not the triumph. Such was the case with Pugin. In all his disappointments and struggles, in the obstacles he met with from half-hearted friends, from open opponents, or from the dulness of sheer ignorance was Pugin, we ask in all candour, ever known to have repined at

his position in the Catholic Church, or to have longed to return to the Anglican Establishment, that he too might take his part in the Tractarian revival? Yet such has been asserted over and over again, though without a shadow of proof, in the Tractarian Journals, and repeated in almost all of the numerous articles which have recently been written on Pugin. Hypocrisy is a grave charge to bring against such a man, want of faith a graver. Where is the evidence that he was ill at ease in the Catholic Church? In none of his published writings, rash and inconsiderate as they may sometimes have been, can a single passage be found which can fairly warrant such an interpretation. The "*Ligourians*," and the "*Oratorians*," more particularly alluded to by one of these reckless scribes, never advanced doctrines contrary to the creed of the Catholic Church; if, therefore, Pugin, as a writer in the "*Church Review*," asserts, "were at last disgusted with their teaching," he must have ceased to believe in the divine mission of the Church to which he belonged.

That he attacked with more than his accustomed vehemence the architectural peculiarities and the secular music of the Italian school was no proof that he was not, if the Tractarian writers like the word, as ultramontane, that is, as obedient a son of the Pope, as those from whom he so widely differed on matters of taste and style. When will Protestants learn to distinguish, if they will write on these topics, between matters of faith and matters of mere opinion? and when will they learn to judge the conduct of those, who, from sincere conviction, have left their body with the fairness and candour common to Englishmen on all other subjects? In private life, Pugin must either have been to the last a most consummate hypocrite, or the most devout and reverent son of the Church; for in his most unguarded moments, and in the intimacy of social converse, never a thought escaped his mind, nor a word fell from his lips, to show that he doubted or wavered in his belief, or felt an attachment less than the most complete and profound for the faith which he had deliberately, and by the grace of God, embraced. We will not here speak of his personal devotion, of his most unaffected piety, manifest to every one who ever came in contact with him, far less of his constant habit of attending to the duties of his religion. This much, however, we will say, that such habits of faith and devotion are at variance with the prac-

tice of a man whose mind is "disgusted" with the religion he professes, or in doubt as to the divineness of its doctrines. We need not, we hope, bring evidence as to the truth of these statements concerning the inner and religious life of Pugin; but, were it necessary, testimony the most complete and varied is at our disposal. But, perhaps, letters may be extant which would flatly contradict the professions of his public writings and the practice of his private life. If they exist let them be produced, for truth is more to be regarded than Pugin's reputation for faith and honesty. There, however, is a consideration connected with this matter, which concerns us all more nearly even than the good name of any individual, and that is the character of the English press for fair play and love of truth. How comes it to pass, that on a matter almost beneath our eyes, such strange misstatements have been deliberately palmed on the public by writers of repute? But, perhaps still more singular than these misstatements concerning Pugin's attachment to the Catholic Church, are the absurd hypotheses set up to account for his conversion. Instead of accepting his own simple straightforward statement that "the study of ancient ecclesiastical architecture was the primary cause of the change in his sentiments, by inducing him to pursue a course of study, terminating in complete conviction," the "Athenæum" pretends to see in his conversion the first symptom of that fatal malady which ultimately (nearly twenty years afterwards however) prostrated his mind. Few respectable journals had, however, the indecency to echo the opinion of the 'Athenæum.' The more common theory to account for the repudiation of Protestantism by a man of talent and character, an occurrence by no means uncommon in these days, was the Calvinistic-recoil theory, which, with scarcely a single exception, went the entire round of the metropolitan press, monthly and weekly, and which now forms a part of what Dr. Newman calls the great Elizabethan tradition. It was stated, namely, that Pugin's ardent mind, on reaching maturity, recoiled from the gloomy Calvinism in which he had been brought up by his mother, and naturally prone to extremes, rushed from the excess of Protestantism to the excess of "Romanism." His mother's unfortunate Calvinism was the accounting cause of his missing the *via media* of Anglicanism. There is not, however, in spite of these repeated assertions one jot or tittle of evidence, not

even a faint tradition, that Pugin was ever at any period of his life a Calvinist. The whole theory is a pure invention. Pugin was not only a member, but an admirer of the Anglican Church. One fact is worth a thousand such theories. Pugin himself states, that on his conversion, one of his greatest trials was to exchange the noble cathedrals, and their chaunted services, for a 'Moorfield's chapel,' where the Catholic ritual appeared to him to be clipped and distorted. And in a public letter he states that, "after applying himself to liturgical studies, then only did he discover that the service (the Anglican) that he had been accustomed to attend and admire was but a cold and heartless remnant of past glories." We have, moreover, ourselves seen the registry of his baptism in a church of the Establishment, and another indication, if one be wanting, pointing to the same conclusion, is the fact that he was educated in Christ Church Hospital. So Pugin, then, was no dissenter. Let us see whether there be any evidence, or even probability, that his mother was the gloomy Calvinist so invariably described in the late notices of Pugin's Life. In the first place, she belonged to a rank in English society in which dissent does not usually flourish, and there was nothing to induce Catherine Welby on her marriage with the elder Pugin, who appears to have had no religion, and little influence over his wife, to have taken up with Dissent. In her letters, and we ourselves have literally read scores of them, there is not the slightest particle of evidence to show that she was a Calvinist at all, much less a gloomy one. Her letters, extending over a long period of time, are graphic in the extreme, and full of details, and show a keen dissecting knowledge of men and things, together with a fearless spirit of criticism, and yet in not one of them is there a single indication of hostility to Anglicanism, or of a leaning to Dissent under any form. She visits, with her young son, her almost inseparable companion, the cathedrals of England, walking often in more remote districts, miles on foot, until, as she says, "her shoes were quite worn out," to reach some fine old church, or some secluded abbey, and she records her impressions with evident delight.

In something of the same spirit which afterwards showed itself in the celebrated "Contrasts" of her son, she attacks the dignitaries of the Church for their culpable negligence in allowing their cathedrals to fall into decay and into disuse.

Once at Chester, during the service at the cathedral, in that part of the liturgy, when the canons, she said, were confessing their faults of omission, she felt quite inclined to bid them look round their cathedral, whose ruinous state was a standing reproach to men who were spending the money of the Church in the gratification of their own indulgence. She then comments on, if even she does not actually complain of, the growth of dissent in Chester. At another time she speaks of the "horror," in which her son holds dissenters. Again, writing from Oxford, she speaks of the University as an "old and familiar acquaintance," and she is evidently on terms of intimacy with those by whom a "gloomy Calvinist" would have been scarcely tolerated. During her visit to Paris with her son the "delightful Augustus," Catherine Pugin went one Sunday to High Mass at Nôtre Dame, and describes with amusing accuracy and with all her love of detail, the ceremony so new to her, but does not exhibit any of the bigotry which would most undoubtedly, on such an auspicious occasion, have gushed up to the sour lips of a Calvinist; and in the afternoon she resorts to the public places of amusement in the gay city; could a "gloomy Calvinist" be guilty of such sabbath-breaking even in Paris?

The only evidence we have heard of, we believe the only evidence that exists, to convict her of that melancholy superstition is that she and her son used to go to hear Irving preach; but if that be sufficient to convict her of Calvinism, then half the educated world of London, who crowded, Sunday after Sunday, to hear that strange and impassioned preacher, were open to the same reproach. Catherine Pugin was no ordinary woman. Gifted with a thoughtful mind and great power of expression, she was too able to hold her own as well as too honest to have concealed her religion from shame or fear. From her love of power and rule, indeed, she may have been strict, perhaps severe, but not strait-laced or gloomy. Her letters exhibit strong religious feeling, but are at the same time lively and full of tenderness, at least towards her sister, with whom she had carried on an almost unbroken correspondence for twenty years, and towards her son, her "pearl beyond price" as she calls him. Her influence over him must have been great, and yet we never hear of her trying to wean him from the Anglican Church, or to lessen his early horror of dissenters. From whom indeed



could he have learnt this aversion, so likely as from herself?

There is indeed, we think, a great resemblance between the character of Augustus Welby Pugin and that of his mother; it would be interesting to trace in the son the development of his mother's talents and habit of mind. Such an attempt, however agreeable, would lead us too far, but if there be any truth in physiognomy, the bright, intelligent countenance of Catherine Pugin, is the last we should pitch upon—as that of a gloomy Calvinist. From the evidence of her letters, at all events, and from her character, it seems far more likely, had she lived, that she would have followed her son into the Catholic Church than that she ever was a “gloomy Calvinist.” Were we called upon precisely to define her creed we should call her a pre-Puseyite.

We know how difficult it is to remove a false impression which so many from various motives have concurred in creating; yet it is more especially the duty of this “Review” to which Pugin was so able a contributor to contradict the charge that he lightly adopted or loosely held the Catholic faith. We have one word more to say on this subject, and it is conclusive. We believe it has never been stated how edifying the preparation was which Pugin made for death. A short time before his last journey to London, from which he returned home only to die, Pugin who, like Dr. Johnson, had a strange horror of death, and of everything connected with it, suddenly bethought himself, or rather was inspired by grace, to prepare for his last end. With all the faith and religious fervour of his nature, he went into a retreat for that purpose; he did nothing by halves, he prayed, he fasted, he meditated, received the sacraments. In a few days afterwards he went to London; madness came upon him, and death prepared for in so Christian a manner, soon followed. His was indeed “a crowded hour of glorious life.” Well prepared for death he could afford to die young. How different was his death from the death of poor Turner! What desolation must have come upon that miserable broken-hearted old man, when he went to hide himself in his dismal abode at Chelsea, to die in loneliness! He had nothing to comfort him, no memory, no hope, no faith, nobody to love, none to esteem him. He died as he lived.

And what a mean passionate life was his; how ignoble even the motives which spurred on his genius; how mean and paltry was his spirit of rivalry! In his struggle for fame he was silent and secretive; in success he was defiant and vindictive. In his character there was nothing elevated or noble; he had not even the dignity which silent heroic suffering is sometimes able to impart. He had genius and nothing more. He was of the earth, earthy. Yet, it is said, in his youth, he was a tender-hearted clinging man; conscious of genius, and feeling keenly the neglect which he experienced from the world, loving and betrayed in his passionate love, he became transformed into the corrupt, selfish, degraded man who has left behind him a name without honour, and yet one which will only be forgotten when the works of his hand perish. Of him we may say with the poet of Hope,

"Not all thy trophied arts  
Nor triumphs that beneath thee sprung,  
Could heal one passion or one pang  
Entailed on human hearts."

It is sad to reflect that this wreck of a great genius, this demoralization of a kindly nature, was brought about, in part at least, by the merciless freak of an inconstant woman.

Turner, in fine, will be remembered only for what he did: Pugin for what he was. Turner worked for himself alone; Pugin for others only. Turner has gathered in his own harvest; but others reap what Pugin has sown. Yet this was the very aim of Pugin's life; unlike Turner, he laboured not for self-glorification, nor did he bury the treasures of his knowledge that he might for his own profit enhance the value of his workmanship. He was prodigal of himself, of his plans, of his views, of his designs, he laid himself open to befriend all, to enrich others with the resources of his genius, that they might grow strong against the gathering in of the harvest which he had planted. This is his glory, this his triumph, these are his trophies, that he founded a school, instructed his generation, and that the works which now are done spring from minds inspired by his creative genius. All this we must remember when we feel disappointed that

so great a man has done so comparatively little, and that no crowning result sprang from his genius to remain a permanent mark of his power. We candidly acknowledge that there is something in Pugin which disappoints us. We have an instinctive feeling that he has just, by a little, missed the very highest order of genius in his own peculiar department. He was too great a man not to have been greater, had he not lacked some quality of greatness. Perhaps his mind was deficient in patience, the true foundation of greatness; it certainly was somewhat wanting in philosophic breadth. We offer no apology for those remarks; for of such a man, so earnest, so genuine, so candid, indiscriminating praise is simply dishonour. Though his works too soon may perish, his earnest eloquent voice be too early forgotten, while the trophies of Turner's genius crowd in splendour the National Gallery, yet the evidence of his greatness is to be found in the mark which he has stamped on his age, and his national gallery is in the national mind and in the Gothic Revival. Every future building, raised in England on the true principles of Christian art, will be a monument to the memory and an honour to the name of Augustus Welby Pugin.